Collier's

ANUARY 31, 1942 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

OWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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Fitten to Fight

A SHORT STORY BY **Frederic nnan**

Jan 31'42

J H HENDERSON
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1. Tiny—A small thing in a big field—that's how IMPERIAL started. But this whiskey gives you such marvelous flavor and delightful smoothness, we knew it had the makings of something big!

2. Taller—Small at first, the demand for IMPERIAL grew and *grew*—and grew *fast!* Wherever it was introduced—in state after state—sales soared. It won the lead from long-established brands in record time!

3. Tremendous! Taste IMPERIAL—*taste* the reason for its phenomenal growth! Taste *why* it's America's fastest-growing whiskey—at your bar or take home a tryout bottle today. See for yourself why this grand whiskey leads the big parade!

Success Story Jumbo Size!

Great for 2 big reasons!

1. "Velveted"—for extra smoothness. Choice spirits actually *made in the same stills* as the rare base whiskies are then "velveted" by a method similar to the softening of spirits used in making fine Scotch.

2. "Flavor-peaked"—for extra richness. This superb American blend has that expensive, "imported-whiskey" flavor because its foundation whiskies are specially distilled to give them individual qualities—then blended together to a delicate "flavor peak."

Try IMPERIAL
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

Eighty-six proof. 70% grain neutral spirits

Copr. 1942, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill

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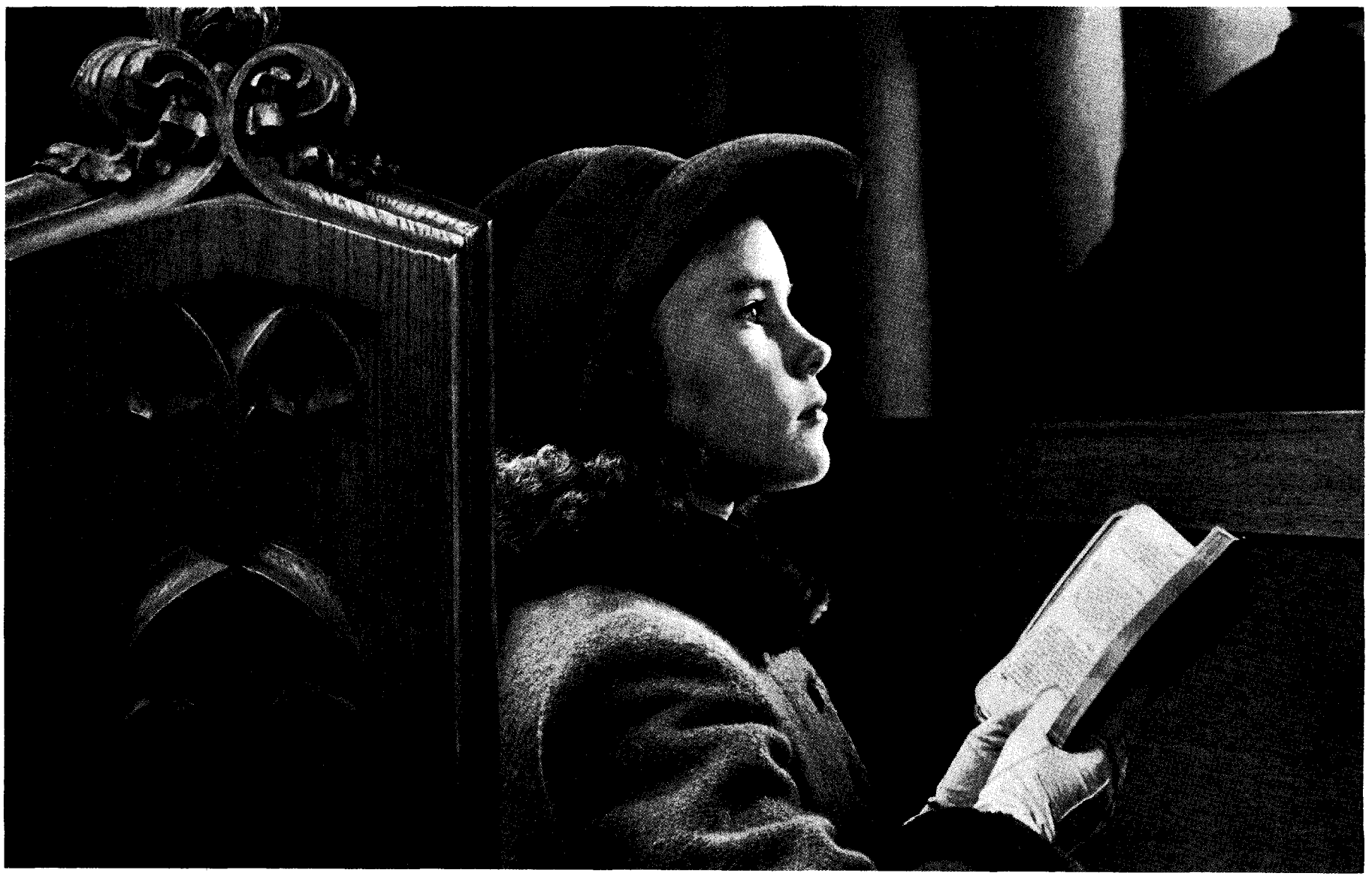
Do You see a Child?
No, I see the Future of America.

What—in this Little Girl?
Yes, and in the Woman She Will Be.



We see her True and Helpful and Smiling —with a Smile that owes much to her lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

IN THIS serious young face you can see the hopes of an adoring mother—a proud father. Serious or smiling, that small face is all their world—present and future. How grateful such parents must be to the teachers of America who are doing so much to bring such youngsters to the years ahead, strong in mind, sturdy in body and—*smiling!*

Yes, smiling! For in schools all over this land, devoted teachers* are giving time to the dental health of their charges as well as to their mental growth. In thousands of classrooms throughout the country, youngsters such as this small girl are being taught a lesson many adults have yet to learn—*the importance of firm, healthy gums* to bright teeth and sparkling, attractive smiles.

**In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* It may not be serious—but let him decide. He may simply say your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of natural exercise. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. When you massage your gums with Ipana, that stimulating "tingle" means gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to healthier firmness.

So get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

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Look for the RCA Victor advertisement regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK

THERE ARE NEW

VICTOR RECORDS

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT

The latest issue of The Music You Want When You Want It. The new tunes America is singing . . . recordings that are news in the music lover's world . . . some old-timers that never grow old . . . and an amazing new way to play Victor Records.

"REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR"

America's new battle song—and a sensation! A stirring tune as full of wallop as the "Over There" of World War I. Coupled with—

"DEAR MOM"

Humor and pathos packed into a recruit's letter home—set to a simple melody you'll remember. Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye. No. 27738 . . . . . 50c

"ORGAN REVERIES"

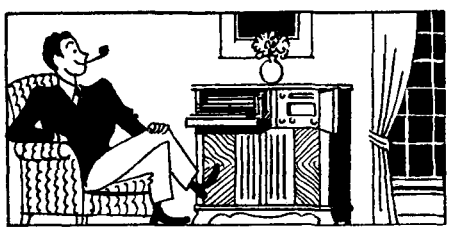
One of the newest Victor *Musical Smart Set* albums. 4 records (8 sides) by Dick Leibert at the organ of the Radio City Music Hall. Sweet, sweet music, including *Intermezzo, At Dawning, Trees, Berceuse from "Jocelyn," Why Do I Love You? None But The Lonely Heart, Ave Maria* and *Barcarolle*. Album P-104 . . . $2.50

"DIE GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG"

(Wagner) Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Siegfried's Rhine Journey and Siegfried's Funeral Music. Album M-853. 6 sides $3.50

"CLOSE HARMONY"

Another recent Victor *Musical Smart Set* album. Old-time favorites by the Eton Boys, male quartet. 4 records (8 sides) include: *Sweet Genevieve, When Uncle Joe Plays a Rag on His Old Banjo, I Want a Girl, Roll Dem Bones, Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie; My Castle on the Nile, Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland, Polly Wolly Doodle, Kemi Kimo*. Album P-99 . $2.50



TO HEAR THEM AT THEIR BEST PLAY THEM ON THE NEW RCA VICTROLA V-215

The supreme new instrument with the amazing RCA Victor Magic Brain—plays records completely automatically at the press of a button! You just relax and listen. New Magic Tone Cell recreates the music you love with brilliant new tone fidelity. No lid to lift. No ornaments to move. No needles to bother with. Records last longer—play, stop, change automatically! The V-215 also has the superb RCA Victor Teletube Radio with new Audio System for finer reception. Ask to hear it at your Victor dealer's.

Prices shown are list prices exclusive of excise tax

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON VICTOR RECORDS

A Service of the Radio Corporation of America. In Canada: RCA Victor Co., Ltd., Montreal

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Collier's

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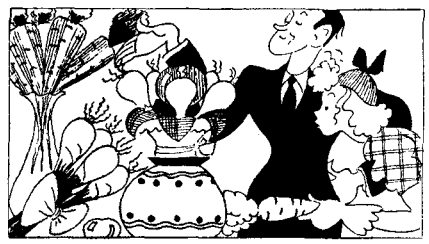
ANY WEEK

WE ARE having some trouble managing our agents. We've got them (or had them) scattered throughout the country in what we fondly hoped were strategic positions. When we got into this war we sent them carefully worded telegrams bidding them be calm. Our experts, said we, would take care of the hostilities. They, the agents, we went on, were to continue to send us the little homely facts for which this column is noted. In spite of this they seem to have gone into spins of various characters. We managed to get in touch with a few of them. For example, we located Mr. Richard English in a Hollywood bar where he was about to drink something known as an Untamed. He reports that the bar card described it thus: "One drink and you're tighter than Lana Turner's

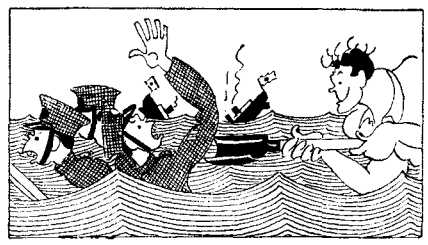


sweater." Our other California scout, Mr. Ed Haldeman, has contributed the information that inasmuch as the Japs grow sixty per cent of southern California's vegetables, the vegetable eaters have developed a fear of poisoning. Also the Japs grow most of the flowers one buys from Hollywood florists. The Japs, being none too popular, are not taking their flowers to market but are trying hard to sell vegetables. We aren't trying to explain this, merely give it as a sample of the Jap's peculiar mental processes. But Mr. Haldeman says that one florist has filled his shop with vegetables, fashioning them into corsages and the like. They're selling, Mr. Haldeman says, like hotcakes. The florist's slogan is: "If you can't eat 'em—wear 'em."

BUT in line with our new policy of running down rumors which might be enemy propaganda, we have it from Mr. Arnold O. Blessig of Washington, D. C., that aside from a shortage of metals there is no shortage of shoehorns. Mr. Blessig says that such a shortage would work wholly unnecessary hardships on many members of civilian agencies helping us win this war. "If the manufacture of shoehorns stopped," reports Mr. Blessig, "a lot of these blokes would not be able to get their hats on, they're so important. Do you think the United States is going to permit that?"

AND while we're on the subject, we release a bit of news from Dr. Edward C. Peelor of Clinton, Missouri. "I have spent many years practicing medicine in rural Missouri, on the edge of the Ozarks. Some years ago I was treating a typhoid patient. His mother called him Pamnolus for short. His legal name, given him by her, was Panimolus Theophilus Diabolus Newton Rody. I asked her why. She said that when she called one of the boys she wanted to make sure that no one else answered. She had two other sons. One was Willie Bell Nathaniel Lane Newton Rody. I forget the name of the other boy. Sorry."

WE'RE advised too that some of those construction workers on Wake became slightly unruly when the Japanese made their first tentative landing on that mid-Pacific atoll. Not that we're surprised, but we have been told "on excellent authority" that a gang of concrete workers, disturbed while plying their art, chased a "troupe or troop of invading monkeys (meaning Japs) chin deep into the surf and killed them with shovels." Of course we weren't there but somehow we believe that that's about what happened. Moreover, we suspect that we know one of those concrete lads. We have a hunch that a fellow named Plunger Holawack was present. We met the Plunger at the Grand Coulee dam. He was under arrest, five cops having got him down after considerable carnage. All the Plunger had done was to lick the crew of a ten-ton truck and drive it through the small but substantial residence of a family he didn't care for. We lost track of him after that but think we've picked up his trail.



HOWEVER, we've just received from Mrs. Gail M. Milligan of Victoria de las Tunas, Cuba, newspaper evidence that social life in the British West Indies continues to incite the envy of the rest of the world. We're sorry that the clippings sent us by Mrs. Milligan do not tell us the name of the paper. Anyway, the column is the prose of Professor Leonardo Bryan. He reports, first, a wedding. The last paragraph is interesting: "The guests were numerous and represented a heterogeneous group. The gifts were also numerous. The consensus of opinion was that the order experienced (at the wedding) presages an orderly

(Continued on page 56)

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THIS WEE

JANUARY 31, 19

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COVER HENRY R. SUTT

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I consider syphilis the most urgent public health problem in this country today—*

THOMAS PARRAN, M. D.
Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service

* *Excerpt from the book, THE SHADOW ON THE LAND, by Dr. Parran.*

THE FOLLOWING cardinal principles govern the control—and, let it be hoped, the eventual eradication—of syphilis:

1. Prompt recognition of syphilis is vital. Today, no one need remain in doubt as to whether or not he has syphilis. No one should be fearful of seeking medical advice about syphilis. The disease is contagious and can be contracted innocently.

If there is the slightest suspicion that syphilis has been contracted, action should be taken *immediately*. A thorough medical check-up, including a blood test and often a microscopic examination, will reveal the truth.

Early symptoms usually disappear whether treated or not. So, many a victim is deceived into neglecting medical attention while the disease slowly entrenches itself in one or more of the vital organs. Then, sometimes years after the initial attack has been forgotten, *syphilis strikes!*

2. Syphilis can be cured—but only by skillful treatment. Above all, avoid self-treatment, non-professional treatment, or quack doctors. The guidance of a reputable physician is the first dependable step toward real cure.

Proper treatment, in spite of research that promises to shorten the period, still consists of a systematic series of injections given by a competent doctor, extending over a period of a year or sometimes more.

3. Congenital syphilis can be prevented. A blood test will indicate whether or not an expectant mother has syphilis. If the test is positive, she can take advantage of the almost certain protection medical science offers her baby. Treatment *before birth* is vastly more effective than treatment after the child is born.

In progressive communities throughout the country, examinations, blood tests, and treatments are available. Infected persons who can afford private care may go to their own physicians, or to physicians recommended by the health department or by a general hospital. Persons unable to pay for treatment may find a free clinic by applying to the health department.

If you would like additional information about syphilis—information which will enable you to help your community solve this important public health problem—send for the free Metropolitan booklet, "The Facts About Syphilis."

• • •

SIXTH NATIONAL SOCIAL HYGIENE DAY is being observed on Wednesday, February 4, 1942. The American Social Hygiene Association Headquarters, 1790 Broadway, New York City, will gladly send you literature and full particulars.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 22-C, "The Facts About Syphilis."
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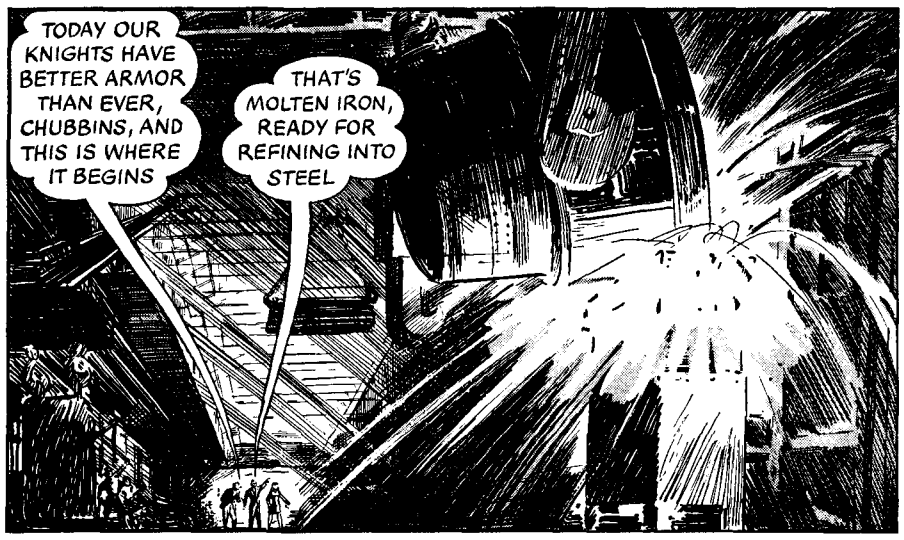
WONDERS OF AMERICA
Drama in Steel!

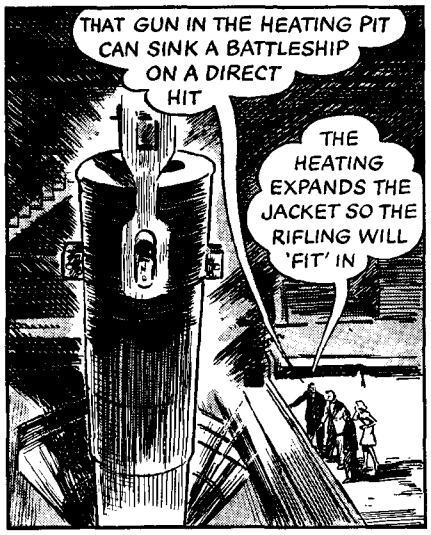

TODAY OUR KNIGHTS HAVE BETTER ARMOR THAN EVER, CHUBBINS, AND THIS IS WHERE IT BEGINS
THAT'S MOLTEN IRON, READY FOR REFINING INTO STEEL

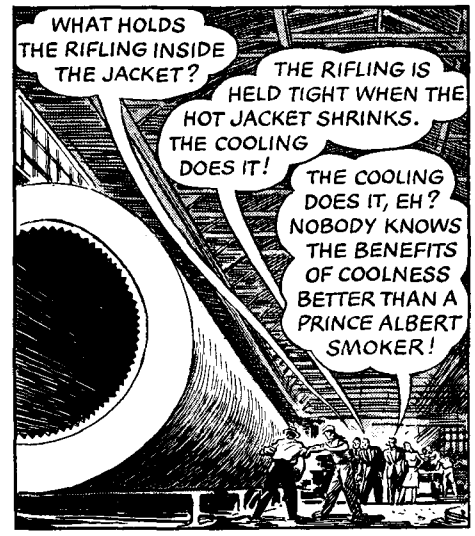
THAT HEAT OF STEEL IS AROUND 8,000 DEGREES
I'LL BET YOU THOUGHT THAT WAS THE TEMPERATURE OF YOUR PIPE BEFORE YOU TOOK UP WITH P.A.
RIGHT, JUDGE, BUT COOLER-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT FIXED THAT!

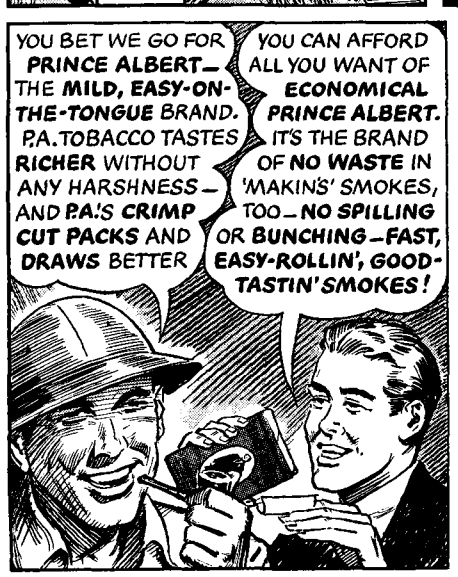
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*

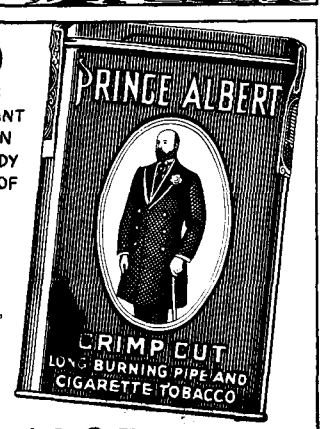



WHAT HOLDS THE RIFLING INSIDE THE JACKET?
THE RIFLING IS HELD TIGHT WHEN THE HOT JACKET SHRINKS. THE COOLING DOES IT!
THE COOLING DOES IT, EH? NOBODY KNOWS THE BENEFITS OF COOLNESS BETTER THAN A PRINCE ALBERT SMOKER!

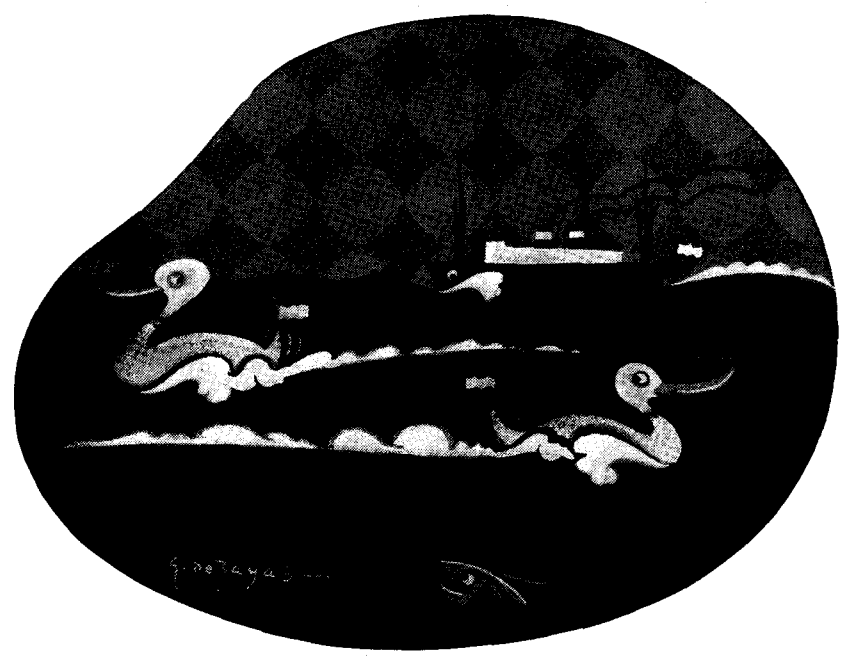

YOU BET WE GO FOR PRINCE ALBERT— THE MILD, EASY-ON-THE-TONGUE BRAND. P.A. TOBACCO TASTES RICHER WITHOUT ANY HARSHNESS— AND P.A.'S CRIMP CUT PACKS AND DRAWS BETTER
YOU CAN AFFORD ALL YOU WANT OF ECONOMICAL PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S THE BRAND OF NO WASTE IN 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO— NO SPILLING OR BUNCHING— FAST, EASY-ROLLIN', GOOD-TASTIN' SMOKES!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The steamer duck, *Tachyeres cinereus*, found off the southern coast of South America and so named because, when swimming, it churns the water like a side-wheel steamboat, loses its power of flight after reaching maturity.

In 1915 when a rumor spread throughout the country that a certain distillers' association was going to pay $1,000,000 for a nonrefillable bottle, more than 1,700 were invented and patented for this "contest" before anyone thought of verifying the story, which was not true. —*By Walter L. Brock, Jr., Appalachia, Virginia.*

The New England states, in addition to their regular counties, cities, towns and villages, have other territorial divisions. Gores still exist in Vermont, tracts and surpluses in Maine and grants, purchases and locations in New Hampshire.—*By G. Harris Danzberger, Scarsdale, New York.*

Because there have been several recent instances of the practice of "nerving" race horses, or the cutting of the animal's ankle nerves so it cannot feel pain in its feet, one state has passed a law against it and other states are soon expected to enact similar statutes. Such a surgical operation, which enables a horse to race when it should be in the hospital, endangers the life of the animal and its jockeys.

Most European countries changed the date of the beginning of their calendar year from March 25th to January 1st during the 16th century. But Scotland did not make the change until 1600 and England waited until 1752.—*By Sam L. Kreider, Los Angeles, California.*

In 1897, the Treasury Department recalled the entire issue of $24,000,000 worth of $100 United States silver certificates, bearing the head of President Monroe, when its officials discovered this currency was being so cleverly counterfeited that even experts could not distinguish between the genuine and the spurious bills.—*By Cletus J. Yorke, Coaldale, Pennsylvania.*

The Walloomsac Inn in Bennington, Vermont, holds the American record for the longest continuous hotel service. This historic tavern, which once had as guests such colonial patriots as General John Stark and Ethan Allen, has never closed its doors since it was established in 1764.

Considering the stenographer's salary and the cost of stationery, stamps and other overhead, the average investment in a business letter is about sixty cents.—*By Justine Cober, Washington, D. C.*

Roger Brooke Taney, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court from 1836 to 1864, administered the oath of office to more presidents than any other man, having sworn in Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan and Abraham Lincoln.

Pores in the human body vary in number from 400 per square inch in the middle of the back to 2,500 per square inch in the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet.—*By Agnes Lambert, Huntington, West Virginia.*

A timely invention is a fire-alarm "bomb" which, when in contact with a flame or heated to 160 degrees F., fires and amplifies the report of a large blank cartridge that is followed by another warning explosion within a few seconds. Requiring no wiring or electrical connection, it provides an effective method of detecting fires in key positions in large homes, warehouses and industrial plants.—*By W. L. Cotton, Dalhart, Texas.*

The ordinary steel sewing needle, used in every American home for generations, has never yet been manufactured in the United States.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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WE-ALL

The Japanese attack on the United States instantly changed our trend of thought in this country.

Before that attack some of us thought in terms of "I", others in terms of "we". Neither of those terms expresses our feelings today.

"I" represents only one person.

"We" may mean only two or a few persons.

Our slogan now is WE-ALL, which means every loyal individual in the United States.

We are facing a long, hard job, but when the United States decides to fight for a cause, it is in terms of WE-ALL, and nothing can or will stop us.

President Roosevelt, our Commander-in-Chief, can be certain that WE-ALL are back of him, determined to protect our country, our form of government, and the freedoms which we cherish.

President,
International Business Machines Corporation

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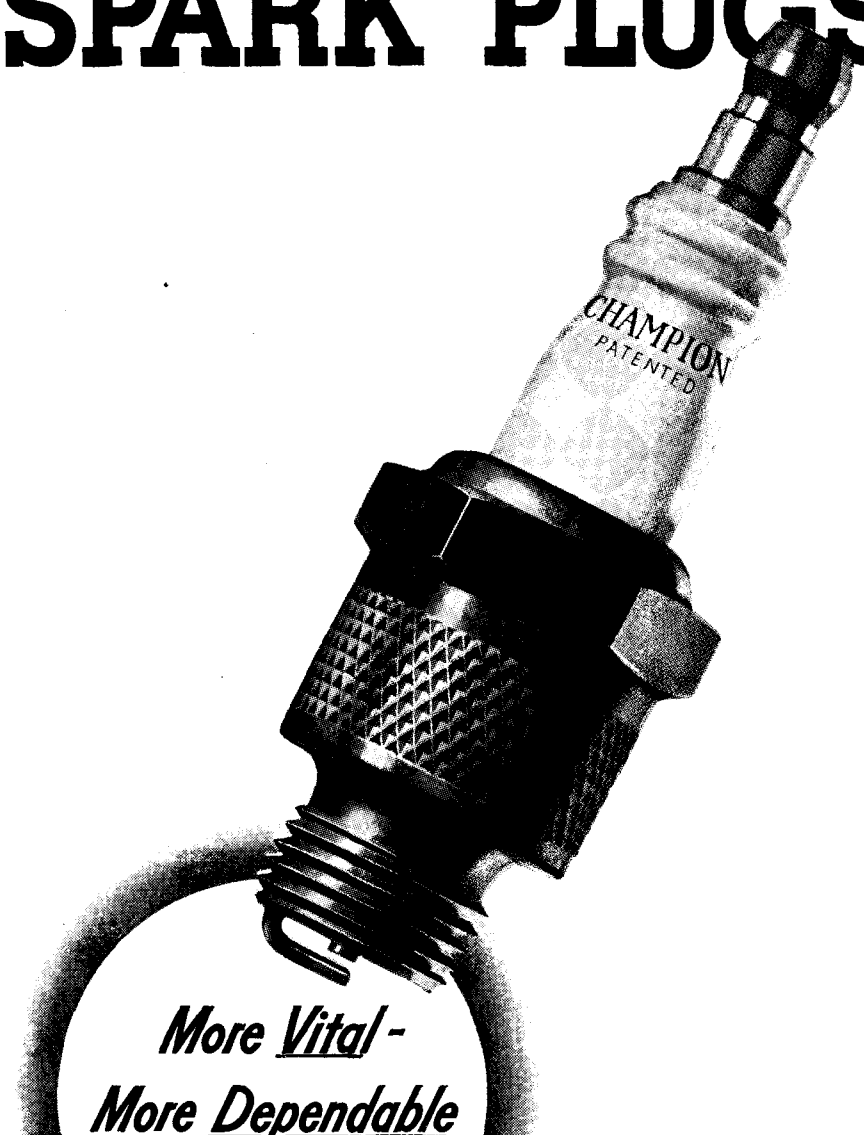
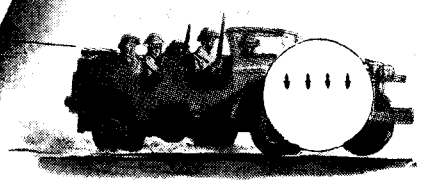
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS





You're looking at the heart and pulse of an engine—its spark plugs. So little, but oh so vital to the best engine performance, economy and dependability, it's poor practice to neglect them, or use any but the best.

If, like most motorists today, you are demanding longer and better service from your car, have your spark plugs checked and cleaned regularly in the Champion Spark Plug Service Unit. Remember, old, worn-out, or carbon encrusted spark plugs rob your car of economy and efficiency.

There is no substitute for quality and reputation, and Champion Spark Plugs are true "Champions" the world over. Champion manufactures spark plugs exclusively. They are backed by research, experience, and engineering resources without equal, insuring you many exclusive and patented features.

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

HANS GROENHOFF

New chin-cup helmets are a real boon to Army fliers—no more neck-sawing straps. Determined-looking demonstrator is Lieut. Kenneth Gaskin, 27th Pursuit Squadron, 1st Pursuit Group

THE U.S. Army Recruiting Service campaign for aviation cadets is employing the photograph of a handsome youth fully clothed in fur-lined flying suit, helmet and goggles. If you've noticed the advertisement you'll see he has a chin-strap gadget somewhat similar to those made for lovely ladies who seek perfect contours.

Pilots who have flown for years in open cockpit jobs requiring the helmet hail this development as one of the finest in aviation. It is a chamois cup-like affair that fits the chin from lower lip to a point where the throat begins and it enables the pilot to turn his head as much as he pleases without having his throat sawed by the old-fashioned chin strap.

IT HAD often been observed, prior to the war, that unity did not and never would exist in the American aircraft industry. Airplane people are notorious for their inability to agree. Before Europe went to war, our various little military aircraft manufacturers were still living on tiny contracts rationed out to them by the Army and Navy to keep them alive. Consequently they developed a highly competitive activity with, in some regrettable cases, no holds barred. Factions sprang up and thrived on the theories as to whether this type of engine or airplane was the better, and each side always had some unkind words to say about the other. This left the public confused, not knowing what to believe but convinced that all was not too well with our aircraft industry. And it always brought rejoicing to the Wilhelmstrasse.

But everyone who knew about these behind-the-scenes-fights hoped such rough-and-tumble competition would disappear overnight when war came to us. And we are happy to report that the bitter competitive spirit and the rugged individualism of the manufacturers vanished completely with the Jap attack on Hawaii. The unity that has come to the aircraft industry overnight is positively phenomenal.

The industry, like everyone, wants swarms of airplanes of any types declared best fitted for the job by those responsible for the nation's security. And the plane builders know it's their responsibility to build them faster than ever.

FIGURES for 1941 being not yet available, the best evidence we have of a serious situation in civil aviation in which carelessness plays a predominant part are the findings of a government survey revealing that 543 civil aircraft were damaged in 441 ground accidents, two thirds of which were complete washouts or required major overhauls. Ground accidents are defined as occurring while aircraft are being serviced, repaired, taxied, towed about the airport, parked, staked down, in hangar or while the engine is being started. With the exception of a few unfortunates who walked into whirling propellers, this large number of accidents did not result in serious injury.

The one thing everybody wants is absolute perfection in operations in flight, and this has just about been achieved. Now parts and materials are becoming increasingly difficult to obtain, and that is why the challenge is now hurled, at the people who handle airplanes on the ground, to show the same high degree of care as those who operate them in flight. To give you an idea of

(Continued on page 29)

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FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE, leading brands of fruit and vegetable juices are packed in gleaming Duraglas bottles.

They open easily, and juice pours cleanly from their cap-protected lips.

And how much, *much* handier... keeping juices in the refrigerator in their original containers—pure and wholesome.

Keep several kinds in your refrigerator, pre-chilled and ready for serving... to please every taste, to give variety to meals.

Look for brands that, to serve you better, come in Duraglas bottles.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo

Have you ever substituted Fruit Juice for part of the hot water in Russian afternoon tea? Spice with stick cinnamon.

Have you ever combined a blend of Vegetable Juices with cooked macaroni? Top with cheese; bake slowly 1/2 hour.

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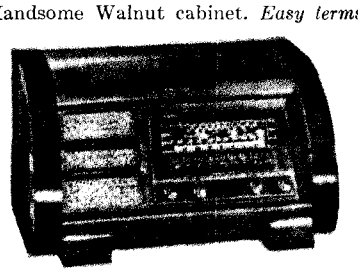
In this Cabinet of Classic Beauty...

PHILCO

brings you the highest achievements of modern science in radio and recorded music

PHILCO 390X. Exceptional tone and performance are yours in this impressive console. All standard and short wave broadcasts—*plus* Frequency Modulation through the Exclusive Philco FM System. 8 Philco tubes in Philco Double I.F. Circuit. Handsome Walnut cabinet. *Easy terms.*



PHILCO 355T. The aristocrat of table models. 8 Philco tubes, Exclusive Philco FM System with special Built-in FM Aerial. Complete Electric Push-Button operation. Gets Standard, Short Wave and FM. Walnut cabinet. *Easy terms.*

HERE's thrilling new beauty for your home . . . glorious new enjoyment of radio and recorded music for all your family! In this exquisitely graceful cabinet of traditional Hepplewhite design, Philco brings you the sensational developments which have revolutionized the radio-phonograph.

"*Music on a Beam of Light*," the amazing invention that does away with the scratchy steel needle, gives you glorious new beauty and purity of tone. A rounded jewel *that never needs changing* floats over the record grooves and releases hidden overtones of beauty that you hear for the first time. No surface noise annoys you. And your valuable records last 10 times longer. A new Automatic Record Changer, developed by Philco, changes your records gently, reliably and safely. And the exclusive Stroboscope Control insures absolute fidelity of pitch.

In radio, too, a new Philco circuit with the *Exclusive* Philco FM System gives you superb tone and performance from standard, short wave and FM stations. All these inventions are the marks of the *modern* radio-phonograph, bringing you the fullest enjoyment of radio and recorded music. They are yours *only in a Philco!*

PHILCO 1013 PHOTO-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH (*above*) has latest Philco phonograph inventions. Gets American, Foreign and Frequency Modulation Broadcasts. Philco Home Recording Unit optional. *Yours on Easy Terms.*

PHILCO RADIOS, RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS, AUTO RADIOS . . . FROM $14.95 TO $550
SEE THEM AT YOUR PHILCO DEALER TODAY.

Prices slightly higher Denver and West; subject to change without notice.

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

EXCLUSIVE PHILCO TILT-FRONT CABINET

No dark, awkward phonograph compartments in a Philco! Just tilt the grille forward, place your records, tilt it back again. Turn-table automatically illuminated.

Only PHILCO brings you Frequency Modulation at this New Low Cost!

The *Exclusive* Philco FM System, developed by Philco engineers, adds a Frequency Modulation band to the regular radio circuit, using *all* the tubes on all the bands. Thus you enjoy finer Standard and Short Wave reception for the price you pay . . . plus FM *at new low cost!* Only Philco has it.

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Collier's The National Weekly for January 31, 1942

Fitten to Fight

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

"Looky here, you old hoss-killer"—yep, thet's what she called me—"the government told you to get those Bushwhacker boys in the Army. You ain't done it"

There's nothing to fear any more. Old man Cunningham Yackey has forged and tempered the only weak link in the war effort—and sorghum beer has tested it and found it sound

OLD Bushwhacker, as I think has been remarked before, never does anything by halves. A one-breath swig of Bushwhacker sorghum beer has been known to purify and ennoble a congressman. Bushwhacker red hogs are such superlative creatures that they have been barred from national stock shows so as not to discourage other exhibitors. When it rains in Bushwhacker full-grown ducks give up the struggle and drown, while even catfish must fight hard for life in the gully-washes.

Not long ago, I received a telegram from Doc Samuel Fraser, veterinarian, justice of the peace, unterrified Democrat and Bushwhacker historian. It read as follows:

LOVE AND SORGHUM BEER MIGHTY NEAR WRECKED BUSHWHACKER'S WAR EFFORT STOP ONLY PURE PATRIOTISM OF ISHMEL SOUTERS AND ARGY YACKEY SAVED NATION STOP PRIME NEW BATCH JUST JUGGED STOP BETTER COME RUNNING S. FRASER

I found Doc on the front porch of his cottage near Eolia, overlooking the hard road from St. Louis. There was a jug cooling in a butter-tub full of ice and within lazy reach of Doc's rocker.

"H'mph," he said, "whut took ye so long?"

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"Had to fly from California, Doc," I said. "It was that line about pure patriotism. It got me."

"Hanh! Whut ye lookin' at thet sorghum beer jug fer?"

"Well . . . uh . . . I was just thinking—"

"Thet sorghum beer ain't ready yit," Doc said, severely. "New-run sorghum beer must set a while at the northeast corner of a buildin'. Besides an' moreover, it's a sad reflection when a goldanged twisty city-slickin' blatherskite is more interested in sorghum beer than the salvation of his country. Hanh!"

"Oh, but I am interested—"

YER light-minded, smart-alecky attitude—Doc interrupted—is mighty like *the frame of mind with which Ishmel* Souters and Argy Yackey faced the present grave emergency. I'm still a-tremblin' over the close call this nation had. Why, son, this nation was within a frog's blink of cavin' in like a passel of sissies. If'n old man Cunningham Yackey had failed ter arouse Bushwhacker to the danger, I jest dunno whut would of happened in the rest of these United States. Y'see, son, old Bushwhacker don't claim thet as Bushwhacker goes, so goes the nation—in elections. But when it comes ter fightin' wars, son, old Bushwhacker calls the tune.

As a matter of heestorical fact, the Confederate Army was on the road ter vict'ry until Jeff Davis refused to foller the advice give him by Gen'rl Lijah Yackey of Bushwhacker. Gen'rl Lijah an' twenty-three Bushwhacker boys resigned f'm the Confederate Army in a body. Arter they went home, disaster follered disaster. Fact. Only Bushwhacker kept up a successful resistance an' only Bushwhacker refused ter make peace with the Union. Them Bushwhacker folks still consider theirselves part of the old Confederacy an' continyers techy about their sovern rights. They don't want no gov'ment in Washington a-tellin' 'em whut ter do.

It's a mighty fortunate thing, son, thet I was appinted chairman of the local draft board in the fust world war, an' even more fortunate thet I lived long enough ter be appinted agin. A feller without fust-hand knowledge an' expeerience in dealin' with Bushwhacker would have turnt old man Cunningham Yackey agin the gov'ment. We had a close enough squeak as it was.

Y'see, when the fust draft call come *through this time, Mr. Lance Tedrick* was appinted on the board with me an' Joe Hurley an' Pete Cumbers. So Mr. Lance Tedrick, he says, "We got nary registration f'm thet Bushwhacker districk. We'll have ter crack down on them hillbillies."

Well, sir, I an' the other men jest set there an' laughed.

"Whut's so funny?" Mr. Lance Tedrick says.

"My boy," I says, "you was off with the Army last time, an' you don't know the peculiar local sitchyation up to Bushwhacker. The gov'ment don't draft nobuddy f'm Bushwhacker. They allus volunteers."

This kinder puzzled Mr. Lance Tedrick.

"They ain't registered an' they ain't volunteered, Doc," he says. "The law is very strick. Reckon we got ter crack down."

"Crack down on Bushwhacker?" I says. "Don't talk like a idjit."

Still an' all, I an' Joe an' Pete was consider'ble worrited about the Bushwhacker sitchyation. In the fust world war, old man Cunningham Yackey rounded up all the boys of military age soon as Wilson asked fer 'em. He done his own cullin' an' his own testin', an' he brung us in twenty of the purtiest sodjer prospects thet Pike an' Lincoln counties perduced. But this time nary word did we git f'm old man Cunningham.

I says to Lance, "Reckon I'll have ter push along up ter Bushwhacker some day soon. Looks like old man Cunningham Yackey, he's a-holtin' back this time. But we cain't make no waste motion till I see whut's wrong."

Mr. Lance Tedrick was still fer crackin' down, the idjit, but the rest of the board agreed with me.

WELL, son, afore I could git caught up with the job here an' make my lettle visit ter Bushwhacker, Miss Ishmel Souters come a-rarin' an' a-snortin' inter the office.

"Looky here, Jedge Sam'l," says Ishmel. "Ain't you the draft board? How come Mr. Cunningham Yackey taken it on hisself ter run the U. S. gov'ment's private an' pussonal business? Kindly explain me thet!"

Ishmel is a half-broke young filly thet is plumb spiled fer reasonable argyerment. She was raised behint The Knob, which ain't a part of Bushwhacker a-tall. Them Knob folks got tainted with Republican politics durin' Teddy Roosevelt, an' Republicanism in a home will plumb ruin children. Ishmel had turnt out an onreliable sorrel with a shyin' eye. A gal like Ishmel will rare an' snort an' kick up her heels f'm sheer contrariness. Ishmel figgered thet purtiness an' a outfit of store clothes would excuse any amount of sass. But she didn't honey-fuggle *me* none.

"Set down, Sis," I says, "an' quit pawin' up thet carpit. State yer business in specific terms."

So Ishmel rolls her eyes bold as brass.

"Argy Yackey's my boy friend!" she says.

"So whut?" I says.

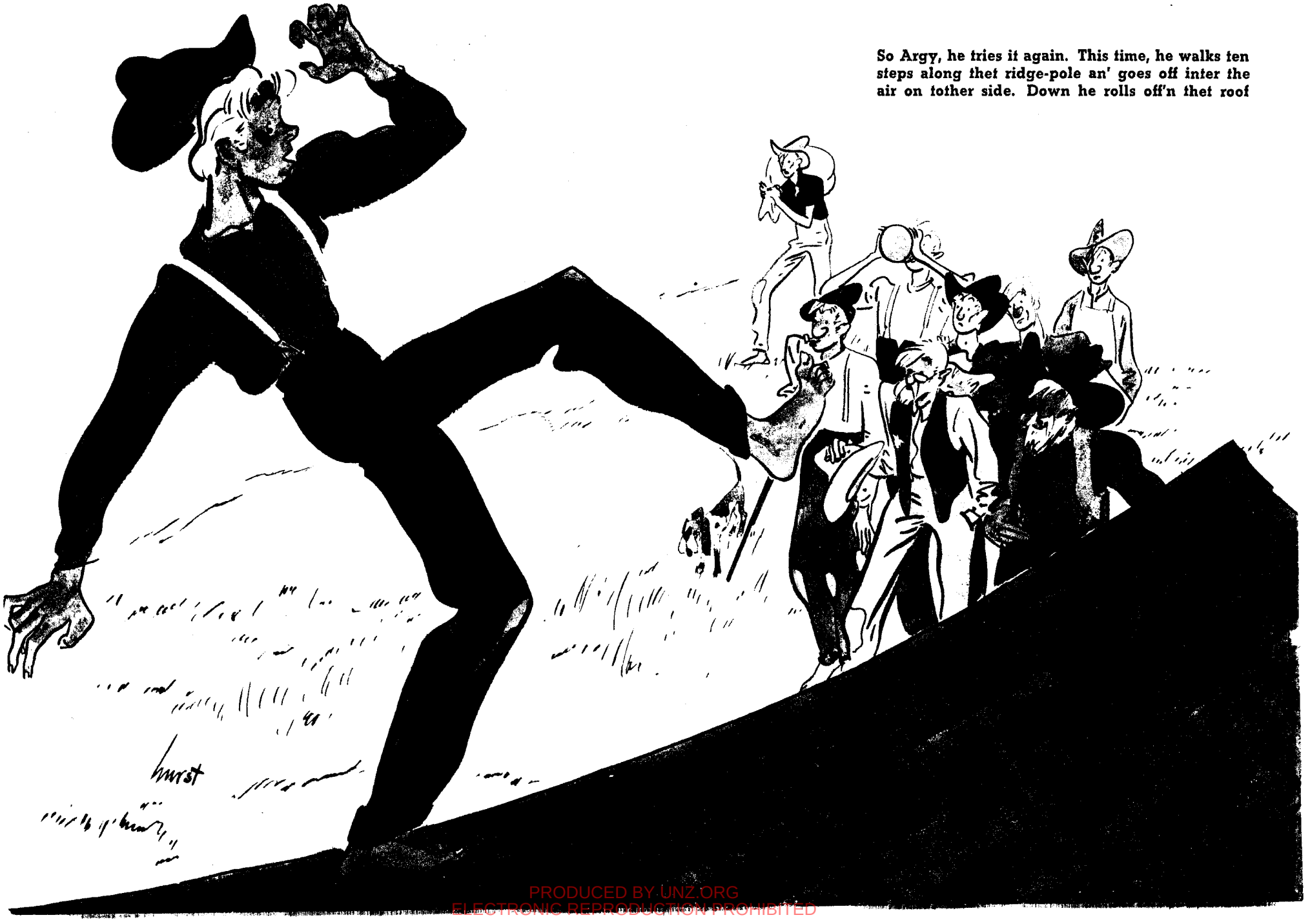
"Argy, he wants to report to this draft board, Jedge," says Ishmel Souters, "an do his patriotic duty accordin' to law. But Mr. Cunningham Yackey, he says Argy has to run the course. He says he ain't sure Argy is fitten to be a sodjer. *Argy's own blood Gran'paw sayin' a* thing like thet! He's a cruel, wicked old man an' is tryin' to bust us up, thet's whut."

Ishmel begun a-sobbin' and a-wailin' on me. She said her an' Argy had planned ter git married, but they couldn't now because folks would say Argy was tryin' ter dodge the draft. It would be still worse, Ishmel allows, if old man Cunningham Yackey refused ter let Argy jine the Army. The gov'ment would put Argy in jail an' the disgrace would be too much fer any lovin' gal ter stand.

Whut say, son? Oh . . . about Argy Yackey havin' ter run the course? I'm a-comin' to thet. Fact is, soon as I got Ishmel calmed down I asked her.

"I dunno whut the course is, Jedge," Ishmel said. "Mr. Cunningham Yackey, he don't believe in lettin' women folks have their proper say. He's agin me, anyway. But pore Argy is a-fretted

(Continued on page 35)



So Argy, he tries it again. This time, he walks ten steps along thet ridge-pole an' goes off inter the air on tother side. Down he rolls off'n thet roof

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Outstanding in General MacArthur's relationship with Filipinos was the trust and confidence they accorded him; an important morale factor during past weeks. In 1935, he posed with this group of Filipino Boy Scouts—boys who seven years later were to help him in his heroic stand against Japan

PRESS ASSOCIATION

THIS MAN MACARTHUR

The Japs got their first ominous foretaste of how Americans fight against overwhelming odds in General Douglas MacArthur's magnificent stand in the Philippines. Meet the man who has become the newest symbol of American determination

By Royal Arch Gunnison
RADIOED FROM MANILA

WHEN I was a very young officer," he said, bending examining board." "I was given a stiff oral examination by a hardboiled colonel and an equally un-

General Douglas MacArthur, Commander in Chief of the United States Armed Forces in the Far East, leaned back in the squeaky office chair his father had used as military governor of the Philippines at the turn of the century. The young MacArthur—there are still troops in the Philippines who served under the old General Arthur MacArthur and who call Douglas "the Young MacArthur"—was telling the story on himself.

It was just a week before the outbreak of war. We were discussing the subject that has been nearest the General's heart since he was a junior officer sent on his first overseas tour of duty to the Philippines. We were discussing the defenses of these islands.

Douglas MacArthur likes to tell stories on himself to illustrate a point. After a thoughtful puff on his long Manila cigar he continued:

"This examination board gave me the stiffest problem imaginable. They gave me a large harbor defense for which I was responsible. Not only that; they gave me some troops to deploy for the strong defense of a large region around this harbor. I was asked to tell the board how I would defend this area. As a young officer full of book learning and theory, I let myself go. I gave the board everything in the book and more!

"After I finished outlining my plan to these stone-faced gentlemen they slowly began to toss overwhelming but hypothetical forces at me. When I would say I'd utilize troops in one place to strengthen another, the colonel would say, 'Sorry, MacArthur, but headquarters has withdrawn those troops for other purposes.' Before I knew it these officers had stripped me of nearly every bit of defense I had so ambitiously built up."

It was their purpose to see the reactions of a young officer placed in a situation where he did not have at his beck and call every facility to carry out his mission. In other words, what would the young officer do in a pinch? After they'd taken an hour to beat down his arguments, the colonel looked through his bushy gray eyebrows and snorted, "Now, MacArthur, you've just a few hours before the enemy comes over the ridges, and the enemy fleet steams in through the mouth of your harbor. What will you do?"

General MacArthur, (*Continued on page 46*)

General MacArthur and President Manuel Quezon together shaped the Filipino Army. Minor political differences between the two leaders disappeared with the war

WIDE WORLD

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...frica hand-talking is a very dainty business. Thumbs are gently ... hands are slowly raised, as demonstrated here by Harpo Marx

His gesture in any Hispanic country ... is from Argentina and means: ...

...d the Red Sea for ... an Arapaho sign

This is skepticism in ... man's face ... gesture. It's a common Near East gesture

...Polish schoolboys, nice fellows, ... secret of their teacher's ...

...ning with real ... It's what you do

A Nazi wants to ... provoke his ... opponents — and ... — commun...

...Bonito ... Mexican ...

Just a Gesture

By Francis Hayes

Other people's gestures are funny, but don't laugh too hard till you stop knocking on wood yourself. Here, with the aid of Harpo Marx, Dr. Hayes describes the place of gestures in peace and war

DO YOU know what it means when someone thumbs his nose at you? Do you know whether Greeks and Turks mean yes or no when they nod their heads backward and cluck their tongues?

Human gestures are much in the news. The President of the United States raises his right hand on the momentous occasion of his inauguration, and the Harlem conjure woman waves her right in her "conjuration." The Spaniard makes the sign of the cross to protect himself when setting out on a voyage, while yawning to keep out evil spirits, before his forehead to prevent evil thoughts, and even for so insignificant a thing as aiding the recovery of feeling in a leg that has gone to sleep.

The number of all the gestures of mankind is enormous. If you were to collect them—those of the North American Indians, of the deaf and dumb, of cheerleaders, referees, acrobats, airplane pilots, workers in radio-broadcasting stations, mechanics in noisy shops, baseball catchers, band and orchestra leaders, boxers, sailors, flagmen, tobacco buyers, orators and actors; and if you added to all these *technical* or self-taught gestures, the Nazi and Communist salutes, the hand signs of the Southern voodoo Negro women, of African medicine men, and gestures that

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communicate abhorrence, affirmation, negation, fear, mockery, obscenity, snobbery, shame, fear, etc.; and then included the purely nervous gestures such as yawning without apparent cause, grimacing, doodling, rubbing the hair—if you added up all of these you would have thousands and thousands of gestures, every one of which probably has a motive and a meaning.

A Chicago psychologist concludes, after experimentation, that possibly no gesture is accidental or irrelevant, but has meaning and may even represent the presence of mental conflict. In any struggle with himself the individual must resolve to follow one of two or more concepts. The suppressed ones set up "complexes," and nervous gestures are the result. They tell the truth when the tongue lies. A former President of the United States, after much hesitancy, agreed to back a shady politician whom he detested. The ex-President addressed an audience and spoke earnestly and effectively as long as the speech concerned the party's achievements. As he approached the moment to pronounce the name of the hated man, he very awkwardly coughed; and when he finally named the candidate, he almost choked.

Gesticulation is one of the primitive habits of the human race that has recently taken on unusual importance in the civilized world. In 1936, in Spain, if you met a group of Fascists and saluted them at a distance with the Communist clenched fist, you were shot at. And consider the emphasis placed on the Nazi sign in Germany today. Then, too, there is the recently stressed "thumbs up" of the British, a very ancient sign indeed. Today it is supposed to typify the spirit of British courage.

No discussion of gestures is complete without a few lines about the North American Indians. The red man might travel just a few miles and *linguistically* not a word he said would be understood. For this reason a great universal sign language was originated. It is of great antiquity and is genuinely Indian. It has a beauty of imagery possessed by few other languages, and may be the foremost system of gestural communication that the world has ever produced. The Cheyennes alone used 7,000 signs. As late as 1880 over 111,000 Indians in the United States were sign-talkers, but by 1926 few were left. Not too much is known about the curious pre-white-man Babelish network of languages intertwined with a unique universal gestural communication system. It fitted the stolid Indian personality, but it left him speechless in the dark unless he built a fire. ★★★

POSES BY HARPO MARX—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

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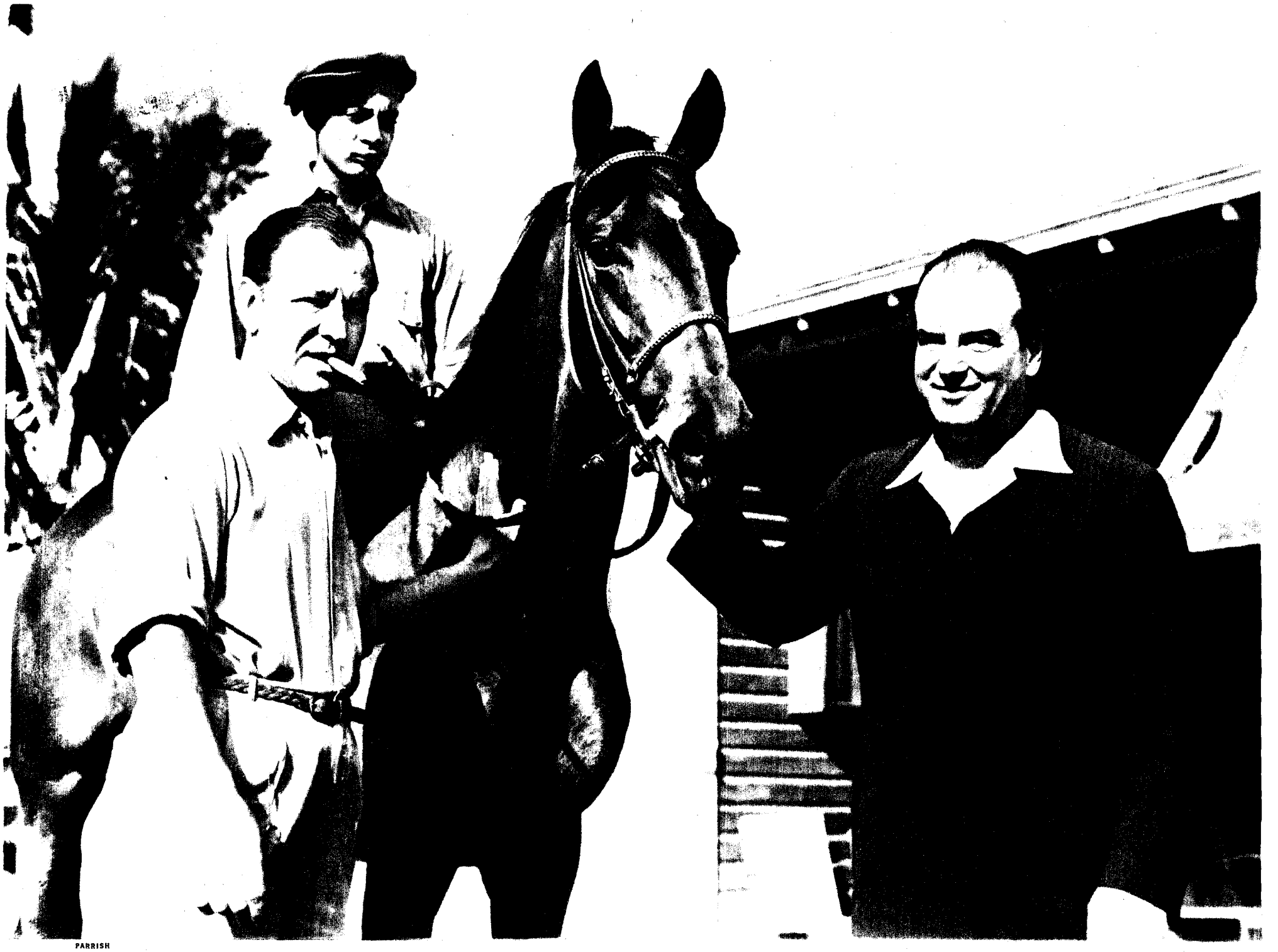

PARRISH

Trainer "Sarge" Swenke, Alsab and Owner Al Sabath—a *trio* that may make racing history as the fabulous "Cinderella-horse" goes after the big money

GALLOPING GOLD MINE

By Gus Uhlmann

Alsab, picked up at auction for a mere $700, has parlayed his owner's investment into better than a hundred thousand. Here's a horse with a very promising future

A SULTRY August dusk cloaks Saratoga. Inside the Spa's famous sales ring, all is aglitter with lights and lorgnettes. Outside can be heard the snorting and pawing of restless colts, waiting to be led into the ring to be auctioned off.

All the rulers of horsedom—the Vanderbilts and the Whitneys, the Sloans and the Bradleys—are there to cast critical eyes over the consignments of young horseflesh. $10,000 . . . $20,000 . . . the dollar signs slide off the auction block in a torrent of words as the yearlings parade by, one by one. The auctioneer's voice rolls loud and glib over all the rest. "This colt by so-and-so out of so-and-so" . . . a nod of a famous head . . . a wave of a bejeweled hand . . . and he's knocked down to the highest bidder. Next year he'll go to the post. He'll be a champion or the goat that ran the other way at Churchill Downs. Nobody knows which. For that is the fascination of Saratoga's sales ring. It's the greatest gamble in the world.

Not all the bidders, though, are those names so familiar at Belmont and Bowie and Hialeah. To Saratoga, too, journey lean-faced horsemen, the hungry look of hope in their eyes. Halter in hand, they come, always dreaming of the day their luck will change, eager to take the scraps left by the big bidders.

The Man Who Wanted a Horse

Thus it was at Saratoga in August, 1940, when a pleasant-faced trainer, veteran of a thousand lost races, led away a scrawny, skitterish, long-legged colt for which he'd bid $700. Nobody raised an eyebrow. Nobody cared. August "Sarge" Swenke had been a familiar figure around the race tracks for over thirty years. He'd been sending horses—his own and other men's—to the races ever since he'd come back from France with a wound stripe on his arm and a Distinguished Service Cross pinned to his chest. He'd won some races, but he'd lost a lot more, and he'd never had a really great horse. So, as he led the little bay with the white star on its forehead—by Good Goods out of Winds Chant by Wildair—hardly a glance was cast his way.

Today that unsung colt has a private stable of his own. He's guarded night and day. No amount of money could buy him. For his name is Alsab, a name now ranked with Man o' War as one of the great race horses of all time. In a little over a year, Alsab has rocketed to fame that few steeds have ever known. Last season he won ten straight races, picked up $110,600 in purses, posted the fastest times ever recorded by a two-year-old and left the railbirds agasp with awe. Now he awaits the richest pot of all—the fabulous pay-lode of the great three-year-old stakes—the $25,000 Flamingo Stakes in Florida, the $75,000 Kentucky Derby, the $50,000 Preakness, the $35,000 Belmont, and the $20,000 Travers Stakes at Saratoga. Within the next twelvemonth it is conceivable that he can pass the prize-money total racked up by Seabiscuit, whose winnings of $437,730 top them all.

It's a fascinating tale of the race track. Alsab has won fifteen out of twenty-two starts. Just three times he's failed to finish in the money.

It Started with Sentiment

Swenke never dreamed that Alsab would turn out to be the galloping gold mine he has been. "I remember sitting in a New York hotel one early August day in 1940 with Owner Al Sabath," he recalls. "Sabath had just hired me to buy a few yearlings for him, and we were sitting there over the luncheon table going through the program which listed the consignment from Tom Piatt's Lexington, Kentucky, breeding farm. I penciled a ring around the colt's name. I saw that he was the first 'get' of Good Goods, and Good Goods had always been one of my favorite horses. He'd won some nice races for me when I'd had a very valuable two bucks riding on his nose.

"Of course, the fact that Alsab was a first get was one of the things against

(Continued on page 49)

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Baby's voice was low, plaintive: "You must hate me, Marty. I've been like a dirty old miser"

THE GREAT BIG-HEARTED PEOPLE

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

Two great loves and several beautiful friendships combine to produce a very satisfactory state of affairs

SATURDAY afternoon Marty got a shave, a haircut and, after a little discussion, a shampoo. He couldn't afford the shampoo, really, but Johnno Spain talked him into it.

Afterward he gave himself the once-over in a mirror, said, "Well, be seeing you," to the shop at large, and moved out into the busy street.

He always dropped a dime in the upturned hat of the legless beggar on the corner in front of the cut-rate drug-store, and if the milk of human kindness within him carried a head of cream, he dropped a quarter. Today he dropped a quarter.

He knew he would have to quit tossing his dough around like that, now that he was a married man, but he kept putting it off. All his life he had been a soft touch—a buck here and a buck there—with never a thought, really, of getting it back. With a wife now—with Baby—he had responsibilities.

At least once a week he visited his colleagues, dropping in for a short beer, talking a little shop. Some of the barmen, the young ones, were very inept, unable to serve up a Collins without slopping the outside of the glass; but men like O. J. Peters, head barman at the Beachway Hotel, and Deacon Schanzenbach, of the Marine Lounge, were a joy to watch. Like Marty, the Deacon was the kind of barman who lavished as much talent on your cocktail whether it was your first or your tenth and last before being carried out by your friend. In his high, stiff collar, and sheathed in his immaculate white apron and jacket, there was something saintly about the Deacon. He never smiled.

"After hours," the Deacon said, "a little game of poker at my place. How about sitting in?"

"Doggone, Deacon, I'd like to," Marty said. "But you know how it is."

"That's right," the Deacon said. "I keep forgetting. How is the little woman?"

"Great. And I feel great, too. Six months. Six. Half an anniversary."

"WELL, I always said, and once or twice to O. J. Peters, that you'd make some woman a fine husband."

"Oh, it ain't me, Deacon. It's her. It's Baby—I mean Mildred. She makes a man a home. Me, well you know me. Come day, go day. But not Mildred. No, sir. Good meals, no holes in my socks, and a light burning when I get home. And I save my dough. Well, I'm starting. Put a penny away for a rainy day, she says."

"She's got something there, Marty," the Deacon sighed.

"How's your stomach been behaving?" Marty asked.

The Deacon said, "Knock wood," and knocked it.

Marty was proud of his home. There was a patch of grass in front, a single coconut palm, a splash of poinsettias against the white bungalow, and jasmine clinging to the porch lattice. The bungalow contained three rooms, kitchenette and bath. To Marty, who most of his life had lived in one room, this was a lot of living space.

"Baby," Marty said, tossing his hat

(Continued on page 39)

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ARTHUR SZYK

ON DECEMBER 11th President Roosevelt, asking Congress to counter Germany's declaration of war against us, said that "the forces endeavoring to enslave the entire world now are moving toward this hemisphere. Never before has there been a greater challenge to life, liberty and civilization."

Here, in the exquisite art of the illuminator, Arthur Szyk has captured the significance of the warning contained in President Roosevelt's war message. Here, with imagination and detail worthy of Doré and other great masters of this form, is the dark and diabolical onslaught of Hitlerism, of the "forces of savagery and of barbarism," against "the forces of righteousness."

Arthur Szyk (pronounced Shick) is world renowned as a painter of miniatures, as well as for his book illuminations. A Pole, himself a refugee from the "evil forces," he has set all his talents to the work of fighting them. He has the grim satisfaction of knowing that he is personally considered by Hitler a major foeman—because the Fuehrer has put a price upon his head.

In the President Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park there is a set of 28 of Szyk's miniatures. These cover a period of late American Colonial history. They were presented to the President by Poland before it was overrun by the Nazis. Szyk cherishes the Golden Cross of Merit of Poland, among his many international decorations.

Szyk has done a series of cover illustrations for Collier's, of which the one on the January 17th issue was the second. Others will shortly appear. His first, on our November 1st issue, portrayed a grisly poker game between Hitler and a Cossack, with Death kibitzing. The Cossack held aces—United States and Great Britain. Der Fuehrer held a handful of jokers—including Mussolini and the Mikado. Prophetic enough, considering the Russian plight at that time.

Szyk is married and lives in a penthouse on Riverside Drive, New York. He has one daughter. He is a little, round, fat, bald man of middle age, who looks at you blandly from behind very large spectacles. His ferocity is reserved for his cartoons. ★★★

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the VOICE

By Kyle Crichton

Miss Helen Traubel became an operatic sensation overnight. But she has been waiting and working for 15 years to be "discovered"

AS a rule, American audiences are kindly without being demonstrative. Sports crowds can become loud and raucous, but only rarely does a theater audience leap from the loges onto the chandeliers and begin yodeling. It is in the field of music that the fireworks go off occasionally.

Last spring a comparatively unknown soprano named Helen Traubel appeared at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Close followers of music knew of her but the general public was just getting an idea. As her program progressed, the excitement mounted. The applause was tremendous following the group of songs before the intermission but the full importance of what was occurring only impressed itself on the audience when it had time to think about it. When Miss Traubel returned after intermission, the audience proceeded to tear the place down. After ten minutes, with Miss Traubel vainly trying to get started again, a gentleman rose in the middle of the auditorium and shouted:

"Let us all stand as a tribute to the greatest soprano America has ever known!"

They stood and they cheered—and if Traubel hadn't been discovered before, she was discovered now. If she isn't the greatest soprano America has ever known, she is, in the view of the critics, at least among the greatest singers that ever lived. Furthermore, if the United States at this period in its history needs moral support, we can all stand and wave little American flags because Traubel has had her entire musical training here and has never been out of the country.

Nothing quite like the Traubel success has ever occurred, because prior to her Town Hall, New York, recital of last October, she was virtually unknown even in musical circles, and now she is one of the most sought-after singers in the country. Her appearances as Sieglinde last winter at the Metropolitan Opera were triumphs and she has now taken over as many of the Flagstad Wagnerian roles as she is able to work in and eventually will have them all. This only makes some of her friends all the more angry.

"She was just as good in 1925 when she appeared with the Philharmonic at Lewisohn Stadium," they say bitterly. "A tall, thin, blond girl with a magnificent voice. It's no credit to the critics that she wasn't recognized then."

Lady In Waiting

At this point, matters become a bit muddled. Miss Traubel insists that, after a short concert tour at that time, she asked to have her contract torn up because she didn't feel she was ready. Her friends maintain that only the stupidity of the critics kept her from a career that is now unfolding, fifteen years later. In any event, she never got started properly till a year ago and, by the same token, she never ceased to work. Just prior to her New York recital of last year, she and her husband, William Bass, were living on approximately nothing. They used to sit in their two-room apartment and listen to the great ones sing on the radio.

"Good heavens!" Mr. Bass would cry. "If you couldn't do better than that!"

"Now, Bill," Miss Traubel would soothe him, and they'd go out to see a movie. Traubel is insane about movies and only controlled by force from taking in three or four a day.

That was only eighteen months ago. At their lowest point, temptation in the form of an offer from Erno Rapee, conductor at Radio City Music Hall, appeared. He had heard of her through a friend and was offering her work. Miss Traubel braced herself.

"I'm sorry; but no," she said.

Mr. Rapee was not only astonished but he was hurt and a trifle indignant.

"Good work and good pay—and a long contract," he said.

"No, I can't do it," answered Madame Traubel. "I've waited much too long."

What she meant was that work in a theater, even the largest theater, might be the end of her. Having gambled almost twenty years of her life, she wanted to make a final gamble. The Town Hall recital was the gamble.

"If that one flopped," says Traubel, and pauses to make a slight drawing of the finger across the throat, "zoop."

But it was a sensation and it was followed a week later by a date on the Ford Hour and by an appearance the next week with Barbirolli and the Philharmonic. After that the deluge. Her singing of the Immolation scene from Götterdammerung with Toscanini and the N.B.C. orchestra was so spectacular that Toscanini consented for the first time in his life to make a recording of the orchestra with a singer. In that experience her voice rang out so magnificently over the full crash of the great orchestra in the most tumultuous Wagnerian passages that the players, after the first rehearsal, stood and applauded her frantically.

Within six months she made three tours to the West Coast, something unheard of in the first year of an artist's career. Her manager, Jack Salter, has booked sixty concert dates for this season at prices ranging upward from $1,250 a performance; there will be a season at the Met; there will be as many radio and other concert dates as Salter will consent to fill. If her singing this season brings in less than $100,000 it will be a surprise to everybody in the musical profession.

Miss Traubel was born in St. Louis where her grandfather owned the old Apollo Theater, and her mother, Clara Stuhr, was a well-known concert and church singer. But it was her father, a druggist on St. Louis' South Side, who set the pattern of her life. Not only did the good gentleman refuse to miss anything that came to town but he insisted on having his family with him while he enjoyed his pleasures.

"From the time I was five, I found myself propped up in an orchestra seat

(Continued on page 43)

THOMAS

This heroic Brünnehilde is the American Helen Traubel, who owns one of the finest voices ever heard in the Metropolitan Opera

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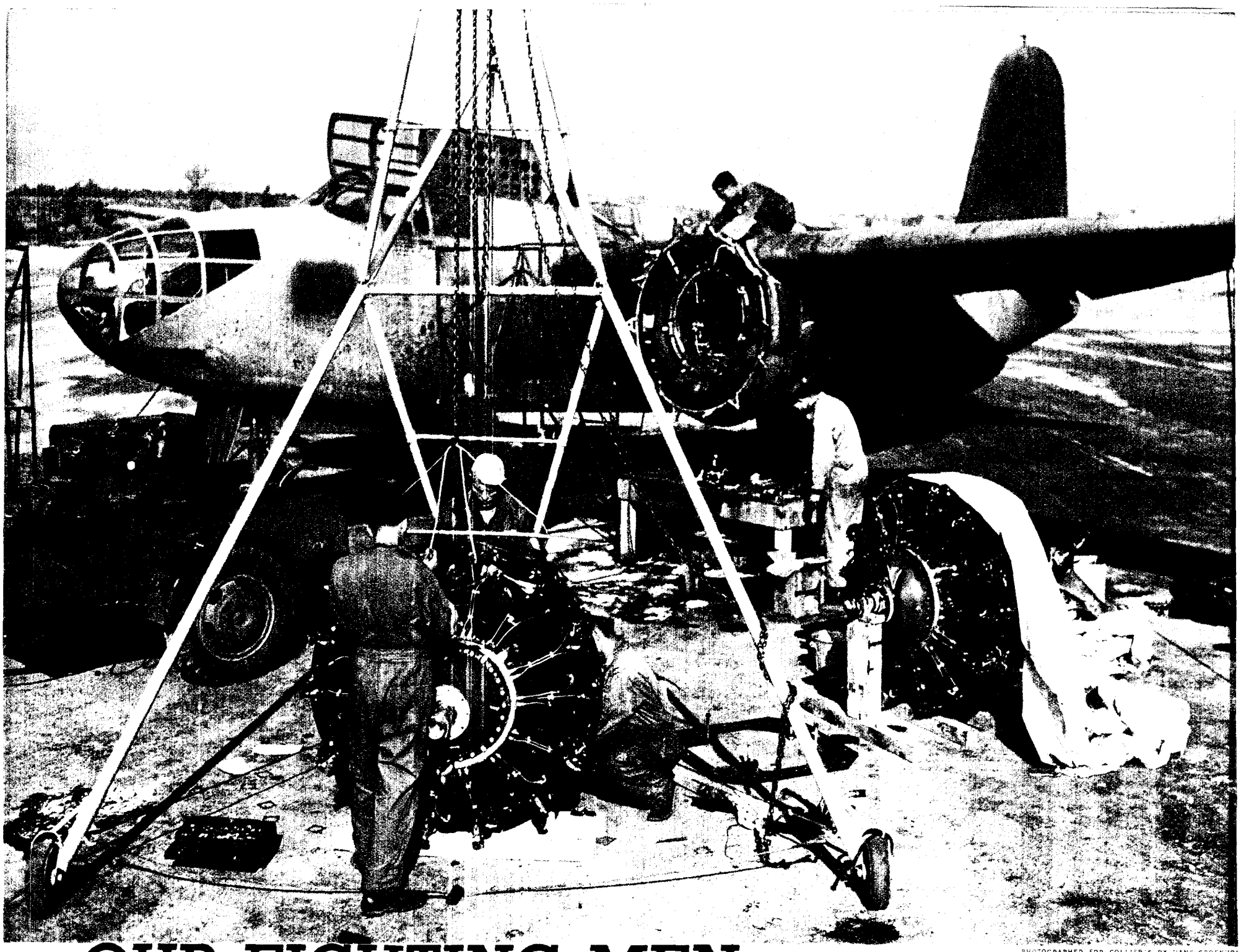

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOF

OUR FIGHTING MEN

One of the Army Air Corps' fine new [illegible] **is the Flying Mauler** [illegible] **15th Bombardment Squadron at Fort Benning, Ga. Pictured** [illegible] **over all five Pratt & Whitney** [illegible]

GEORGIA

4TH DIV.

FORT BENNING. There's something new in pontoon, or ponton (doesn't make any difference any more how you spell or pronounce it) bridges, and it's the first major change in boat bridges since Julius Caesar used them. Currently, the Army is using the familiar aluminum ponton, an improvement over the original heavy wooden affairs; but the latest gadget is made of rubber, looks like a squeezed doughnut and supports flanged, steel runways over which scout cars and tanks can whiffle safely at 35 m.p.h.

This innovation germinated in the mind of the 16th Engineers' Col. Thomas H. Stanley during Fort Knox maneuvers about a year ago, after a 2d Armored Division tank got off line on a wooden ponton bridge, tilted and filled the boat, and ended up with its turret three feet under water. They got the tank out about fourteen hours later and the colonel sat down and thought. The idea he evolved was transmitted to the 2d Armored's Engineering Officer Col. L. E. Oliver, but the War Department had just invested some $300,000 in aluminum boats and wasn't interested, thanks. The officers, however, fought it through, and the result is this buoyant, steel and rubber bridge.

Advantages over the old type are many. First place, the old 30-foot boats couldn't be concealed—no matter what was done to them they still looked like 30-foot boats. The new ones, deflated, can be put on trucks and look like just about anything else that's rolled up and dumped on a truck. Fifteen feet of old-style bridge required a six-ton truck and trailer; twice as much of the new bridge goes on a truck without trailer. As against the wooden bridge's forty pieces and many connections per fifteen feet, the new bridge has only six pieces and three connections for the same length. Each rubber boat has eight compartments and can do an efficient job even when two are airless. It took about 200 men to knock a wooden bridge together; about 80 can take care of the new type. Men of the 16th Engineers built 315 feet of rubber bridge across Benning's Chattahoochee River in two hours and six minutes on their first try, and expect to cut that down to an hour soon's they get the trucks newly designed to swing out two runways at one time. The treadways, by the way, can be used on aluminum pontons, and planking can be laid on the steel in case animals have to cross. The armored men, though, hope there'll be no animals. Speed is their specialty and they don't want horses or mules blocking mechanical traffic.

MISSOURI

6TH DIV.

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Rolla. Early December weather brought a letdown at this Engineer Replacement Training Center, where they turn out a soldier-engineer about every ten minutes, so the officers, not knowing of the stimulus to come from Hawaii, set about to pep up the program. Only complaint the men seemed to have was that there weren't enough parades. They got them and it worked out fine; by the time news of the war came the men were back on their toes. The fort's General U. S. Grant, III, who would look a lot like his grandsire if he wore a beard, says the men have learned to ignore the two evils they can't escape—rain and chiggers. When officers proposed to postpone a night job because of heavy rain the men insisted on going through with it. "They can take it," the general said. "The one thing they can't stand is sitting around and being bored."

ILLINOIS

SCOTT FIELD, Belleville. At least one private here has been cured of doodling. During a lull in his radio-transmitting class our man absent-mindedly wrote on the wooden desk top his Army serial number and the phone number of a nice dish in Belleville. When the class was dismissed the sergeant in charge took a gander at the inscriptions and called the gal. He got his date, all right, but it couldn't have been so hot, because the next day the non-com traced the doodler through his serial number and gave him a fancy dressing down "for defacing government property."

MINNESOTA

FORT SNELLING. The recent War Department appeal for 20,000 cadets a month, plus the news of Army-pilot heroism in the Pacific, plus the fact that the Air Force is the only branch of the service which a recruit may select for himself with assurance of ending up there (if he makes the grade) all contribute to explain why fully 75 per cent of the men who rushed to enlist last month tried to get some kind, any kind,

(Continued on page 56)

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ALDER GULCH

By Ernest Haycox

Illustrated by Warren Baumgartner

She stepped out to him. "Jeff," she said, "Jeff—" "Well," he said, "this should please you, Diana"

The Story Thus Far:

TO SAVE his own life, Jeff Pierce kills a brutal sea captain in Portland, Oregon. Evading the authorities, he goes to Virginia City, Montana (where gold has recently been struck). He is accompanied by a girl—Diana Castle—whose father has been trying to force a distasteful marriage on her.

In Alder Gulch, near Virginia City, Pierce stakes out a claim and Diana starts a small bakery. By this time he is in love with Diana; unfortunately, the girl does not encourage his advances.

A band of road agents and killers (secretly directed by Henry Plummer, the sheriff) is terrorizing the Gulch area. Its members—among them George Ives and Rube Ketchum (who loathes Pierce), Steve Marshland, Bob Zachary, Long John Franck, Jack Gallegher (a deputy sheriff), George Hildebrand, Red Yeager and many others—rob and murder right and left.

Almost alone, Pierce fights the scoundrels. He is supported, at times, by Ben Scoggins, a trader, and Ollie Rounds, who belongs to the gang but who admires Pierce. Meanwhile, Scoggins has fallen in love with Diana—he hopes to marry her.

One of Pierce's bitterest enemies (he has many enemies) is Bully Sitgreaves. Sitgreaves—the brother of the captain Pierce had killed—has followed Pierce to Virginia City: he has sworn that he will kill him.

The murder of Nick Tibault, a boy whom everyone likes, at last brings the good citizens into action. A group of strong men—Jim Williams, X. Biedler, Pierce, Wilbur Sanders, a lawyer, and others—charge George Ives, Long John Franck and George Hildebrand with the crime. Then—with a judge and a jury—they try Ives, convict him, and (despite the opposition of the roughs present) hang him.

A posse—led by Jim Williams—rounds up two members of the gang: Red Yeager and George Brown. Informed that he is to be hanged in a few minutes, Yeager confesses; after which he gives Williams the names of his associates. Williams jots down the names. Then—"All right," he says laconically, "let's get this done."

Conclusion

YEAGER turned through the doorway but Brown fell on his knees, making it necessary for some of the posse to drag him by the arms. They crossed the yard to the cottonwoods; here Yeager turned and poured his contempt on Brown: "I'm ashamed to git hanged alongside a yellowback like you."

Biedler had brought out a pair of chairs; on these the two men were placed and the loops thrown about their necks. The vigilante affixing the noose to Yeager suddenly lost footing in the snow and fell, carrying Yeager with him. He rose, angry at himself and apologizing to Yeager: "We've got to do better than that, Red."

There was, then, the last long silence. Brown trembled so greatly that a vigilante had to hold him by the coat. Yeager looked down on the crowd, thinking his way slowly up to this moment, framing some last thought in his head. Then he said, "Get the rest of them, Jim. I'll feel better."

"We'll do our best," said Williams.

Suddenly two men rushed at the chairs and knocked them aside. Williams took off his hat and he looked down. He was an indomitable man, truly savage when aroused, and he would have followed Red Yeager a thousand miles to satisfy his own deep sense of justice. Yet he held his head down while the two men died at the ropes' ends. Not until Biedler said, "They're dead," did he look up, and then it was to turn his eyes on the stocky Dutchman. Biedler had watched the two drop with his gray face showing its seamy pleasure; there was that strain of barbarism in Biedler, honest as he was.

"I liked Red," said Williams. "He had some good in him." He turned back to the house, and he stood inside by the fire with his eyes fastened to the list Yeager had furnished him. It was the last name, the name of Ollie Rounds, that held his attention. Laurin had cooked up some coffee. Williams drank two cups of it while he pondered. He had known a long time ago that this cleanup would come and he had known it would be a dirty chore; but he was a man who would flinch no part of it until it was at last done—no single part from beginning to end.

Biedler said, "Home now?"

"No," said Williams, "we have got something more to do. I'm going to Virginia City. I'll be back. You fellows stay here and catch up on your sleep." He left the house. White frost stood on the whiskers of his horse and its breath turned to shallow white steam in the

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air. The saddle leather, when he sat upon it, was cold as ice.

He changed horses at Virginia and rode directly on to Pierce's cabin, and found Pierce splitting wood. He said, "We've been on a hunt and had some luck. We're going on another hunt. Come along."

It was a command rather than an invitation. They had all subscribed to the vigilante oath—Pierce tacitly at the first meeting—and they were all obligated to serve when called. Pierce accepted it as such and stopped in his cabin only long enough to put away the shotgun which had been leaning outside the cabin wall and to buckle on his revolver. He followed on foot behind Williams, reached town and saddled his horse. Together the two moved southward through foot-deep snow churned and scarred and flecked with the frozen mud of traffic.

"We hung Yeager and Brown this morning," said Williams. "Yeager did some talking and left a list."

"Who's on it?"

"Plummer for one. He's the chief. That surprise you?"

"No," said Pierce, "not much. I never liked the way he scouted around me in Bannack. Something wrong in the feel of the man." He looked down the trail, half closing his eyes. "I have met men like Plummer before, smooth outside and rotten inside."

WILLIAMS stopped in Nevada City to pick up John Lott; the three rode on without conversation. Down by Junction, Parris Pfouts came by on his horse. He turned about and joined them at Williams' signal. Williams explained what had already taken place, and mentioned the list. He went about halfway through the list; then he said in a noncommittal way, "A few others," and that was all he said between Junction and Laurin's ranch. At the ranch he called out the waiting crowd.

"Where we going?" asked Biedler.

"Past the Beaverhead. Up to that cabin beyond where Bain's horse ranch was."

"Who's there?"

"I don't really know," said Williams. "Billy Southmayd's reported a man holing up there the last five-six days. We'll look."

When they left the mouth of the Gulch the wind began to sweep steadily at them. They reached the Cold Springs Ranch and noted a horse standing there; and Williams, who had a retentive memory, suddenly said, "Pull up," and got down. The crowd followed suit and part of the men came behind him as he moved on to the door and flung it open. Bill Hughes, who ran the ranch, was in the room with one other man. That other man was Sitgreaves.

Williams said, "Where'd you get that horse?"

Sitgreaves said, "Bought it at Virginia City. From a fellow named Steve Marshland."

"Yes," said Williams. "That's Marshland's extra horse. He must have needed money. When I saw the horse I figured maybe Steve was in here. We're looking for him."

"Come on," said Pfouts. "It'll be dark before we get to the Beaverhead."

But Williams watched Sitgreaves coolly. "What brings you here?"

"Scouting the country," said Sitgreaves.

"Come on," said Pfouts again.

Williams gave Pfouts a half-irritated glance. "We've got business here, Parris." He swung to Pierce: "This man took two shots at you in Virginia, didn't he?"

The crowd, so far disinterested, now centered full attention on Sitgreaves, who stood with his back to the fireplace, both hands laced behind. He had a full square beard, above which his two eyes showed a black-bright glint. He said nothing and showed no fear.

"I was on the street that night," commented Williams. "The fellow was in the crack between The Pony and Pete Recken's tent store. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons. I saw the brass buttons shinin'. Those are the same buttons."

SITGREAVES gravely listened to Williams and thereafter passed his attention to Pierce. He remained close-mouthed and outwardly undisturbed. Looking at this man's weathered face with its Yankee tenacity and its fixed zeal, Pierce doubted if any power on earth could bend Sitgreaves from his purpose save the sudden burst of a bullet or the swift closure of a rope around his neck. This man was a bloodhound who knew no other purpose than pursuit and vengeance.

Williams was a patient man but he now turned impatient. The crowd also grew restive. Pfouts said, "That the man, Jeff?" Yet none of these people counted; and it was as if they had not been in the room. Pierce faced Sitgreaves, thinking of the thousand miles or more over which Sitgreaves had followed him, and he was also thinking of the master of the Panama Chief as the latter roared and rushed at him, and his mind jumped and stopped at scenes along the succeeding way, at the wagon on which he had smuggled himself and Diana, at Lewiston and on the long road over the Bitterroots, at the miners' camp near the McCarty Mountains, when, near tears, she had stood before him with her whole heart open. There his thinking ceased. He shook his head.

"No, not the man."

Williams gave him a sharp stare. "How would you know?"

"I know who the man was."

"Who was it?" pressed Williams.

Pierce said, "That's altogether my business, Jim, and I will take care of it."

He watched Sitgreaves as he said it. He was saving this man from a hanging, as Sitgreaves should be realizing. He was avoiding a showdown with Sitgreaves as he had done before, wanting none of the man's blood upon his hands. Sitgreaves, staring so steadily back, showed no expression. There was no break, no recognition, no silent admission of the charity given.

Williams was wholly unsatisfied but Pfouts said, "That should settle it. Now let's get on the way," and led the crowd out of the ranch house. They were soon in the saddle, fording the Stinkingwater and rising from the valley to the barren land lying between this river and the Beaverhead. Even then grayness had come upon the country and the wind drove at them with its needle-keen cold. At full dark they swung from the stage road, moved two miles north and picked up a light in a shallow coulee ahead. Williams stopped here.

"Some of you circle behind. Some of you stick in front. Pierce and Biedler and Howie and I will tackle the door."

These four dismounted and walked straight on, their feet slipping and squealing in the snow. Biedler fell and rose with a disgusted curse. There was a window covered over by an oiled hide, through which light yellowly seeped, and flakes of fire whipped up from a tin chimney and fled in the wind. Pierce and Williams came upon the door together, and it was Pierce who reached for the latch and held it a moment. He looked behind him, seeing the crowd shift in the snow. Williams gave Pierce a short stare and nodded, whereupon Pierce lifted the latch, pushed open the door and stepped into the cabin.

"As you gentlemen know, our old ships had sails while the latest ones burn oil. Unfortunately, there's a middle group . . ."

HERB WILLIAMS

A single man occupied the room, his back turned from the door; at the first sound of entry he flung himself around and threw out a hand toward a revolver lying on the table. But before he completed the motion he checked himself and looked at Pierce, and then a half-smile replaced the first visible shock of fear.

"Hello, Jeff."

Pierce said, "What are you doing down here, Ollie?"

OTHER men crowded into the small cabin. Rounds looked at them with keenest speculation, but that first show of fear had vanished and now he displayed a careless grin.

"Waiting for the wind to die down," he said. "I never did like to be cold."

Pierce said, "What's the matter with Virginia City? This is no place to spend the winter. I wondered about you. Been looking for you."

Ollie said, "Got restless. I never stay in one place long. You know that."

Pierce shook his head, neither understanding Ollie nor the reason for Williams leading the vigilantes here. He turned to Williams and observed the leader's steady stare to be on him. "Water haul, Jim. Who'd you think you'd find here?"

Williams said, "Ollie Rounds."

"All right," grumbled Pierce, "he's here. What of it?"

"You're slow on the catch, Jeff. Red Yeager gave us a list. This man's name is on it."

"Don't be a fool," said Pierce. "I know Ollie."

"So do other men," said Williams.

"Ollie," said Pierce, "speak up!"

"Let Williams talk," said Rounds, maintaining his self-assurance. "What do you think I've done?"

"You were with Ives and Ketchum and Marshland when Hilton was killed at the stage holdup."

"I was in Virginia City," said Rounds. "How could I have been across the Beaverhead?"

"You're quick on the answer," commented Williams. "Most innocent men couldn't be so sure of where they were four or five months ago."

"That's easy," said Rounds. "I haven't left Virginia half a dozen times in that many months."

Williams spoke over his shoulder: "Southmayd."

Billy Southmayd moved through the door and came abreast Pierce and Williams.

"Billy," said Williams, "what do you know? You drove that stage."

"There were four of them," said Southmayd. "Ives and Ketchum and this man—and one I never recognized. I knew Rounds right off. He wore a big buffalo coat that had the fur partly worn from the lapel. Yellow hair, blue eyes. His horse was a solid bay with big ears and a callus just above the off-rear fetlock."

Pierce turned on Southmayd. He gave the man a black stare: "Be careful, Billy."

"I'm apt to be careful when I'm helping hang a man, Jeff."

Williams said, "Red named you on the list, Ollie."

THE silence fell. Pierce watched Ollie's face take its dark and fatal stain. Light went out of Ollie's eyes and hope went out of him. He faced the crowd and betrayed a fear too deep to hide.

"Ollie," said Pierce, "speak up!"

"Why did you come along?" asked Ollie Rounds sullenly.

Pierce shook his head. "I didn't know." He turned to Williams, as dangerous to Williams then as a man might be. "Why did you bring me along?"

"I knew this was coming," said Williams. "I wanted you to see for yourself, so you'd get it firsthand and not secondhand. He's one of the Innocents, but he's got his right to have somebody talk for him. Go ahead, talk for him."

"Red," said Pierce, "was a scoundrel. You believe what he told you?"

Williams said in his unstirred voice, "Cross out Red's testimony then. But Billy Southmayd's testimony still remains. You know Billy to be a square man."

Pierce said, "Billy, how sure could you be in a situation like that? Other men have got blue eyes and light hair and buffalo overcoats."

Southmayd said, "Maybe. You know Ollie's horse?"

"Yes."

"Got a scar on its off-rear fetlock?"

Pierce fell silent. He remembered the overcoat and the rubbed label. And he remembered the horse. "Yes," he said.

"There you are," said Southmayd. "I might be mistaken in one thing. I couldn't be mistaken in three or four things."

(Continued on page 30)

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MASQUERADE IN MIAMI

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Gail Foster shouldered her way through the crowd. She touched the tall man on the arm. She said, "Alan! What in the world . . ."

The Story Thus Far:

LEWIS ("LEW") HARTLEY, a crooked promoter, and his lawyer, Wayne Hamilton, evolve a plan that if successfully followed will enable Hartley—on the verge of indictment in New York City—to make his getaway. All they need is the co-operation of Alan Douglas, a young mining engineer, who—except for his face—is a replica of Hartley.

Directed by Hamilton, Hartley gains control of the firm by which the father of Douglas' fiancée—Gail Foster—is employed. He then sees to it that Mr. Foster is "framed," accused of embezzling $20,000, and told that he must make full restitution or go to prison.

Certain that the victim cannot raise the money, Hamilton calls on Douglas and informs him that Hartley wishes to slip away to South America, unobserved by certain business rivals; he tells Douglas that Hartley will pay him $100,000 ($20,000 in cash) if he will go to the promoter's estate in Miami Beach and there "double" for Hartley—after having his face so altered by a surgeon that it resembles Hartley's. The idea is, quite naturally, distasteful to Douglas; but, to save the father of the girl he loves, he accepts it. He promises to take no one into his confidence.

The following day, he gives Gail a check for $20,000. He refuses to answer her questions. Then—after telling her that he is going to South America on a secret mission of which he can reveal nothing—he sails on the Tropicana, bound for far southern ports. He is accompanied by "Chuck" Williams, a ruffian employed by Hartley to keep an eye on him, and later (after Hartley has himself undergone an operation that will render him unrecognizable) to murder the trusting young man.

At Havana, Douglas and Williams leave the Tropicana, fly to Miami, motor to Hartley's estate. There a surgeon—Sherman Greer—performs the operation. Living at the place is a girl: "Sunny" Ralston, whom Hartley regards as his property. Chuck Williams is in love with her. Seeing Sunny and Douglas together, from time to time, he is furiously jealous. . . .

In New York City, Gail Foster—awaiting a message from Douglas that never comes—becomes alarmed. She investigates, goes to Havana. There she learns that Douglas had flown to Miami. Puzzled, perplexed, she takes a boat for Miami, where she has an old friend: Vance Crawford. "Vance will help me," she tells herself. "And I need help!"

IV

THERE was something very comforting about Vance Crawford. Sitting there opposite him at a corner table in the restaurant, Gail Foster felt that she had never been quite so grateful to anybody in her life.

Vance was a big fellow. But, for all his size and maturity, he had an impish quality. It showed in the way his mouth twisted when he smiled, by the way his eyes crinkled at the corners, and in his lazy, Southern drawl.

Vance was local representative of a company which produced a line of retail electrical appliances ranging from refrigerators to vacuum cleaners. He had hundreds of friends and no enemies. And the fact that he was single could be explained only by the knowledge that many years before he had fallen in love with Gail Foster and had never gotten over it.

Over coffee and liqueurs, Gail told him her story. She talked with a frankness and freedom which made her feel guilty because she more than suspected that this big, easygoing St. Bernard of a man was still fond of her—and she hoped that she wasn't hurting him. Once she interrupted her recital to suggest something like that, and he put his big hand over hers and said, "Listen, Sugar . . . I took my place in the back row long ago. And if there's any way I can help you to be happy . . ."

She talked for a long time, finding relief in expressing all of the doubt and worry which had tormented her. She brought her story up to the moment, and then leaned back in her chair and looked straight at him.

"Tell me the truth, Vance," she begged. "Am I entirely crazy?"

A quizzical little smile twisted his mouth. He said, "I wouldn't say that, Gail. If anything's loco, it's the setup . . . not you."

"You're not simply saying that to make me feel better?"

"Not entirely. Of co'se . . ."

"Of course, what?"

"Maybe they just changed their plans and wanted to have one more talk with Alan before he took off for Chile."

"But wouldn't he have told me?"

"Why? 'Specially if they asked him not to? He'd figure you wouldn't be worryin' about him, so he'd let things ride as they were."

"You're saying that, Vance—but you don't believe it."

"I never said so, honey."

"Do you believe it?"

His head moved slowly from side to side. "Maybe I don't," he confessed. "Maybe I think it looks kind of funny. But shuh! I still don't see what all this excitement is goin' to get you. Even if Alan did come back to Miami like you say, the chances are ten to one he didn't stay here. This country is awfully big. There's heaps of places he might have gone."

"Why?"

Vance Crawford leaned forward. His voice was gentle. "Look, honey . . . let down a little, will you? You're all tensed up, and it's doing you heaps of no good. You're not thinkin' clearly. Honest, I never saw you like this."

"I'm sorry. . . . I'm pretty selfish."

"Shuh! You know doggone good an' well I didn't mean anythin' like that. What I'm drivin' at is that it doesn't get you anywhere to be keened up this

(Continued on page 52)

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Court Tactics

By Arthur Mann

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

IT WAS no girl's right to select the night for a date with Jo-Jo Freeman, because a basketball genius in a basketball-mad college like Lebanon not only can pick the date, he can pick the girl.

"I can't make it Wednesday," he told Ruth Anders. "Thursday okay?"

"No," she replied quickly, "I've got to cram Thursday night for the Friday English quiz. Tuesday I'm . . . I'll be busy, too."

"Ensland," he said flatly, conjuring up a sour picture of the team manager—a guy who got his athletic letter by snooping on the team for Dean Sprague. "Couldn't you see that mug Wednesday? Or don't see him at all. Forget him. He crawls."

"Whether I'm seeing Al Ensland or not makes no difference," she said. "I can't break the date, really."

"And I can't make it Wednesday, really!" he parried.

"Then don't make it at all," and she caught her breath, as though trying to stop the crazy words she was saying.

Even then she could see him hurrying away, insulted, piqued and giving the nod to any one of a dozen silly coed beauties who would be glad to take him Tuesday or Thursday and take him for plenty.

Sports writers called Jo-Jo a superathlete after each Lebanon victory in the Garden. It was Sure-shot Freeman . . . Jo-Jo the Great . . . 20-Point Freeman. . . They said the rest of the Lebanon team rode piggy-back on him.

"I . . . I don't understand it, Ruth," he stammered finally. "You've pulled this twice before, knowing I had to be with the team. But this meeting's the most important—"

"If it's more important than a date with me Wednesday," she said with a shrug, "go ahead, Jo-Jo."

"Okay, you win again," he whispered. "I'll be around about eight Wednesday."

No one else would have dared pull that "or else" business on him, and her courage fascinated him. And for no one else would he pass up the Wednesday-night appointment with the team. It meant a sure hundred bucks to each man; fifty more apiece if they trimmed the powerful Paterson Silkers, the biggest guarantee to date. The fellows would be plenty sore, but, more important, he needed that dough. The five Lebanon regulars sneaked in one or two a week during the college schedule, but it wasn't like a year-round job. And already she had cost him two of these money games.

The four players hit the ceiling on Wednesday afternoon when he broke the news during workout in the gym. Coach Collins had taken the second-stringers to the other end of the floor to work out a new five-man defense against Freeman. Hy Kalmus, captain and center, led the barrage of abuse.

"You're out of your mind," he scolded. "We've been lucky twice, but Tony here can't score alone against the Silkers."

"But something came up," Jo-Jo explained weakly.

"The Dean?" Kalmus gasped. "Is he on the snoop again?"

"No, it's Ruth Anders," said Sammy Schur. "Holy cats, Jo-Jo, don't be a sucker."

"You fellows got me all wrong. This is positively the last—"

"That's where you're wrong," Kalmus interrupted quickly. "The last time was the last. We'll take Potter once more. We'll probably blow this game, and blow an extra two-fifty in cash, but if you don't make it tonight, Jo-Jo, Potter's in and you're out—for good."

"Ensland," he said, conjuring up a picture of the team manager—a guy who got his letter by snooping on the team for Dean Sprague

Jo-Jo's head burned with tragic perplexity. Kalmus was in deadly earnest, and the others would follow his lead. The great machine would break up, a machine that seemed able to win any game, regardless of the opposition.

To this moment, basketball had been everything to Jo-Jo Freeman. It had meant college for nothing, and generous pocket money from the pro games played under assumed names in outlying arenas and dance halls where no one suspected their identity. The subterfuge bothered him in his freshman year until the night they ran smack into the St. Luke's College team operating as the Washington Hawks.

Now, suddenly, basketball wasn't everything, and Jo-Jo knew he'd regret it. This Ruth Anders had him thinking, dreaming—not necessarily about marriage, or stuff like that, but about the way she could figure things, and subtly understand his nature.

He couldn't imagine how to go about seeking her favor again, and so he gave ground. It was better to hold what he had, and take a chance on winning the team over. They wouldn't go far without him. Potter wasn't that good. He was far from being a 20-pointer. Jo-Jo told himself that and then told them to go to Paterson without him.

WEDNESDAY night was a complete flop, chiefly because she wouldn't leave the house. Both were affected by the near break, and Jo-Jo's mind wandered over to Paterson. And why Chinese checkers? Of all the silly games to trot out on a date night, this was the worst. Yet, it had merits in obviating conversation. He didn't feel like talking, and he was impatient with her clammy silence. Most puzzling was the feeling of having been handcuffed. That created an urge to tear loose. What she felt or thought was dammed by her studied silence.

At ten o'clock he dumped the board.

"That's enough!" he exclaimed, and rose. "You may think you've won, Ruth, but you've lost. . . ."

She tried to smile, and her blue eyes sparkled from a sudden gush of moisture. He turned quickly from that unfailing weapon of women. It would take more than tears. He'd meet the fellows returning from Paterson, and he'd apologize. Chinese checkers!

"I'm sorry," she said, following him to the door. "I . . . I had something special planned, Jo-Jo. It fell through."

"You're telling me!" he laughed. "You must be out of your mind to pull this. But I know enough psychology to understand. It's the old story of a woman's struggle to destroy a man's dominating interest. She has to make herself paramount. Well, it hasn't worked. Try the line on Stool Pigeon Ensland. I'm through! Good night!"

He knew she was watching from the door, as usual, when he turned the corner, but this time he couldn't look back. He felt too embittered.

Impatient about the outcome of the game, he called the Globe from a phone booth and got the sports desk.

"Score on the Paterson game, please? Jewels and Silkers?"

"You mean those Lebanon College guys?"

"What? I mean the Jewels and Silkers game. Score, please."

"The score don't mean a thing, mister," the voice replied. "Five Lebanon players—Kalmus, Sorti, Schur, Kelly and Potter were suspended when that snoopy Dean Sprague finally caught 'em playin' over there tonight. But Lebanon still has a team, because Jo-Jo Freeman wasn't there. Somebody must have tipped him off."

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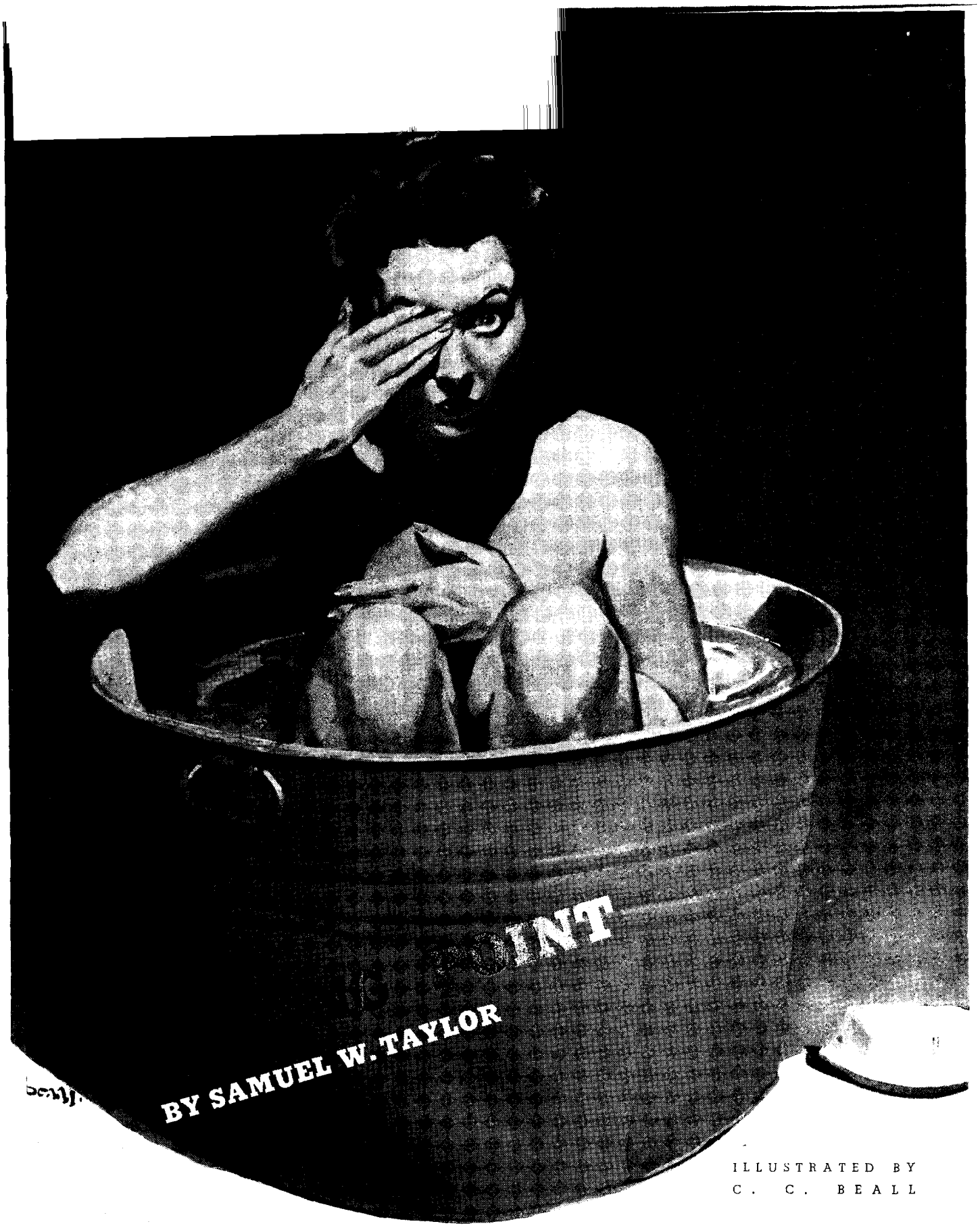

The Wild Man was groping a way out when Clara Belle half opened one eye and saw him moving toward the door. She screamed: "Get out of here"

POINT

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

All the Wild Man needed was somebody to speak his mind for him. All Clara Belle needed was someone to back up what she said. What a swell pair!

WHEN the new neighbor came into sight from the ravine, it was too late to hide. The Wild Man, lips tightening, stood beside his implement shed and waited while the new neighbor waded through the sulphur bush to the barbed-wire fence, climbed through, and stumped across the yard. Had the Wild Man seen the fellow's approach sooner, he would simply have disappeared. He didn't want anything to do with the man.

The new neighbor was getting settled on the dry farm—the old Meechum place—on the flat two hundred yards to the south, across the ravine, and the Wild Man had watched with disapproval. He'd decided within two days that the newcomers were trash, with the particular sort of trashiness that irritated him.

The woman might be all right. She dug around the house, planting seeds, and toted water to them in a bucket from the windmill pump. She put curtains at the windows. She got out with a mattock and grubbed an area of tough sagebrush for a front-door yard. But the man was one of these barbed-wired and shingle-nail fellows. He was up at dawn and working like fury until dark, but everything he did irritated the Wild Man. He got the windmill to working, but didn't straighten the bent vanes. He didn't batten the tar paper on the shack walls with enough lath. The first good wind to howl off the sage valley would carry it away.

He set his fence posts two rods apart, and only as deep as the soil went—eight to twelve inches atop the solid lava rock. He put on a new tin chimney but didn't guy it. He got a lot done, but it would all have to be done over again. And now on the third morning, he was paying a call.

The Wild Man wanted nothing to do with him.

"Hello," the neighbor said, grinning up at the big man. "Got a fence stretcher?"

THE Wild Man surveyed him, saying nothing. The fellow was short, wiry and nervous-quick, with big freckles on his bald head. The fringe of grizzled hair once had been red.

"I said, have you got a fence stretcher?"

"Yes." The Wild Man swallowed. He could never say no. But he didn't believe in lending tools.

"I'll borrow it. My name's Gregg. I'm moving onto the old Meechum place across the ravine. Glad to know you, Bill."

"Howdy," the Wild Man grunted, and took the outstretched hand. If Gregg knew his name, then Gregg would have heard the stories about the Wild Man, and should have kept his distance.

It wasn't that the Wild Man didn't want friends. He did. It wasn't that he didn't want company or that he wouldn't have given his right eye to be well liked in the valley. He'd simply, from bitter experience, learned to keep strictly to himself. He hadn't even got help for the busy seasons the past two years, since he'd chased his last hired man the eight miles to town. But, still . . . he wondered now if he couldn't be friends with Gregg. Gregg was a new man, meeting him half way—

"Say!" It was almost a groan. "You've got a grip, Bill!"

Flushing, the Wild Man released the wiry hand. "Aw, I wasn't half trying," he said, and then knew that wasn't the thing he meant but didn't know how to amend it. What he'd tried to say was that his hand had unconsciously closed with the wish to make another effort to be like other people; but that was too involved to explain, and he'd never been any good with words.

GREGG stood in the door of the implement shed and surveyed the tools and machinery, gleaming, bright with paint, everything from a disk harrow to a can of fence staples in its place.

"I can see in a minute what's wrong with you, Bill," he declared. "Shucks, from what folks told me about you, I expected to meet up with a cross 'tween a grizzly bear and a spooky mule. Only trouble with you is, you need to get married up. Man lives off by hisself, he's bound to get cranky and fussy. You need a woman around. They told me you wasn't so bad until your sister got married up and moved away. Nice place you got here, Bill; but you're too fussy. Got a shovel?"

He shook his head, noting the shovel blade had been oiled against rust, the handle waxed to prevent checking. "Yep, better git yourself a woman, Bill, or you'll turn into a fussy old maid. I might's well take this here crowbar along while I'm at it, and these side-cutting pliers. Drop over any time and get acquainted with Clara Belle."

The Wild Man watched him duck through the fence, disappear into the ravine, and emerge on the other side. A cocky, independent little rooster of a man, and a self-appointed expert on everything. But frank and somehow likable. Maybe this time it would work out. Maybe, the Wild Man thought, he really could get along with somebody.

Gregg returned the tools a week later. Meanwhile it had rained and the shovel was rusty. The crowbar had been bent. "Sorry about the stretcher," Gregg said. "Piece of barbed wire got wound in the sheave and sprung it. You should've got the kind with gears; they stand up."

"Where's the pliers?"

"Pliers? I have the dangdest luck keeping track of pliers. Must of left 'em layin' out somewheres. Run into 'em one of these days. Got a couple eggs? Clara Belle, she's baking a cake. And I need a little barbed wire. Better take the whole spool, and I'll bring back what I don't use."

When Gregg had gone across the ravine, the Wild Man picked up the crowbar, put it against his knee and with a sudden surge of terrific effort, straightened the heavy piece of steel. Then, a red vein swelling on his forehead, he dropped the crowbar and looked in a fearful way at his two bare hands. He'd say no to Gregg, the next time. He

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wouldn't lend anything more. That way, nothing would happen.

Gregg came over next morning with a great three-layer wedge of cake, creamy white with thick strata of chocolate frosting.

"Hi, Bill! Turned out purty good. Clara Belle's a fine cook."

The Wild Man gulped a thanks, embarrassed. Gregg after all was well-meaning. A barbed-wire and shingle-nail sort, to be true, but kind at heart.

Then Gregg said, "Dangdest equipment on that place of mine. I guess I'll need your plow."

When Gregg had gone with the plow, the Wild Man stood looking at the cake in his hands. He wanted to get along with Gregg. He really did. If he only knew how to tell the man in a nice way. He didn't want any trouble. He didn't—

His great hands closed, and a mud of cake and frosting oozed between the fingers. He wiped his hands on his pants with deliberation, and cast about for something to do. Something hard that would work up a sweat. Deepen the root cellar. There was a good hard job, excavating solid lava rock. He felt better when the sweat broke out on him. But he wished his sister would come back for a visit right now. She'd known how to handle people, how to make friends without being imposed on. He didn't want any trouble with Gregg. He really didn't want to do something he'd be sorry for.

But every time he came out of the cellar with a basket of rock in his great arms he could hear from across the ravine to the south the ring of what had been a razor-edged plowshare clanging against rock.

THOMAS, the neighbor to the east of Gregg, called on the wiry little man in mid-morning.

"Most of us hereabouts don't plow that deep," he observed as Gregg pulled up alongside.

"That's why most of you are so poor," the expert advised. "This could be good country if it was worked right."

"Well, I'm glad you come to show us how," Thomas said. "Most of us didn't know it done any good to run a plow down into the solid lava. You're not making that plow any sharper."

"A plow's made to use, ain't it?"

"Did you borrow that one from the Wild Man?"

"You must've been peeking. Never stick your nose in other people's business, Thomas. . . . Yes, this is Bill's plow. Trouble with Bill, he's fussy like an old maid. What he needs is a woman."

Thomas swallowed, and checked an impulse to leave this cocky bantam to his inevitable fate. After all, he'd made this visit to warn Gregg; a neighbor had a certain duty.

"Now, look, Gregg: maybe you ain't heard about the Wild Man—"

"About his temper? Sure! What Bill needs—"

"You don't understand me," Thomas persisted. "The Wild Man hired a crew to put up his windmill, and—"

"Yes, I heard about that." Gregg broke into a guffaw. "That must've been a sight! Wished I could've seen that! They say the windmill gang put the tower up all skewampus, and then wanted to stick him fifteen dollars extra for plumbing it up. And then when the smoke cleared away—! I guess he could have whipped them four men, all right, but I don't believe the part about how he knocked the skewampus tower over with a wagon tongue."

"I seen him do it, from out my back window," Thomas said. "And there was the time Seth Oldroyd down at the store give the Wild Man short measure on a sack of beans, and—"

"Yes; I heard about that. What Bill needs is a woman."

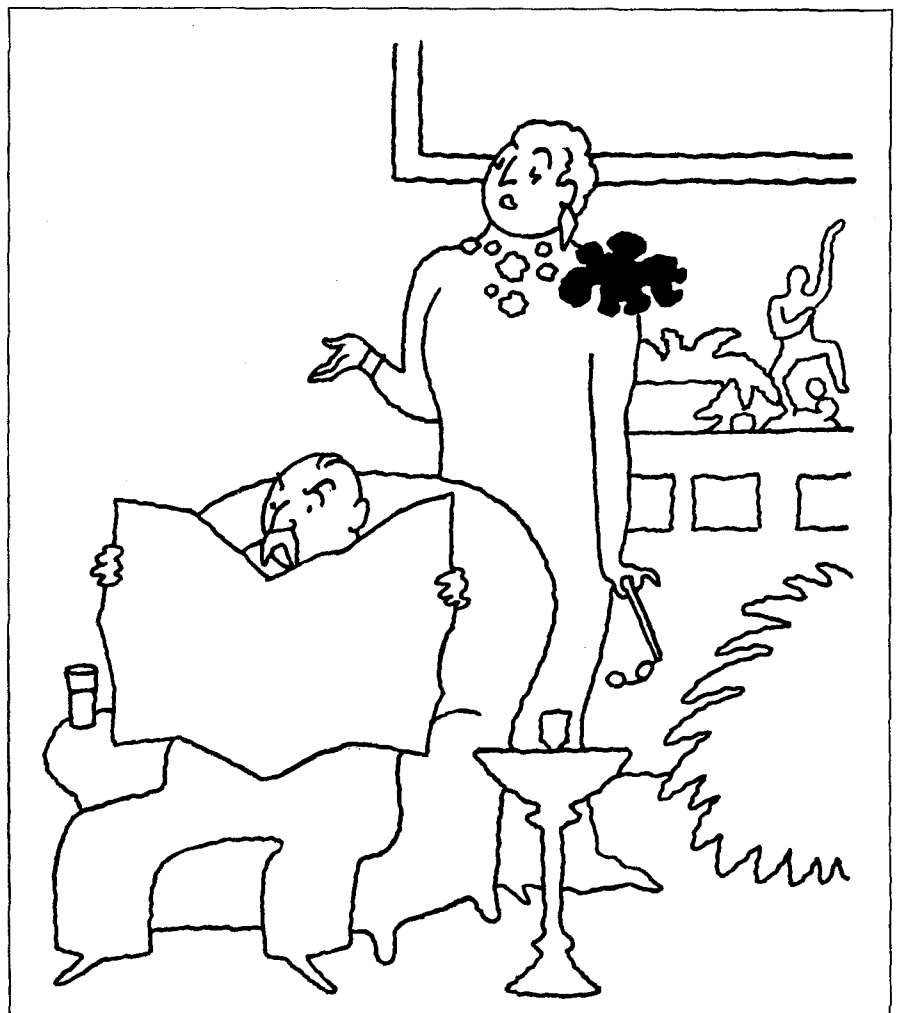
"Don't be a stupid fool, Gregg!" Thomas cried, his patience gone. "Stay away from him. Anybody in the whole valley will tell you that. You can never tell when he's going to blow sky-high, so just keep away."

Gregg wagged his head tolerantly. "Like giving a bad name to a dog or a horse. The thing to do is to treat Bill just like anybody else."

"If you ever saw his temper—"

"Temper!" Gregg laughed. "Great Scott! I used to have a temper myself, afore I got me my woman." He sobered, remembering, his weathered face beginning to soften. Then he growled: "Gossip! You all make me sick! If you'd take my advice, you'd keep your advice to yourself!"

Thomas hiked back across the field, neck stiff. "Well, he's been warned," he growled to his wife. "But you can't tell him nothing. He knows everything already."



"The Germans I can understand—and the Italians. But what I can't understand is such a race of perfect house servants turning on us like that" GARDNER REA

"Hey, Bill!" Gregg called, coming through the fence at noon. "Got another share?—busted that other one. Here's three of 'em," he said, prowling in the long shed. "Better take 'em along. Dangdest stuff I ever tried to work up. But when I get it in shape, come on over and see how to do it. You folks hereabouts have got a lot to learn about preparing the soil. Oh, yes; and Clara Belle wants you over for supper tonight."

THE Wild Man drew a long breath. It was hard for him to refuse a direct request.

"No," he managed to say.

"Clara Belle's an awfully good cook."

The Wild Man said nothing.

Gregg was back in an hour. "Say, Bill, my team's plumb tuckered out, and you're not using your'n today. Guess I better take along your harness, too." And as he drove the team of big bays into the lane, and stopped to put his shoulder to the Mormon gate: "You're sure lucky, with your wheat all in last fall and nothing much to do. I'm sure busy."

The Wild Man continued to say nothing.

Gregg drove the team through, then put up the gate. "Getting late for spring wheat, to boot. I sure got plenty to do," he hinted.

THE Wild Man stood by his cellar, a big man, rawboned, holding himself with a mighty effort. First the plow, then the team, and now Gregg wanted to borrow *him*. Ducking into the cellar, he began flailing at the solid rock with a twelve-pound sledge. He didn't want to do anything he'd be sorry for. It was along in the afternoon that something finally snapped.

He was coming out of the cellar with a basket of broken rock in his arms. The hard work had calmed him; and, too, he'd had something of an inspiration. He was after all a man, not a child. He was no good at talking, admitted; but you could fight fire with fire. He saw now that the reason he'd always stored things up until he exploded was that he always had been on the defensive.

The idea of attack excited him. Attack. Fire against fire. Yes, sir. What he'd do would be to accept Gregg's invitation to supper. Then he'd stay on and on, not taking their hints or noticing their yawns until way into the night. Say ten o'clock. Well, nine-thirty anyhow. And the same thing every day. Just make a pest of himself until Gregg wouldn't want anything to do with him and would keep away. That was it, attack.

Mulling over this plan of action, he came out of the cellar and heard a voice raised in anger. Gregg was yelling, over by his tar-paper shack two hundred yards across the ravine. The little man was hopping around on one foot in a frothing rage, hopping like a furious rooster, and disciplining a team —the Wild Man's team of bays.

"You blamed no-'count onery varmints!" came Gregg's thin scream across the ravine. "If that dumb Wild Man ain't learned you nothing, you'll learn afore I'm done with you!" And with the end of a halter rope he lashed at the skittering bays.

The Wild Man stood there, rigid. Then he advanced through the ravine like a tank, bearing all down before him, turning aside for nothing.

The sound of Gregg's fury had ceased by the time he plodded up the other side into view of the tar-paper shack. The team was still at the watering trough by the windmill tower but Gregg had disappeared. The Wild Man made a direct course for the kitchen door.

The fact that a wagon happened to be in the path of this shortest course mattered not at all. He flung it upside down out of the way with the same absent motion a man would push aside a curtain, and without pausing in the gigantic deliberation of his stride. At the rear stoop he simply pushed a hand through the wire mesh of the screen door, took hold of the center board of the frame, and brushed the thing, hinges and all, out of the way. Then he pushed at the door and it went open.

He took two steps inside, and then he stopped.

His tight jaw, chalky white, loosened and sagged open. A dull red flush welled up, coloring his face and neck and ears. The red vein on his forehead disappeared. The big man relaxed all over.

On his left were the kitchen cupboards, the dish shelves bright with red crepe paper, and before them was the table with its checkered cloth. On the right was the old range, held together with wire but polished to a gleam. There were curtains at the windows, and the bare plank floor was scrubbed white. The Wild Man was vaguely conscious of these evidences of a woman's touch even in that first instant of numbing surprise as he saw the woman in question.

SHE was directly before him. The Wild Man had assumed Clara Belle to be Gregg's wife. He hadn't paid much attention to her as she worked about the yard in a sunbonnet, and at two hundred yards he couldn't have seen much in any event. But the girl was obviously pretty, fresh and lovely—too obviously, as a matter of fact. It hadn't occurred to him that Gregg would have a daughter.

But that wasn't nearly as surprising as the fact that Clara Belle was right now sitting in a tin tub on the floor directly before him, taking a bath.

Jaw sagging, utterly flabbergasted, the Wild Man blinked at the ivory back that had hunched as the door opened. The girl's hair was piled atop her head to keep dry, and her eyes were closed against a lather of soap on her face.

"Father!" she cried. "I told you to stay out of here for an hour! I declare, you just simply forget everything when you lose your temper! You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself! I never heard such language! Well!" she demanded when the door still didn't close, "get out of here!"

The Wild Man was doing the best he could with feet that were suddenly in the way of each other. He was groping a way out when Clara Belle half opened one eye and saw him moving toward the door. She screamed: "Get out of here!"

Her scream literally blew the Wild Man outside. His breath went out with a grunt as he hit the earth in a sitting position, and he hadn't gathered himself when she appeared, lather dripping

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"Nobody's trying to make you a goat!" coaxed Elsie

"THEN why," demanded Elmer, "am *I* the only one around here who has to make New Year's resolutions?"

Elsie, the Borden Cow, explained: "*My* resolutions all have been made for me. Long ago—by the Borden experts and scientists who make sure that I always lead a pure and blameless life."

"Some life!" grunted Elmer. "Do you think I'd let myself in for anything like that in *writing*?"

"It's a wonderful life!" Elsie protested: "I love knowing that it helps me to bring purer, better *Borden's Milk* to people. And heaps of pure, delightful things that are made from that milk. It proves that

good resolutions are certainly worth while."

"I presume," said Elmer, sarcastically, "that you have in mind a few suggestions as to what resolutions *I* should make?"

"Yes, indeed," Elsie replied happily. "You should resolve not to lose your temper any more. Keep cool—the way folks do with *Borden's Ice Cream*. Though I think they principally like it for the smooth, pure, lusciousness it gets from such grand milk and cream."

"I see," frowned Elmer. "Back to your milk and cream again. Well, what's next on my good resolutions?"

"You might try being good to children," Elsie suggested. "So that mothers learn to look up to you and

trust you—the way they do *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk*. That's so digestible and rich in vitamin D that doctors approve it for babies. And it's the secret

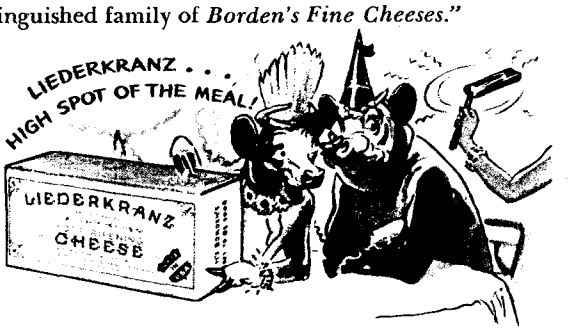
of lovely cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes, too."

"I never realized before how improving good resolutions could be," snarled Elmer.

"I'm so glad you're being sensible," Elsie beamed. "You can also resolve to develop the sweet side of your character, Elmer. Everyone loves sweetness—particularly the scrumptious sweetness of the marvelous cookies, candies, and cake frostings that are made with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*."

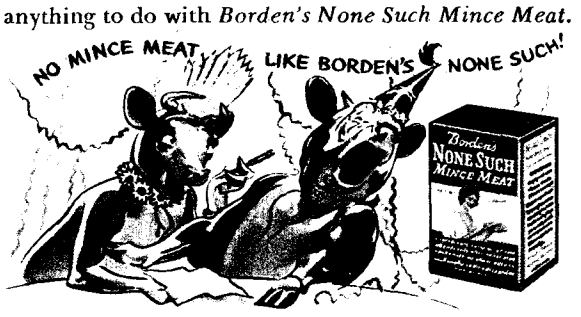
"You're not afraid, are you," rumbled Elmer menacingly, "of overdoing my Great Reform? Perhaps I shouldn't try too suddenly to give up all my old habits."

"We must all make sacrifices," Elsie blithely encouraged. "I know I feel fully rewarded for some of mine every time I see a creamy, golden-crusted piece of *Borden's Liederkranz*—one of the noblest of the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*."



"It must be nice," Elmer growled bitterly, "to be so cocksure everything good under the sun is the result of your own goodness."

"I don't feel that way at all," corrected Elsie. "I feel it's Borden care and Borden skill that make everything that's Borden's so good. I don't happen to have anything to do with *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*.



But no one ever tasted more juicy, spicy mince pies than None Such makes. . . . Now, Elmer, won't you sign your New Year's resolutions—right here?"

"NO!" bellowed Elmer. "I refuse to be led by the nose! I refuse to be bulldozed!"

"You're being *bull-headed*," Elsie told him. "It's by being reasonable and listening to others and taking good advice that millions of people have learned to their joy . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'*"

* * *

***Full-color Elsie Pictures from the ads*—illustrations only, no advertising. Set of six, suitable for framing, 7½ x 7½ inches. Write Elsie, Dept. 2-D, Post Office Box 54, New York, N. Y., enclosing 10 cents.**

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Sometimes we just say...

We Sanka Coffee people are nice, gentle folks.

But at times we get so mad we can say little more than "G-r-r-r" all day long.

It's this business of people calling Sanka Coffee a luxury, that gets us. It *isn't* a luxury.

It's a fine, delicious coffee that *lets people sleep*. So when you buy Sanka Coffee you buy sleep. And, brother, sleep is not a luxury. It's a necessity. And these days, *how* it's a necessity!

So if the caffein in the coffee you now drink keeps you awake, you better get Sanka Coffee pretty quick.

...Another thing

As long as we're sizzling, we'll tell you another thing makes us mad. That's this silly talk about Sanka Coffee not being real coffee.

It's just about the realest coffee that ever glowed in a cup—delicious, satisfying, soul-warming. Get some today . . . drink it every meal . . . sleep the sleep of the righteous.

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE

DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

from her furious face, legs gleaming wet below the robe she'd flung around her.

"You miserable, sneaking, contemptible, underhanded, pussyfooting Peeping Tom!" she cried with a scorn that would have withered sole leather or peeled the paint from a corrugated-iron chicken coop. "You beast! You animal! If I were only a man! I'd whip you within an inch of your degenerate life! You Paul Pry! You miscreated Jerry Sneak!"

Fumblingly, the Wild Man began hitching away with his heels and hands and the seat of his pants. And as she snatched up a hunk of black lava rock he scrambled to his feet and fled in terror.

IN ABJECT terror the Wild Man huddled in his shack, peeking from beneath a blind at the furious girl across the ravine. Her fury was titantic, her rage beyond all mortal ken. Minutes passed, and she still stood there, legs braced and fists clenched, consigning the Wild Man to every imaginable fate, picking him and his remote ancestors apart fiber by fiber, mentally, morally, physically and spiritually.

Then abruptly she flung herself onto the overturned wagon and shook with sobs. To the Wild Man, peering under the blind, this was a thing more fearful than all the rest. After a safe interval her father's weathered face appeared around the corner of the granary. He sidled up to her, limping, with the same caution as a man approaching a raw bronc in a corral. He sat beside her on the overturned wagon and reaching out gingerly gave her a tentative pat on the shoulder. Then he essayed a few comforting words.

After an interval she was crying on his shoulder, and sobbing out her story. The Wild Man could guess what was being said. As never before he felt his inability to express himself, to explain. At that moment he would have given all his worldly goods and his chance of heaven to have somebody stand up for him and speak his side of things, as his sister used to do.

Clara Belle now glanced across the ravine, then ducked her head in mortification and leaping to her feet ran into the house, legs flashing in the sun.

And then the father got to his feet, hitched his belt up his wiry middle, tucked in his shirt, and headed for the ravine. With the fascination of a bird, charmed by a snake, the Wild Man watched Gregg's approach, saw him disappear into the ravine, waited for his appearance, stared beady-eyed beneath the blind as the man emerged through the brush, came to the fence, through it, and headed across the yard. There was a horrible hitching manner to Gregg's walk now as he took a half step with one foot and a whole step with the other, like a man sidling up with a cocked fist ready to let fling. Then came the brutal hammering of the knock.

The Wild Man took a deep, trembling breath. Holding himself steady, he marched to the door. He turned the knob and opened the door.

The wiry little man on the stoop stiffened. His chest bulged. His cheeks puffed out. His eyeballs protruded from the inward pressure. He got inside and closed the door, and then exploded.

"Bill!" It was like the blast of a cannon. "Bill!" Bending double, he slapped his leg. "Bill, you—!" He clutched at his middle, and roared. "You—!" He beat his fist in his palm, and howled. He screamed, weaving from side to side. Great bellows shook him. His howls turned to squeals as his face turned from a deep red to a faint purple. Then, gasping for breath, he clutched at the Wild Man for support and shrieked.

Surprise was so great that for some time the Wild Man could not absorb the fact that Gregg was laughing. He was roaring with mirth, squealing with glee, racked and shaken by some obscure but gigantic item of humor. The Wild Man regarded him slightly askance, wondering if the shock had unsettled Gregg's mind.

"Bill," the wiry man said some minutes later, "you sure did come out of that kitchen in a hurry. Knocked the screen door twenty feet out into the yard—!" This set him going again. Wiping his eyes, he went on: "That girl of mine she's got a temper! She don't lose it often, but watch out when she does! Did you hear her! Was you lis-

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**

"Why can't we deduct th' cost of operatin' th' car on our income tax? It's essential to our business"

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tening? She cussed you out for ten minutes straight and never used the same word twice. Reminds me of her mother," Gregg said wistfully. "Her mother was sure a holy terror if she got started. And Clara Belle—!"

He stamped a foot with glee, and then winced, sitting on the floor and rocking back and forth holding his foot and moaning: "Have I got a nasty toe! Made me so blamed mad I hit 'em a couple licks. Danged horse of yourn stepped on my toe, and I guess I lost my temper. . . . I explained to Clara Belle, Bill, about how it was. You heard me yell and seen me limping around, so you knowed I'd got my toe stepped on and you come over to give me a hand with the plowing. And you walked right in on her. I seen all that in a second. But it wasn't no use trying to tell Clara Belle nothing until she was through yelling and had started in to bawl. Remember that, Bill."

The Wild Man gulped, a great hope in his eyes and a weight off his back. "Why—why—yeah, sure," he managed to say. "I seen you was hurt, so I went over to see if I could help, and—"

"Sure. Got some iodine? I couldn't git into the house right then, so I went to the granary looking for some horse ointment when I heard her explode. Got some iodine?"

When the toe was doctored up, Gregg said, "I guess you'll have to help me home, Bill."

The Wild Man flushed. "But I—I—"

"Aw, shucks, Bill, it'll be all right." Gregg was an expert on everything. "Clara Belle she's as embarrassed as you are. She's cooking supper. She wants to apologize."

When the Wild Man faced the girl, his face burned. His shirt collar was suddenly too tight. His hands grew into great red hams. He couldn't breathe. And then he noticed she also was flushed and smothered-looking, and he began laughing. She began laughing, too, and after they'd laughed a while he somehow felt as if he'd known her a long time.

IT WAS a scandal in the valley. It wasn't right. Something ought to be done about it.

"Say, Gregg!" Thomas accosted the cocky little man in town next Saturday, and drew him around the corner of the bank. Thomas swallowed, with the dogged belligerency of a man with a duty that has to be done.

"Gregg, it ain't right. You letting your daughter—an innocent kid like that. Her and the Wild Man running around together—why, man, if you don't put your foot down, they might even up and get *married!*"

Gregg grinned. "What's the matter with that? All Bill needs is a woman to talk up for him. They say he was all right before his sister got married up and moved away—"

"Now, you listen!" Thomas broke in hotly. "How'd you like a son-in-law who might all of a sudden go off the handle and— Well, if you take my advice you'll tell the Wild Man to get away from that girl and stay away. I've talked with the constable, and if you need police protection . . ."

THE man's voice died abruptly as he noticed a third shadow on the wall of the bank. A big, silent shadow. Thomas swallowed with a dry throat. He ran a tongue between dry lips. Very slowly he turned his head, and then he swallowed again.

There towered the Wild Man, who'd come around the bank corner with Clara Belle. The girl's face was pink. The Wild Man's face was like something hacked from black lava rock.

"H-hello," Thomas said, and made a grin that creaked.

The Wild Man took a step forward, then stopped as Clara Belle said, "Bill," softly.

"Go ahead, Mr. Thomas," she said slowly. "Please continue with *our* business."

The Wild Man took hold of Thomas' shoulder, and without effort raised the man eight inches off the sidewalk until their two faces were level. Then he whispered confidentially, "I think you'd better go. Clara Belle she's got quite a temper."

Leaning against the bank wall, enjoying life, Gregg watched Thomas scramble for his car, while the Wild Man and Clara Belle walked down the street hand in hand.

"Temper—sure, Bill's got a temper," Gregg mused, chuckling. "Like steel. He's been through fire."

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

how not only one but several airplanes can be put out of commission in these critical times, a scheduled airliner making a low approach caught a section of wire fence in its tail wheel and, while nothing happened to the airliner, the wire was dragged over five aircraft which were parked where they had no right to be, and all were damaged.

ALL single-seater, single-engine fighters in the world are not alike, but for purposes of this discussion we will arbitrarily group them as having a gross weight of 7,000 pounds. Of this figure the designers have a mere 2,800 pounds to work with and 4,200 pounds are already spoken for by others. In the 4,200 pounds are to be found the weight of the pilot and his parachute; his armament, ammunition, gasoline, oil, radio, oxygen, pyrotechnics, engine, propeller, wheels, including tires and brakes. That is what the airplane manufacturer does not build. But he's got to design and build wings and fuselages, put all this stuff in them and make the airplane perform in accordance with his advanced guarantee. If he falls short of his guarantee he is penalized and he has to go back and correct the shortcomings. Usually he makes it and most of us are amazed that so much is accomplished with so little to work with.

THE terrifying words "dive bomber" have given most of us the impression of a plane with engine wide open in a screaming descent. In reality, the throttle is cracked open just enough to keep the engine from getting too cold. It is not "up against the peg," full out, and there is a good reason: the propeller would turn over at a much higher speed than the engine could withstand and it would be but a matter of seconds before the engine would go to pieces.

We once heard a racing pilot declare he was going to dive across the starting line, from a high altitude, "wide open" to get sufficient speed to give him the edge on his competitors. There is no doubt but that he opened the throttle wide when he put the nose down. They found parts of the engine within a radius of four miles of the place where his airplane, which had shed its wings on the way down due to the break-up of the engine, buried itself in the earth.

F. R. N.

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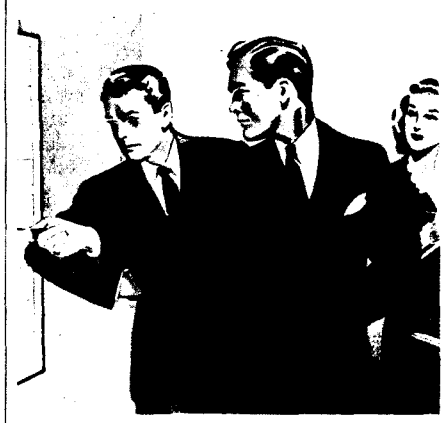

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Alder Gulch

Continued from page 22

Pierce put his eyes on Ollie. "What were you doing down here, Ollie?"

"I meant to pull out," said Ollie Rounds, and then he shrugged his shoulders. "I always stay a little too long."

"This man," said Pierce, "is a friend of mine, Jim."

"Not enough," said Williams. "There will be others of us with friends like that before this thing is done. And they'll hang. It is not enough, Jeff."

"You will recall," said Pierce, "that he stepped out from the walk and put himself between me and Ives and Marshland when I was down on my knees in the middle of the street. He stood so they couldn't shoot."

"There's some good in every man," said Williams. "But it is still not enough. He rode with Ives and he spent other men's money at Tanner's bar. But go ahead, Jeff. He's your friend."

"He took my part against Ives and Ketchum in Lewiston," said Pierce.

"The devil was an angel once," said Williams.

PIERCE stepped forward and circled the table so that he was beside Ollie Rounds. He looked at the dozen men packed into this small room. "I suppose," he said in a soft voice, but gave his intentions away by the expression that ran over his face. Suddenly Williams murmured a word and all these men flung up their guns on him and blue light danced along those barrels. "No," said Williams, "don't do it, Jeff."

"All right," Pierce said, grinding the answer between his teeth. "All right."

Williams spoke to Biedler and Fetherstone. "Stay here," and led the rest of the crowd outside. They went a short distance from the cabin, their talk coming back in murmured spurts of sound through the chill air. Ollie Rounds said, "If you don't mind, gentlemen, I'd like to put on my coat. It is cold."

"Go ahead," said Biedler.

Rounds moved to the corner of the cabin and slid into his coat. He buttoned the collar around his neck. "Sorry, Jeff," he said.

Pierce listened to the rise and fall of talk in the yard; and he heard the talk quit. Moonlight was strong enough for him to notice a pair of men move away and by that he knew how the decision went. Rounds knew it too. He paled and a little wincing sound came from him as his fertile mind ran ahead to embrace the last blow of pain and the last agony. He pulled his lips together and moistened them and he thrust one mutely terrible appeal at Pierce. Pierce shook his head. "I guess that's all, Ollie."

Rounds stiffened his shoulders. "Oh, well," he whispered. "It happens sometimes."

Pierce said, "What do you want me to do, Ollie?"

"Nothing," said Rounds. "No letters east, lying about my brave end against the Indians. I've got nothing to leave except a few bad memories. There was another time or two, Jeff, when I helped you against Ives. Just want you to know that. I would help you again. It really doesn't matter. There is only one thing on my mind. I set out a long time ago to be the sort of a fellow you are—just tough and hard and reckless. I never quite made it, because I never had enough leather in me. But I found out one thing which you should know. Tough or not tough, no man's got a hole card big enough to play this funny game of living alone. You'll find that out."

Williams came in. "Sorry, Ollie. I guess we're ready."

The agony of fear went through Ollie Rounds again. He put his hand on the table and for a moment stared at his feet. From some deep source he seemed to be calling on his last remnant of pride, and succeeded and straightened. "I have got to do this in proper shape," he said grimly. "I'd be ashamed to make a poor show." He had then one final flare of irony as he looked at the crowd half inside and half outside the cabin. "I'm on the receiving end of this business. You're not. Just pause a moment once in a while and consider if you could do it any better."

"All right, Ollie," said Williams, and pointed to the door.

Pierce stared at Biedler. "I'm not asking you! Shut up!"

Biedler's gray jaws set and he would have started a quarrel had not Williams immediately checked it: "All right, Jeff. We'll bring him in here."

Pierce threw the table to a corner of the room. He kicked at the loose floor puncheons with his boot and reached down and dislodged them and tossed them aside. Biedler disappeared, to return with the pick and shovel. A pair of men brought Ollie Rounds in and laid him on the floor.

"Now," said Pierce, "get out of here."

Williams nodded at the others, sending them out. He paused in the doorway. "Too bad," he said, "but that's how it goes."

"Shut the door!" said Pierce.

"For twenty-one years I haven't liked working for you, Mr. Bigby, and I bought controlling interest in this firm"

FRANK BEAVEN

Ollie tried to smile at Pierce. "My love to Ben—my love to Diana."

Pierce nodded, watching Ollie Rounds move through the doorway. On the threshold Rounds turned, even then his face turning indistinct to Pierce. "Jeff," he said hurriedly, "don't let me hang out there in the wind too long. I can't stand the thought."

"All right," said Pierce, and watched him march on with the crowd. Biedler ran back and took the cabin's only chair, which was a canned-goods box. Pierce moved to the stove. He put his hands over it, and he held his head down, watching the color of the fire flicker through the warped lid. Presently he moved from the stove and stood with his back to the door.

Part of the crowd returned. Biedler came in with Williams, who said, "All over."

Biedler, always practical, said, "I brought along a pick and shovel. This ground's hard as rock."

"Bring him in here," asked Pierce. "We'll bury him under this floor."

"No use spoiling a good cabin," objected Biedler.

When they had gone he took up the pick and broke the soil, and thereafter began to shovel out the grave. The room grew warm. He removed his coat and shirt and, stripped to his heavy undershirt, continued the digging. Sweat ran down his face and dropped into the deepening hole.

THE hanging of Ives and the banishment of Hildebrand and Franck had sharpened the attention of the toughs, but it had not shaken their confidence. Gallegher and Marshland and Zachary and those others who headquartered in Virginia City continued to gather at Tanner's and to make their open boasts. The capture and execution of Brown and Yeager and Rounds stirred them, though it did not awaken them to their danger. Long triumphant in the Gulch, they remained blind to the signs about them until it became known that Yeager had revealed the roster of the Innocents.

By that time it was too late. Acting in swiftest secrecy, the vigilantes now struck their hammer blows one after another. In the first half of January Lott and Sanders led a party to Bannack, rounded up Stinson, Ray and Sheriff Plummer and hanged them side by side to a shed rafter on the edge of town, with Plummer—the chief and the symbol of all that was lawless—falling to his knees and crying out his abject terror: "Cut off my arms, cut off my ears—but let me live!"

Scarcely had the news of this traveled to Virginia City when Jim Williams threw a ring of vigilantes around the town and took into custody Gallegher, Skinner, Clubfoot Lane, Boone Helm and Frank Parrish. There was no formal trial, for these men had long since convicted themselves by their records. Each had his moment to confess or deny, to curse and beg, and thereafter was led to the ceiling joist of a new building on Wallace Street. Gallegher, who, as Plummer's deputy, had made a travesty and a joke of the star he wore, maintained his character to the last. His final request was for a drink and when he received it he laid the full, bitter venom of his soul upon the world and died defiantly.

FEAR left the Gulch and sentimental pity vanished. All the accumulated memories of injustice, all the thwarted righteousness, all the recollections of good men murdered gathered in terrible momentum. The vigilantes rode through January's storms, hunting down their men one by one in the canyons and remote settlements and isolated cabins, and pulled them out and passed sentence upon them, by day or by late night, and hung them at whatever tree or corral arch happened to be handy. In this fashion passed Steve Marshland, Bunton, Alex Carter, Zachary, Johnny Cooper.

Ranging far over to the Gallatin Valley, to Fort Owen, and to the Bitterroot Valley, the vigilantes also caught George Shears, Whisky Bill Graves and Bill Hunter. Jim Williams carried a list of these men in his pocket and scratched them out one at a time until at last, late in February, he drew a line through the last name. All those who had been active Innocents were accounted for and disposed of. In this corner of Montana gray-yellow mounds of earth, unmarked for the most part, testified to a terror and to an evil power come to an end. That same month Oliver's stage left Virginia City with twenty thousand dollars in gold dust and reached Bannack without incident. In little more than twenty days the malignant thing of six months' growth had been completely removed in clean, cruel excisions.

Watching that stage roll down Wallace Street with its treasure, W. B. Dance spoke regretfully to his partner Stewart of other treasures unrecovered: "Too bad to think of all the money Ives and his crowd got away with."

"It brought 'em nothing," said Stewart. "Liquor took it, and women, and the poker tables. All they got was a grave."

PIERCE came into Dance and Stewart's during late afternoon to take his dust from the safe and walk over to Oliver's express office, there consigning it to Mary Morris. Afterward he dropped in at the Virginia Hotel and spent the best part of a half-hour writing a letter to her, explaining his stewardship.

He had never met this woman, and never would. Yet the obligation laid down by Barney was cemented not only by one man's faith in another but by the memory of a woman at the entire

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ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!

1

Once
there was
a Hippo
named Horace
who had
all the Manly Virtues.

He was Strong,
Brave, Wise,
and even
knew how to
Change a Tire.

2

Hazel Hippo,
on the other hand,
was
Femininity Herself.

She was Gentle,
Pretty as a Picture
(of a Hollywood Hippo),
and Screamed
whenever
she saw
a Mouse.

3

So of course
Horace and Hazel
Fell for Each Other.
In a Big Way—
even for Hippos.

Because, you see, it was
a Marriage of Affinities.
A Happy Blending of many
virtues that *Belong* together.

Now this Romance
points a Whiskey Moral,
too. For the secret of
CALVERT Whiskey is
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Happy Blending
of many Virtues . . .

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mercy of someone two thousand miles removed. His own mother, long ago, had been thus left alone to suffer in a thoughtless, unmerciful world. He remembered that as he wrote to Mary Morris. Mary Morris was the receiver of a fidelity his own mother had never had from any living soul.

In full dark the sound of wind drummed Virginia's walls, and snow began to race by. He left his letter with the clerk and moved down to Doc Steele's cabin. He sat with Steele a while, discussing the claim he now shared with Mary Morris.

"If it were entirely mine," he said, "I'd feel free to dispose of it as I saw fit. It is her half interest that bothers me. She could be bilked by a dishonest man."

"What does this lead up to?" asked Steele.

"I'm leaving the Gulch."

"Winter's a bad time to be traveling," said Steele. That was his first, practical reaction. Then he added: "Why leave? Spring's coming, the toughs are wiped out and you'll see the biggest camp in the West."

"It may be," agreed Pierce, not interested.

"Not many times in a century," reflected Steele, "when a man can start at scratch with a country that's starting at scratch. I wish I were as young as you. Like to think that maybe fifty years from now I could stand on this street and look back to everything that happened, knowing I saw it start." He remembered his classics and drew out an appropriate phrase: " 'All of it I saw and some of it I was.' That's a rare thing. Gives a man a feeling of having lived a full and useful life."

KNOWING Pierce's skeptical streak he expected to hear some half-amused and half-bitter retort on the general nonsense of a man's hoping to leave any permanent mark behind him. But Pierce only shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps," he said. The old bubble of vinegar and alum was missing. Pierce had turned quiet. And, the doctor reflected, when a man in the full prime of an exceptional vigor turned quiet it augured a pretty deep disturbance. Perhaps it was the death of Ollie Rounds, perhaps it had something to do with Diana Castle. The talk around town was that she was marrying Scoggins. Virginia was like that—a labyrinth of gossip; everybody knew everybody else's affairs.

"You know of a good man we could trust with the claim?" asked Pierce.

"What you want for your half?"

"I'll just turn it over, same way it was turned over to me."

"Why, Jeff," said Steele, "it is worth five thousand dollars any day."

"Don't need five thousand dollars very much. How about Mark Tyson?"

"He'd do," agreed Steele.

"I'll talk to Mark," said Pierce and rose.

"Have supper. Those are darned good elk steaks in the fryin' pan."

"Not tonight, Will," said Pierce, and went out. He took a quick tour of the saloons and saw nothing of Tyson, and afterward dropped into Pfouts' and Russell's and spent a good deal of time on a pair of snowshoes and a light pack sack. He owned both a shotgun and revolver, neither of which would be the best weapon on a long trail, and so he bought a secondhand Spencer. That was all. The lighter a man traveled the easier it was. One man, one campfire, one set of blankets—and no obligations. He stood at the counter, more or less looking ahead at the trail while the clerk patiently waited. The clerk was a small man. Pierce stared over his head, eyes narrowed into the future, receiving the impressions of the fore-ordained trail, the smell of wet wood burning, the white hillsides and the pine boughs whose snow dropped as he touched them, and the ghostly glow of moonlight and the thin crack of a creek coursing between its ice and margins, with the print of game tracks leading down to it; and the black, ragged edge of mountains breaking against the sky line, and the wild drums of the wind.

"That all?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," said Pierce. Usually there was a feeling about breaking camp and moving on to new country. Usually everything went off his shoulders, all the old cares and memories, so that for a little while a man got back to simplicity and was content to ride and sleep, and ride again. It wasn't quite that clear or that fresh this time. The old anticipation didn't stir alive. A man was like a wagon which, starting empty, accumulated freight as it traveled, the burden getting greater and the hills seeming tougher to climb. Nor could a man stop and dump out the load. He came to this camp empty-handed but he left it with heavy things and couldn't dump them.

"I guess it does. I'm always a hand to take things as they come. My people all settled down and got fat with good living. Joined the church and the town council. New England is full of Scogginses who have got to be eighty years old. What you want to know about the Deer Lodge trail for?"

"Going out that way."

SCOGGINS looked down at his feet. He had a fair and ruddy face, an easygoing, steady face. Thought made a flurry across it and he said, "Have one on me, Jeff," and poured from the bottle. "How far you going?"

"Until something stops me."

Scoggins leaned on the bar with both elbows. He took a finger and traced out a pattern on it. He said in a mild, slow way, "Sorry you couldn't stay on long enough to see Diana and me married."

"A fact?" murmured Pierce.

"Yes," Scoggins said.

"Do you want anything on your peanut butter, cream cheese, jelly, lettuce and chopped date sandwich?" BO BROWN

HE TUCKED his new possessions under an arm and moved to the Senate for a drink. Lott and Pfouts and Williams were at a corner table, heads together. They got up and joined Pierce at the bar. Percy Fadden, who ran the Senate, set up a bottle and glasses. He said, "On the house, gentlemen." Scoggins arrived and they drank a round. They talked a little, but nothing said was important; they were like men relaxed after a hard chore, saying little about it but content with it.

Pierce said, "What's the trail over to Deer Lodge look like now?"

"Lot of snow," said Williams.

"Have another," said Pierce, "on me."

"Celebration?" asked Pfouts.

"I guess," said Pierce. He lifted his glass at Williams. "It's all right, Jim."

"That makes it better," said Williams.

They drank on it. Then Williams said, "Well, supper," and moved away with Lott and Pfouts. Scoggins scanned Pierce with a dry, thorough glance.

Pierce said, "You're putting on weight, Ben. Country agrees with you."

"That deserves another," said Pierce and reached for the bottle.

Scoggins said, "Well, wait. I had to talk against you with her. I said you would bust anything that was in your way. You couldn't help it. That's what I said. I like you both, but I'd have to tell her that."

"You may be right," said Pierce. "Here's your drink."

Scoggins pushed the glass away. "Things don't seem right. What's happened—what's happened?"

Pierce said, "You knew about Ollie a long time back, didn't you?"

"I knew he was on the crooked side two months ago. I warned him to get out of town before this happened. Well, he started, but he didn't get far enough."

"I didn't know about him being crooked," said Pierce.

"I guess most people knew—except you. That is the worst of it. You liked Ollie a lot. So nobody said anything." He sighed again. "Something is all wrong."

"Sun's gone down," said Pierce.

"It'll come up tomorrow."

"Not on the same things," said Pierce, and turned from the bar. "See you sometime."

Scoggins didn't answer at all. At the door Pierce turned to find his friend scowling across the room at him. He went out with his snowshoes and pack and rifle under an arm. He moved down Wallace until he got opposite the baker shop, and here he stopped, long looking at the light shining through its window. A miner went in, and later came out. Presently Pierce crossed the street, pushed the door open and entered.

When Diana saw him the color of her eyes changed; they filled with the shadow he always brought, they were hardened by the memory of what lay so solidly between them. He stood at the door; he closed it and put his back to it.

"My best wishes," he said. "Ben just told me."

Ben, she thought, had been right about Jeff. He wished her well, but he hated the thought with all his tremendous power of feeling. He could not be mild, he could not stand defeat. He was a tall, black-shaped man in the room, half threatening. Against him her softness had never helped. In another moment, she realized, they would be openly quarreling.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "that's all. I'm leaving in the morning. Goodby."

"Leaving?" she said, and watched him with a full-wide glance. "For where?"

"Some place. Maybe another town with another woman I can take on another boat."

"I wouldn't wish another woman that experience," she said.

"Why not?" he said, and seemed then anxious to know. He shifted the things under his arm and she noticed the break of trouble and one gray empty glimpse of inner perplexity. "Why not? What have I done that's wrong?"

"According to your lights, nothing."

"I am not as proud as you might think. I am more humble than you think."

SHE threw her strong cry at him: "You have needed a beating! You have needed to be knocked in the dust and bruised, and left with the life half out of you! That never came to you. But some day it will!"

"That's happened to me," he said.

"When?"

He started to tell her, and changed his mind. He thought of Ollie and he thought of her, and of the feeling of emptiness that came to him now. He was so much muscle and bone wrapped around hollowness. But if he spoke he would seem to her to be crying over failure, asking for a pity he had no reason to ask for. Before her he had stood for certain things. Maybe he no longer stood for them, but he could not admit that now. She hated weakness no less than he; and her scorn would grow. So he pushed all the explanations aside. "I remember how you smiled at me in that Portland rooming house."

She cried out, "If you remember so well, remember when I stopped smiling at you!"

"For that," he said, "I have nothing but regret. I told you so, didn't I?"

"But you never really understood, Jeff. When I—" She ceased talking, the memory of that one scene returning, so full of pain for her, so unbearably humiliating. She had opened her arms and she had offered him everything, trusting him to understand how full her heart was, how faithful and everlasting the offer was. He had not understood. By one cool glance he had shamed her and scorched away the moment's fineness; and had left her bare and full of hate.

"Goodby," she said.

He nodded and left the room. She stood at the counter, listening to his steps strike the walk and afterward grow silent on the snow-packed ground. Wind shouldered against the cabin and

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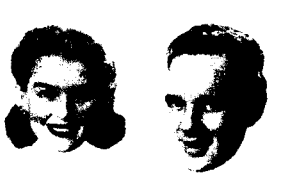

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her baker stepped in from the back room. "Bread's done."

"Go on home, Max."

There was a shout and a shot in the wind, and the wind flung these sounds against the wall of the shop. She rushed to the door, trembling violently, and wrenched it open. The freezing wind roughed against her; snow made a thickly flittering screen all along the street, through which the shop lights spread vague and round-yellow stains. Beyond her, near Van Buren, Pierce slowly turned and dropped his snowshoes and his carbine and pack and called down Wallace: "Sitgreaves—I don't want to touch you!"

SITGREAVES, having come out of an alley near the Senate, now lifted his revolver, took aim and fired again. Wind shook him, the gun's explosion swayed him. Then Diana's glance raced back to Pierce and she watched him draw and call again, "Go on away—Sitgreaves!" Agony got into her, so that she silently cried out to him, "Fire!" He was not firing. He held the gun half poised while he faced Sitgreaves in the mealy shadows at the other end of the street. Having poor sight of his target, Sitgreaves now paced forward with his nerveless patience, aiming as he marched. Pierce shouted once more, "Put down the gun!" Sitgreaves fired, and stopped long enough to stare at Pierce still on his feet and still untouched. Sitgreaves shook his head, again advancing.

Diana could no longer look toward Pierce. She listened for his voice to come and, waiting, she watched Sitgreaves deliberately steady his revolver for another careful shot. This, Diana thought, engrossed in her terror, would be the fourth bullet. Sitgreaves braced his feet in the snow, he brought up his free arm to support the gun. People stood along the building walls in the ice blast and Scoggins was at the Senate's door, his hands half lifted. One round echo raced with the wind, louder to her than the others. It was not Sitgreaves' gun. Sitgreaves' gun became a weight too heavy for his hand and dropped to the ground and the man tipped his face, shocked and unbelieving, to the sky and fell into the street's muddy snow.

Pierce came by her, reached Sitgreaves and fell to his knees. She heard him say, "I'm sorry. I didn't want to do this. Lift up your head."

But Sitgreaves was dead, and Scoggins and Williams and X. Biedler moved forward and stood around Pierce, and Biedler patted Pierce on the back. Pierce threw Biedler's hand away; he rose and swung on his heels. This was only twenty feet from her, so that she saw then the futile remorse, the deep despair he revealed. He had forgotten to be hard, he had forgotten to be strong—and it was this loss in him that shattered her reserve. When he arrived abreast the bakeshop she stepped out to him. "Jeff," she said, "Jeff—"

"Well," he said, "this should please you, Diana."

She gave him a thorough and penetrating glance. She witnessed the break of his spirit, she heard in his voice the cry of emptiness and the misery of emptiness. "Now you know," she murmured, and caught his arm and firmly held him.

"Why," he said, "the joke is on me. I saw all this coming and I could do nothing about it."

She never ceased to watch him with her iron-like composure. "So now you'll run away from it, and you'll keep on running and hating and you'll wear yourself out fighting the world you think is so blind and unjust, and the world will have you as its victim after all."

"No," he said, "there's no hate left in me. I have seen too much of it. And I am not running. I'm just leaving some bad mistakes and some painful recollections behind me."

"One of them," she said, making it as hard for him as she knew how, "is the recollection of what you did to me."

"Yes," he said. "That's one of them."

"How far do you think you must go to forget me? How many hills will you have to put between us, how many rivers, how many miles? I'm in your head and I'm in your body. I put myself there and I'll be a misery in your bones as long as you live. That's paying you back for what you did to me. I'm a lot like you. I can wreck your dreams as much as you have wrecked mine."

"Sure," he said, and drew beyond the touch of her arm. "Goodby—and I wish you luck. You and Ben."

"No," she said, "I don't want it that way. We have hurt each other too much to be enemies or friends. It is more than that. If you've got to go, take me along."

He straightened before her and he looked at her with his powerful and disturbing thoughts. "Another chance, Diana?"

"We could never live apart. Everything would be so dull, so empty."

"Yes," he agreed, "terribly empty," and moved back to her. She was not quite smiling but he saw on her face the expression which had first puzzled him in Portland—the flurry of excitement and laughter and the inexhaustible capacity for living. She was a woman who could not fold her hands and be placid; she would always hunger, as he hungered, for inexpressible things. When he drew her forward in this night's colder and colder wind and kissed her, some part of that hunger had appeasement, and he knew then what real wonders the world held.

She drew away, now laughing and showing him the old gay streak of temper. She caught his arm and drew him toward the bakeshop. She said, "This is why I left Portland, Jeff. I was born for this and every moment of my life I have been waiting for it. Come inside."

SCOGGINS, still at Tanner's doorway, watched the door close upon those two; and thereafter he shrugged his shoulders and dismissed his own hopes. Now that he came to think of it he realized he had never been very sure of Diana. The big fellow—the big fellow's shadow—had always been present whenever he and Diana had been together. Maybe it was something written in the book; if so, there was no use of nursing sorrow, and perhaps the old friendship and the old strong loyalties would bloom again. That, he thought, would be mighty nice. Upon this note he turned into Tanner's for another drink, being the sort of man to adjust himself reasonably to misfortune. It was, though, odd about those two people. How could a man like Jeff, capable of such fury and destruction, make his peace with a woman with so passionate a temper? How did love come out of brimstone and sulphur? It confused him. But then, he thought, he was a different kind of man and liked life to be simple. They did not.

One other person on this street had been a spectator to the scene, and when the bakeshop door closed upon Diana and Jeff, Lil Shannon returned to The Pantheon. The music was in full swing and a miner waited with a ticket. He claimed her and moved with her to the floor. "And whut's so serious?" he asked. "Smile for me, Lil."

That was her profession—to smile and please. She put the tip of a finger to her eyes and drew it swiftly across them, and lifted her face to the miner and smiled.

THE END

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Fitten to Fight

Continued from page 12

half to death bout'n the course. He's a-feared his Gran'paw will say he ain't fitten. An' thet's the wust of it. Argy's so proud he'll kill hisself ruther than be declared not fitten."

Well, the hull thing looked mighty mysteerious ter me. Argy's paw, Jobe Yackey, won a gold medal in the fust world war at a place called the Argonne. Thet's how come Argy was named Argy. I knowed, too, thet old man Cunningham Yackey taken a special shine ter Argy as his favoryte gran'son. It jest didn't make sense thet them Yackeys would call a big, upstandin' young feller like Argy not fitten.

"Dry yer tears, Sis," I says to Ishmel—bein' a kindly, sentermental man—"I'll git along up ter Bushwhacker fust thing tomorrer mornin'."

BUT Ishmel is a teepical, sassy, spiled modern gal. Her folks strained theirselves white-trash pore a-sendin' her to school. She cain't shuck corn, an' a gal who cain't shuck corn is mighty piddlin'.

"Looky here, you old hoss-killer"—yep, thet's whut she called me—"I know a lettle bout'n law. The gov'ment told you to git them Bushwhacker boys straight inter the Army. You ain't done it. Now, you're a-goin' up ter Bushwhacker this minute an' draft Argy Yackey, or I'm a-goin' ter write Mr. Senator Bennett Champ Clark!"

Whut say, son? We-ell . . . yep . . . I went. But not right thet minute. I had ter git the brakes tightened on my old jaloppy fust.

Dern good thing I did, too.

Big events was a-stirrin' up in Bushwhacker, son.

I was a-climbin' the fust of old man Cunningham Yackey's seven hills, shortly arter noon, when all of a sudden a sorghum beer jug comes swishin' outer the bushes. It lands in front of my car an' explodes whooosh-bang. I stepped on the brake an' she held, thank the good Lord. Then, I done consider'ble starin' all around, but nary soul could I set eyes on.

All of a sudden, Obey Yackey, the eldest of old man Cunningham's seven sons, appears f'm nowhere. He has a thutty-thutty on his arm.

"Howdy, Jedge!" says Obey Yackey. "No hard feelin's. Thet sorghum jug is a tank bomb. Bob Ned heaved it a mite too close." Then he looks sharp in the woods on the left side of the car an' says, "Y'all boys keep cover, now. I'm a-warnin' yer!"

"You Yackeys feudin', Obey?" I says.

"Nope. Jest gittin' these no-'count young'uns practiced up fer the Hoons. Paw ain't ready fer you yit, Jedge. He figgered we'd have the fust batch ready by last Sattiday, but it takes a powerful sight of practice—excuse me, Jedge!"

With thet, Obey lifts his thutty-thutty an' cuts loose at somethin' in the bushes tother side of my jaloppy.

"I says keep cover!" Obey remarks. Then, he turns to me an' says, "Thet was Cousin Heber's boy, Tod Yackey Heber. The dern' fool has been hangin' around them city drugstores down to Troy. He's lost all the common sense he was borned with. But they ain't a real *woodsy* young'un in the lot. It's shore brung the shame down on Paw."

I finally got the idee.

"Oh," I says, "you're a-teachin' 'em camouflage."

Obey jerked a new ca'tridge inter his thutty-thutty an' grinned.

"Thet's whut Jobe calls it," he says, "but t'ain't nothin' but bein' woodsy. Us older gen'ration of Yackeys larned it a-huntin' squirrels. Somehow we jest neglected teachin' the young'uns. Paw shore is ridin' us fer it, too. I don't reckon you'd better tackle Paw terday, Jedge. He ain't got no boys ready fer ye, an' he's mighty techy bout'n it."

"Where's he at?" I says.

"Down in the west hawg-lot, Jedge. A-tryin' ter larn them cousins f'm Skunk Crick how ter shoot a rifle, dang 'em!"

Well, son, I told Obey I'd be circumspect in talkin' ter old man Cunningham an' wouldn't rile him. So Obey, he spits out a chaw of terbaccer, scratchin' his head.

"Reckon it'll be all right, Jedge," he says, "jest so ye don't make no mention of Argy. I shore wouldn't make no mention of thet Argy, unless his Gran'paw brings it up."

"I'll be right careful," I says.

As I druv off, Obey yelled, "Don't waste no more bumbs on the Jedge, boys!"

When I clumb up the fourth Yackey hill I overtaken Bijah Yackey, the next-ter-youngest Yackey son. He was a-marchin' Willie Yackey Kermouth an' Tom Yancey Yackey Injun file along the side of the road. Them boys was a sight ter behold. Both was a-packin' gunny sacks full of sand an' clobbin' along with their bare feet wrapped in big slabs of bacon rind.

"Give yer a lift, boys?" I says.

Bijah Yackey was in the fust world war, along with Jobe an' Lee Yackey.

"I thank yer kindly, Jedge," he says, "but I'm route-marchin' these here sissy boys. They ain't had their feet off'n a automobile floor long enough ter put even a mild tan on the soles. Paw, he perscribed bacon rind an' vinegar an' fifteen mile a day. Danged if'n I don't think it might work, too!"

Willie Yackey Kermouth an' Tom Yancey Yackey jest shaken their heads an' sweated.

Whut say, son? Young Argy? Well, I was beginnin' ter wonder about him. It looked like old man Cunningham Yackey had turnt plumb seerious. An' when old man Cunningham taken a seerious spell he ain't no respecter of pussons. It struck me thet Ishmel Souters might have good reason fer her sorrer an' sufferin', arter all.

A truer prophecy was never spoke, son.

THE Yackey home place is on top of the fifth Yackey hill. The west hawg-lot is at the bottom of the sixth. So, ter save the climb, I taken a short cut around the main smoke-house and across a sorghum patch. I hadn't traveled fifty yards when all of a sudden the left front wheel of my jaloppy went down ter the hubcap an' axle.

"Hey, git thet danged thing off'n me!" a voice yelled.

I jumped out with my heart in my th'oat. The dirt begun ter fly around thet wheel an' out crawls young Argy Yackey.

"Howdy, Jedge!" he says, spittin' dirt an' clawin' it out'n his hair.

"Where'd you come f'm—Chinie?" I says.

"Thet's about it, Jedge," says young Argy Yackey. "Gran'paw says these holes is mush-rat holes, an Paw says they call 'em *spider* holes down to Jefferson Barracks. All I know is, they's mighty hard ter dig in a dry sorghum patch."

Then, young Argy reaches down an' lifts the front end of my jaloppy over to solid ground. Young Argy, he stands about six three an' would have ter go sideways through a door. If ever I seed

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a ideal physical specimen of a sodjer it was young Argy Yackey. He had the Yackey fightin' grin, an' them Yackey sharpshooter gray eyes an' a chargin' topknot of Yackey red hair.

"Jest been talkin' ter Miss Ishmel Souters, Argy," says I. "She allows yer gran'paw don't think yer fitten fer the U.S. Army. How come?"

Argy, he grins right smart-alecky.

"I'm plenty fitten, Jedge!" says Argy, "but I cain't make gran'paw admit it—"

"Git back in thet mush-rat hole!" roars a whoppin' big voice, "Git back in thar, you Argy!"

Argy makes one jump an' lands back in the hole.

Old man Cunningham Yackey hisself comes a-rarin' across the sorghum patch.

Yep, son, big events. Old man Cunningham jest natchelly fits in with big events. He'd stand about six foot seven in his socks, if'n he ever wore socks. He has a full head of white hair an' a beard like a Old Testament prophet. When he rares back an' reelly lets fly, he can put enough power in thet old voice of his'n ter call hawgs f'm the Cuivre Crick bottom, a good four mile.

"It's the Jedge, by Joe!" yells old man Cunningham Yackey. "Thet sheep-killin' old rascal f'm Eolia! Howdy, Jedge!"

I seed he was plumb ashamed of hisself an' talkin' hearty jest ter pass it off.

"Merely a social visit, Mr. Yackey," I says, right quick. "I was down in these parts an' taken a notion ter drive by."

OLD man Cunningham Yackey, he set his panther-gun agin my jaloppy an' shaken his head.

"No use lyin' ter me, Jedge," he says. "We been friends too long. Ye've come ter find out why old Bushwhacker ain't sent some men ter fight the Hoons. Well, by Joe, I'll tell ye. We ain't sent 'em because we ain't got none thet's fitten. An' them's the saddest words I ever spoke, by Joe!"

Well, he taken it so hard thet I had ter say somethin' soothin'-like.

"Plenty of time, Mr. Yackey," I says. "The draft board ain't a bit fretted about Bushwhacker."

"By Joe, they oughter be!"

"Ain't you a mite too creetical of the young'uns?" I says. "Seems ter me I've seed some mighty fine specimens hereabouts—"

Old man Cunningham Yackey wouldn't let me finish. He started cussin' an' groanin'.

"A passel of dancin', whistlin', sidewalk-scufflin', ice-cream sody guzzlin' frail goslins, Jedge!" he said. "They cain't cross a crick bottom barefoot without limpin'. They cain't shoot an' they ain't woodsy—"

Then, up pops young Argy Yackey f'm his mush-rat hole.

"Whoa, now, Gran'paw!" says young Argy Yackey. "I can shoot better'n Paw, an' I'm plenty woodsy—"

"Silence!" roars old man Cunningham.

"Yes, sir," says Argy.

Old man Cunningham, he p'ints a finger down at Argy Yackey.

"This'n's my own pussonal sorrer, Jedge," he says. "His paw an' me let the women folks put shoes on him an' send him ter school. When he wasted two ca'tridges on a squirrel, we didn't whup him like we oughter have done. I reckon us folks didn't figger we'd have ter fight them Hoons agin, Jedge. Thet's the only halfway excuse we can make. Ye know whut this spiled pup has finally come ter?"

"Whoa, now, Gran'paw—"

"Shet up! He's turnt sweet on a furrin gal f'm The Knob. She's so spiled an' wuthless, she cain't even put a hem on her own britches, by Joe!"

Young Argy had right smart spunk.

"Leave Ishmel out'n this, Gran'paw!" he says. "The only thing Jedge Sam'l's interested in is whuther I'm fitten fer a sodjer. I allows I *am* fitten—"

"You ain't fitten, by Joe!"

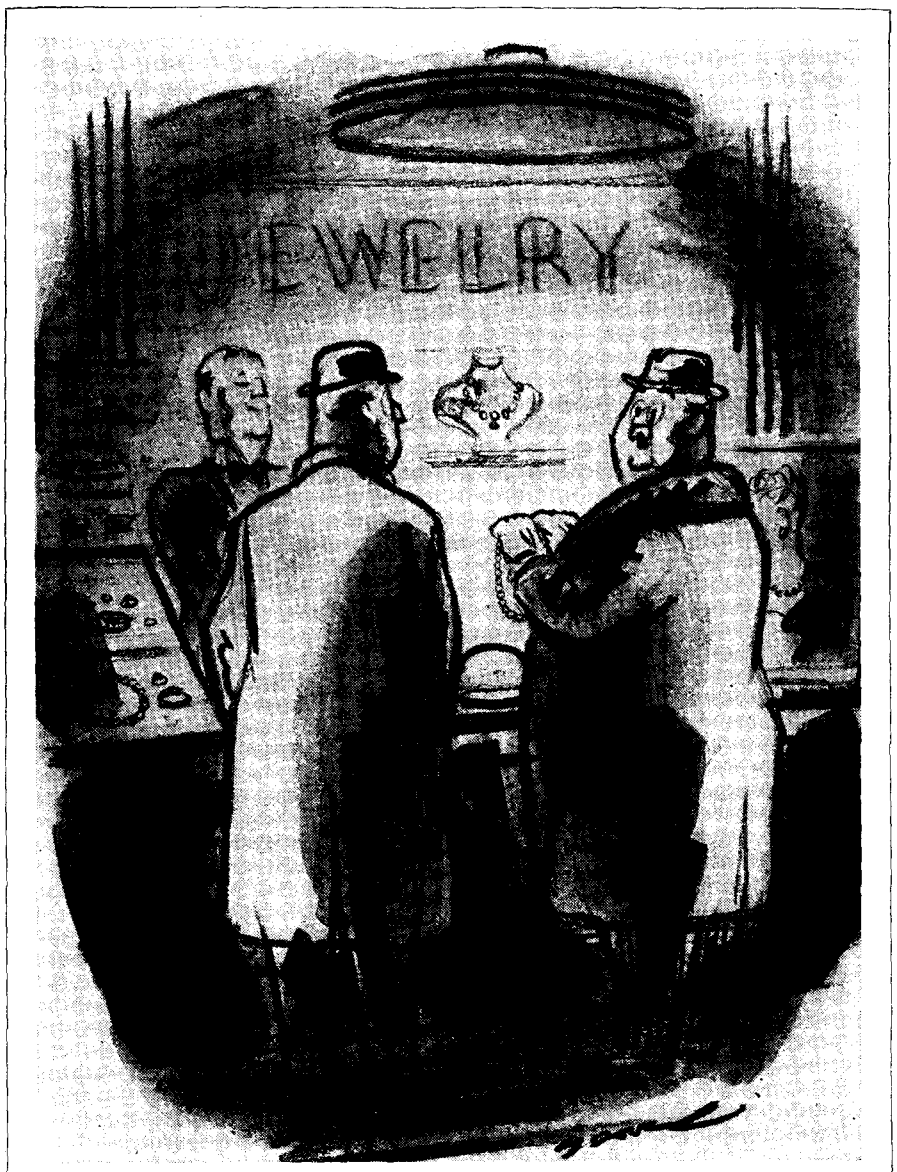
Old man Cunningham Yackey reached down an' lifted young Argy out'n thet hole by the scruff of his neck. He called my attention to the hole.

"Call thet a hole? How about it, Jedge?"

"A purty fair hole, Mr. Yackey," I said.

"It's a dern' good hole fer a feller to dig with his bare hands, Jedge," says young Argy. "Gran'paw wouldn't let me even use a knife. It seems like he's continually puttin' obstacles in my way. Seems like he don't want me ter go fer a sodjer. Seems like he wants me disgraced afore a suttin' young lady."

With thet, old man Cunningham



"Why, hello, Winters! Who's got her hooks into you?"

LEONARD DOVE

fetches young Argy a cuff thet knocks him head over heels. Then, he rares back an' cuts loose:

"I cain't blame you fer it, Argy. Us Yackeys jest babied you too much. But when Bushwhacker sends sodjers to the U.S. Army, they got ter be *men*."

YOUNG Argy, he scrambles up. "I've hit walnuts rolling off'n the henhouse roof with a Army rifle, Gran'paw," he says. "I've hit Paw's Hoon helmet peekin' up f'm behint a stone wall with a pistol. I've snuck up on Uncle Obey, playin' woodsy, an' taken away his rifle. I've th'owed a sorghum jug full of coal oil inter a peach baskit nine time out'n ten. I've marched an' dug holes an' belly-crawled with you an' Uncle Bijah a-shootin' at me with panther-guns. I declare to goodness, Gran'paw, whut more could you expect of a man?"

Old man Cunningham Yackey looks at him plumb serious. "Come 'long to the hay barn, Argy," he says. "I'll show ye somethin' thet yer Paw an' yer three uncles could do when they was sodjers —an' thet you cain't do!"

"Jest show me, Gran'paw," says Argy. "Can the tother boys git out'n their mush-rat holes now?"

"How long they been in?"

"Since sun-up, Gran'paw."

Well, sir, old man Cunningham give a few studious pulls at his beard.

"It's pamperin' 'em," he says, "but I reckon they oughter watch the next lesson in this here Army course. "I got me a shore test of a man, Jedge," he bellers. "Come 'long, y'all children!"

Well, son, we follered him straight to the Yackey hay barn. Like everything else bout'n old man Cunningham thet barn was *big*. I reckon thet barn, she stands a full five stories high at the ridge-pole. She has a shake-shingle roof with a purty steep pitch an' the roof is a mite sway-backed on account of age.

Old man Cunningham Yackey, he squints up at thet ridge-pole. Then he sets a ladder agin the eave of thet roof. Then he goes to the cistern an' pulls hisself up a jug of sorghum beer.

Argy an' them Yackey cousins begun ter look kinder queer at one another.

"By Joe!" says old man Cunningham. "The reel test of a sodjer is his steady nerves. Yer paw an' yer uncles thet went ter the fust world war, Argy, tested theirselves right up yonder on thet ridge-pole. They each taken aboard a quart of sorghum beer. Then, they clumb up thar an' walked thet ridge-pole f'm one end to tother. I reckon ye're man enough ter do the same?"

Whut say, son? Yep . . . *a quart of sorghum* beer. Thet was the quantity old man Cunningham stipulated.

Young Argy Yackey suttinly was reckless in the stren'th an' pride of his youth.

"Pour it out, Gran'paw!" he yells. "Thet ridge-pole don't look no higher'n a rick of hay ter me!"

Them five Yackey cousins, not ter be outdone, tells old man Cunningham ter pour them out a quart a-piece. But I seed thet they was humbled an' sobered young'uns. Johnny Yackey Miller, he said, "Danged if'n them uncles wasn't men ter walk thet ridge-pole. I doubten if'n I can make it." An' Wilfred Yackey Suggs, he said, "It'll taken a full quart of sorghum beer an' maybe a leetle prayin', boys!" Them three tother cousins taken it so serious they didn't have a word ter say. They jest looked up at thet ridge-pole an' swallered hard.

"Argy, he gits fust crack, by Joe!" says old man Cunningham, a-givin' me a wicked wink.

Well, son, I seed the method in old man Cunningham's madness. He knowed sorghum beer an' he knowed *I* knowed sorghum beer. Only a veteran sorghum beer drinker with forty- or fifty-year experience could grasp the peculiar character of sorghum beer. Whut say? Intoxicatin' beverage? Don't be a idjit!

Sorghum beer soothes an' sustains a man through every ordeal of life. A man, he cain't even *drown* in a deep vat of sorghum beer. Fact. Sorghum beer tones the seestem, steadies the nerves, clears the brain, settles the liver an' gives a calm, genial courage ter the heart. They's only one exception ter this gen'ral rule. Jest one.

Says which, son? I'm a-comin' to thet.

YOUNG Argy Yackey, he holts out a quart gourd dipper, an' his gran'paw fills it with sorghum beer. Young Argy, he downs thet quart of beer, with only a two-breath swig. Purty fair drinkin' fer a young'un. Then, Argy he pulls off'n his shoes.

"Gran'paw," says young Argy Yackey, "if'n I walk thet ridge-pole f'm one end to tother do I git ter jine the U.S. Army?"

Old man Cunningham Yackey, he rares back an' lets fly.

"Any Bushwhacker boy who can do thet is fitten fer a sodjer, by Joe!" he says. "It's the final test of this here course. The Jedge'll bear me witness, by Joe!"

So young Argy Yackey, in the pride an' innercence an' conceit of his youth, laughs mighty happy.

"Keep yer eye on me, Jedge!" he says.

Well, sir, young Argy, he clumb up thet ladder an' he scrambled up thet roof to the ridge-pole. He steadied hisself on the north end, cool as a cucumber.

"Yayyyy, man!" whoops Argy. "Thet ridge-pole looks as wide as a hard road an' soft as a mossy-path a feller walks with his sweetie!"

But I jest waited, jest waited, thet's all.

Young Argy, he waves his hand at us an' taken half a dozen steps. Then, still steppin' high, Argy jest walks right off inter the air. He hits thet shake-shingle roof with a turrible thump an' comes a-rollin' an' a-bouncin' down off'n thet barn.

Old man Cunningham Yackey chuckles nasty when Argy lands in a clump of burdock weeds by the cistern.

"Never knowed it ter fail!" says old man Cunningham Yackey.

I run over to Argy an' hepped him up.

"You hurt, Argy?" says I.

"Daggone if'n thet ridge-pole didn't plumb deceive me!" says Argy. "Thet ridge-pole is wutched. It turnt a

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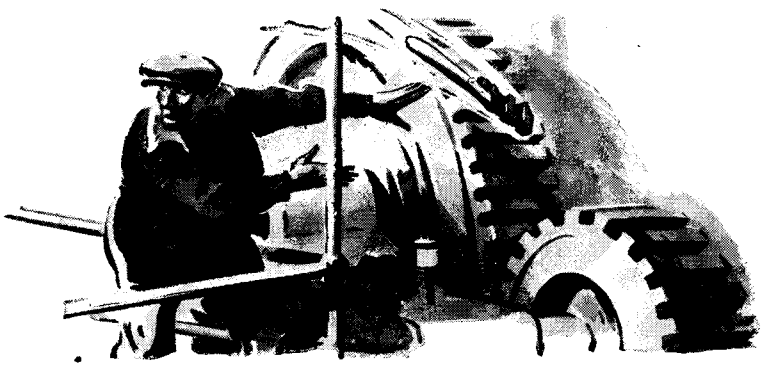
Who is the partner of Sabotage?



It's *Carelessness*...It slows up war work...Let's *stop* it!

IN TWELVE MONTHS, industrial accidents cost America a billion and a half man-hours—enough working time to build 45 battleships or 195,000 light tanks or 15,000 heavy bombers!

Far too much of this staggering loss was due to one cause: *carelessness*. Unless every possible precaution is taken, this loss will undoubtedly be repeated—even *increased*—under war-time pressure.

If you are an employer, do everything humanly possible to eliminate hazards. If you are an employee, obey all safety regulations. Whoever you are, wherever you are—*be careful!* Time lost now is vital to America!

A Hartford agent, or your own insurance broker, can furnish you with expert advice on fire and accident prevention. He will also check the risks to which you are exposed, risks of large financial losses that can be covered under the Hartford's "NEW Way of Buying Insurance."

Ask Western Union or Canadian National Telegraphs for the name and address of the nearest Hartford agent.

10 ways to *prevent* losses caused by *Carelessness*

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2. Keep premises free of rubbish—keep oily or greasy materials in approved metal cans—empty waste cans daily.

3. Keep stairs, passageways, fire escapes and exits unobstructed.

4. Install safety guards wherever needed—have proper lighting and ventilation.

5. Use only correct size electrical fuses.

6. Observe safety rules on smoking.

7. Educate employees to be careful on their own jobs, throughout the plant, on the street, at home.

8. When lifting heavy objects keep back straight, bend legs, use leg muscles—not abdominal muscles.

9. Get plenty of rest—see doctor for periodical check-up—report all injuries at once.

10. Keep car in good condition—allow plenty of time to get there without speeding.

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corner on me. But I'll fix it this time."

So Argy, he tries it again. This time, he walks ten steps along thet ridge-pole an' goes off inter the air on tother side. Down he rolls off'n thet roof, a-landin' on his face in the midst of some mornin'-glory vines.

I run over to Argy an' hepped him up.

"You hurt, Argy?" I says.

"Wutched, thet's whut!" gasps Argy, all scratched and plumb out'n breath. "But third time's the charm!"

Well, son, the third time he lands f'm thet roof, he don't git up right away. He jest sets there an' starts ter blubber like a hurt child.

"I reckon I cain't do it, Jedge," he says. "I reckon ye'll have ter quit countin' on me fer thet U.S. Army!"

Whut makes it wusser an' wusser is thet Johnny Yackey Miller an' Yackey Doolan an' them two cousins I disremember the names of—they all walks thet ridge-pole f'm one end to tother easy as pie.

This jest about busted pore Argy Yackey's heart.

He totters to his feet an' says, "I'll take me another swig of thet sorghum beer an' walk thet ridge-pole or die a-tryin'!"

Old man Cunningham Yackey, he laughs so hard he has ter set down.

"This'll teach ye ter git sweet on a furrin' gal, Argy!" he says. "You'll have ter stay home until you walk thet ridge-pole!"

Whut say, son? A trick? 'Course it was. But it don't pay ter call old man Cunningham Yackey on his home land. Fact is, it don't pay ter call old man Cunningham anywhere. A feller has ter outsmart him.

So I walks over ter young Argy an' draws him aside.

"Where's yer paw?" I says.

"He went down ter Jefferson Barracks ter hep the U.S. Army, Jedge. I cain't look him in the face without I walk thet ridge-pole. Lemme go—"

I stops him by plain force of character.

"Reckon I'll have ter take yer paw's place, Argy," I says. "Do ye reelly an' truly love Ishmel?"

"Thet's the wuss thing of all—"

"Nope," I says. "It's a-goin' to be yer hope an' salvation. You wait bout'n a hour an' then you slip off down ter Silex ford an' see Ishmel Souters. But you got ter promise me one thing."

"Whut's thet, Jedge?"

"No matter whut Ishmel says, jest bow yer head an' accept it with resignation. Sleep on it thetaway an' then, tomorrer mornin', you tackle the ridge-pole jest once more. Promise me thet?"

Argy rubs his eyes. "It won't be wutched, if I does whut you tell me, Jedge?"

"No, Argy!" I says, flat. "It won't be wutched an' ye'll pass the test an' everything will turn out happy."

Young Argy shaken hands with me solemn.

"I'll pinely do jest whut you tol' me, Jedge!" he says.

WELL, son, I ducked right off'n the Yackey place without sayin' goodby ter old man Cunningham. I turnt my ol' jaloppy inter thet Louisville road an' high-tailed it down ter Silex ford.

Ishmel, all diked out in green pants an' a white shirt, was 'tendin' her paw's fillin' station at the ford.

I shaken my head an' pulled a long face.

"'Tain't no use, Ishmel," I says. "Argy didn't pass the test his Gran'paw set fer the U.S. Army. He cain't go. I reckon Mr. Lance Tedrick will jest have ter catch him up an' th'ow his pants in the calaboose!"

Ishmel, she turnt out right well in the crucial crisis, son.

"Pooh fer Mr. Cunningham Yackey an' Mr. Lance Tedrick an' the U.S. Army," she said. "I love Argy. I'm a-goin' ter marry him, no matter whut happens. Even if'n they send him ter jail, I'll marry him!"

Thet's love, son. Bein' a kindly an' sentermental man, it hurt me ter say whut I had ter.

"Ol' man Cunningham has wutched Argy, Sis," I says. "It's a highly involved question concernin' the effeck of sorghum beer."

"Pooh fer sorghum beer!" says Ishmel.

Well, son, a man don't like ter hear sech talk agin sorghum beer. It borders on the sacrilegious.

"Unless Argy Yackey gits inter the U.S. Army," I says, stern, "he won't never marry you. An' unless you tell Argy thet you won't marry *him,* he'll never git inter the U.S. Army. Yer only chance fer peace an' wedded bliss is ter hand Argy the mitten. Ye've got ter break his heart, afore it can be mended. I have a puffeck grasp of the sitchyation. You do whut I say!"

Ishmel, she shied an' rared an' snorted, but she knowed it wasn't no use. A gal cain't wrastle with the soopreme meestery of sorghum beer.

I left her a-sobbin' an' a-kickin' in the traces an' a-fightin' the collar. But I knowed she would foller my advice ter the T.

Whut say, son? How come I was so plumb cocksure bout'n the sitchyation? Well, the plain an' simple truth is I wasn't. I'd bet the hull future of Ishmel Souters an' Argy Yackey on my faith in sorghum beer. Old man Cunningham Yackey had tested Argy with sorghum beer an' found him wantin'. So I had ter reverse the process, so ter speak, an' let sorghum beer test Argy's heart an' soul agin. I knowed it'd be a mighty near thing.

Next mornin', arter a bad night with the worrits an' fidgets, I was a-settin' in my office signin' up the fust batch of Bushwhacker boys as volunteers fer the U.S. Army. Old man Cunningham had sent us twenty-eight head, with promise of nine more ter come.

But young Argy wasn't amongst 'em. Wilfred Yackey Suggs, he was a-pourin' it onter Argy fer failin' ter run the full course. I felt mighty low in my mind as I listened at him. Fer fifty year I an' sorghum beer had been closely associated. I thought I knowed the character of thet beverage ter the last drap. When sorghum beer turns agin a man, he usually hangs hisself, son.

WELL . . . there I set, a-sweatin' an' a-frettin' . . . when all of a sudden the door busts open an' Ishmel Souters *gallops in. She th'ows her arms around* my neck an' kisses me on the cheek.

"Oh, Jedge!" she yells, "it worked, it worked! Argy walked the ridge-pole. Mr. Cunningham Yackey had ter let him jine the Army!"

Then, in stomps Argy Yackey with thet fightin' Yackey grin on his face.

"I shore wasn't wutched this mornin', Jedge," he says, humble-like. "Ishmel had give me the air, an' my heart bruk an' I prayed fer a murrical. So I taken aboard two quarts of sorghum beer—an' I walked thet dern ridge-pole backards an' forards so many times Granpaw jest got sick a-watchin' an' ordered me down. I shore do thank yer kindly, Jedge!"

Y'see, son, the one thing sorghum beer cain't abide in a man is conceit. Old man Cunningham Yackey, he knowed thet. He likewise knowed thet a smart-aleck ain't a-goin' very far in the U.S. Army. So he put young Argy to the test, an' sorghum beer th'owed him off'n thet hay-barn roof. But when Argy come back, in heart-bruk humility an' prayer, sorghum beer soothed an' sustained him with a unfalterin' trust.

Drink up, son!

"It's really my fault. I told him he could keep his egg collection under the stove!" MARTIN GARRITY

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The Great Big-Hearted People

Continued from page 17

into the nearest wicker chair, "I smell food."

"Everything's going up so," Baby said, plucking the hat out of the chair and putting it on the shelf in the closet. "Eggs fifty-eight cents a dozen."

"And I sure like eggs."

"Hon," Baby said, "I think maybe you better eat them only every other morning."

"You sure look pretty in shorts, Baby."

"Well, I don't know; but anyhow, it saves wear and tear on dresses." She caught hold of his coat as he was about to hook it on the floor lamp and put it on a hanger in the closet. "Gee, Marty, what you got on your hair?"

Marty put his hand on his head. "Oh. Oh, some stuff Johnno recommended. Anyhow, I got to have something on it after a shampoo or it won't stay down."

Baby kept wrinkling her nose as she headed for the kitchenette and Marty followed her, getting in the way. "Something I can do to help, Baby?"

"Shoo! Get out of my kitchen!"

CHUCKLING, Marty ducked out. It was a great life, all right, and the way Baby could run a house amazed him. She always thought way ahead. She did all the planning. He didn't have to plan a single thing. All he had to do was earn a living, and ever since he was a kid he had done that, hardly without trying. He had never, really, been up against it. He couldn't remember when he hadn't had a job. He liked his life and he liked his friends. Living was having friends, a couple of good buddies, guys you'd give your right arm for if they got in a jam. Living was having a good laugh, taking a drink, eating your fill. It was tough when you couldn't take a drink or eat your fill without your stomach kicking up.

Like the Deacon, for instance. Sometimes he got good and worried about the Deacon. Sometimes the Deacon would be behind the bar, sick as a dog, and not showing it. Tommy Ricco, the head barman at the Glades, said what the Deacon needed was an operation, a big one. But when you talked operation, hospital, the Deacon wouldn't listen. Baby said that if the Deacon didn't have sense enough to go to a doctor and take care of himself he didn't deserve a good stomach.

"Ah," Marty said, "food! Noble provender!"

"I guess everything's on the table," Baby said as she sat down.

She had a round face, big blue eyes, and light brown hair. When she sat down, she bounced around a little before feeling comfortable, and crossed her ankles beneath the chair. She was pretty and very energetic. She had beautiful skin and teeth and her lips were full and a soft shade of pink, and she took good care of her hands.

"Marty, dear."

"Yeah, Baby?"

"Marty, will you do something for me? No, I don't mean get anything. Don't get up. But, Marty, don't let them put that hair tonic on you again, will you?"

"You don't like it? It smells too bad? Okay, Baby. No more of that lousy hair tonic."

"And, Marty—hereafter, when you want a shampoo you tell me and I'll do it myself. I'll give you a good one."

"Aw, Baby, you got enough to do. What's a hair wash? Half a buck is all—half a buck."

"Well, dearest, half a buck is half a buck. On the installment plan, half a buck a week, two dollars a month, pays for that new vacuum cleaner."

Marty sat back. "What new vacuum cleaner?"

"That one they're advertising in Johnston and Benninger's window, and they say better buy now, because the way things are going, it may be hard to get one later."

"You mean you got one, Baby?"

"Oh, no. I wouldn't think of getting one without discussing it first with you. But honest, dear, I think it would be the sensible thing to do, with prices going up so. But if you don't think so, dear, we'll just forget all about it."

"Now wait," Marty said. "Now don't go saying let's just forget all about it. Let's think about it, Baby." Chewing his food thoughtfully, he tried to figure. But he couldn't figure very successfully, not along the lines that Baby figured. She could figure things down to the last penny, whereas with him anything less than a buck had always been chicken feed. He looked up. "Do you think we could do it all right?" he said.

"Oh, I think so. Yes, I'm sure we can. That is—well, really, dear, a shampoo and a tonic in a barbershop *is* kind of extravagant for people in our situation. And for that matter, so is a shave. Of course, that part's up to you, dear. You're the man of the house and what you say goes. I've been putting a dollar a week in the savings bank, but if necessary I can stop doing that."

"No, sir! You don't want to do that, Baby. There's no reason for you to do that. Besides, why should you be crawling around on hands and knees when science has created something—"

"Oh, now, I don't mind that part, dear. Really, I don't."

Marty slapped the table decisively. "It's done. It's decided, firmly." He leveled an arm in the general direction of Johnston and Benninger's. "Get the vacuum cleaner. Get it tomorrow."

IN a room back of the bar he changed his clothes. He put on a pair of black pants, a crisp white shirt, a stiff white collar with black bow tie, a fresh apron, a white vest and a white mess jacket piped with blue and liberally studded with brass buttons. He looked elegant. He sat down and smoked a cigarette. He examined his fingernails. He hummed.

Baby was probably right about the shampoo business, though he sure liked getting a shampoo in a barbershop. But it was extravagant; and, of course, a guy could buy his own hair tonic in the cut-rate drugstore. Sometimes he wished Baby wouldn't pinch the pennies so much. But on the other hand, who was he to know anything about money?

Besides, look at the tough life she'd had. She'd had to save and scrape all her life; not for luxuries, but just to eat and live. Since she was fifteen, she'd worked. She'd had nobody to look out for her. She'd worked in department stores, in five-and-ten's, in drugstores, restaurants, at quick-lunch counters and drive-in joints. Always it was work, work, work, to keep the wolf away from the door. Where he met her, in the Grecian Garden, table d'hôte seventy-five cents, no substitutes, the poor girl had put in as many as ten hours a day. For what? For a lousy twelve bucks a week and tips and a lot of lip from crabby people with bum stomachs. So no wonder she pinched pennies. No wonder she never gave a nickel to a beggar.

It was five o'clock. Marty stood up,

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shook himself down, crushed out his cigarette. He pushed open the door to the bar and the noise hit him like a wave, drenching him. He loved it. His head went back and his big face beamed.

"Hi, Marty!"

"Greetings, Marty!"

"Hello, you old Marty, you!"

Marty put his big hands down flat upon the bar. "Good evening, gentlemen," he said, with jovial deference.

"How's the old kid?"

"Just wonderful. Just wonderful, thank you," Marty said.

It was like that all the time and he ate it up. He liked people and laughter.

THE vacuum cleaner was a nice gadget and Baby showed him all the attachments and how they worked, and he dropped some cigarette ash on the floor just to see how it vanished.

Even cutting out eggs for breakfast every day was not so bad, when Baby made the economic reason clear to him. She had a reason for everything and you had to admit it was a good reason. Everything she did was based upon a plan, almost a blueprint, and you'd be a plain dope trying to argue with a plan, particularly when it had no loopholes. Because everything was for the home. Nothing for herself, really. A man couldn't help admiring her. Though sometimes he wished, wistfully, that they'd go out on a big party.

But it was tight going. Not that they couldn't meet their bills—depend on Baby for that!—but each week it was a pretty tight fit. An absent-minded pass at a slot machine or a dime tossed to a bum was out of the question.

And he felt pretty guilty about the legless beggar in front of the cut-rate drugstore, actually blushing as he detoured around the block. He had never thought he'd see the day when he couldn't spare a dime. It upset him unreasonably and, blind with remorse, he passed O. J. Peters without even seeing him.

"Hey," O. J. Peters said.

"Hah?" Marty made a big, unwieldly turn. Then his arm shot up. "O. J.! Glad to see you!"

"Have I been faraway someplace?"

"Gee, I guess I didn't see you. I was thinking."

"If you pass up your friends on the street on account of thinking, stop thinking. You better come along with me. Come on."

O. J. Peters was a bantam of a man with a thin, grizzled face and a long, imperious nose. He was wearing a smart new suit, new shoes and a brand-new hat.

"You're dressed to kill, O. J.," Marty said. "Where you going?"

O. J. Peters spat. "Well, I *was* going down to the dog track, but on the way I stopped at the Marine Lounge to say hello to the Deacon. But he wasn't on. They had to get Bob Shoemaker in. The Deacon had to go home. His darned stomach. So I went over to see him and there he is all doubled up and I go out and get some of this medicine he uses. I ran into Tommy Ricco on the way and Tommy ought to be there now."

Marty lifted his feet and genuine concern tugged at his face. "Let's hurry, O. J."

THE Deacon was sitting on his cot in his room above Gate Brothers' plumbing shop. He was sitting quite still, his knees pressed together, his forearms crossed tight and hard across his stomach. His face was gray, lashed against the sharp, severe bones. He looked up and nodded to Marty and Marty said:

"Gosh, Deacon. Gosh."

"Hi, Marty," Tommy Ricco said, his black eyes swimming. "It'll be all right. Deacon. O. J.'s here with the medicine."

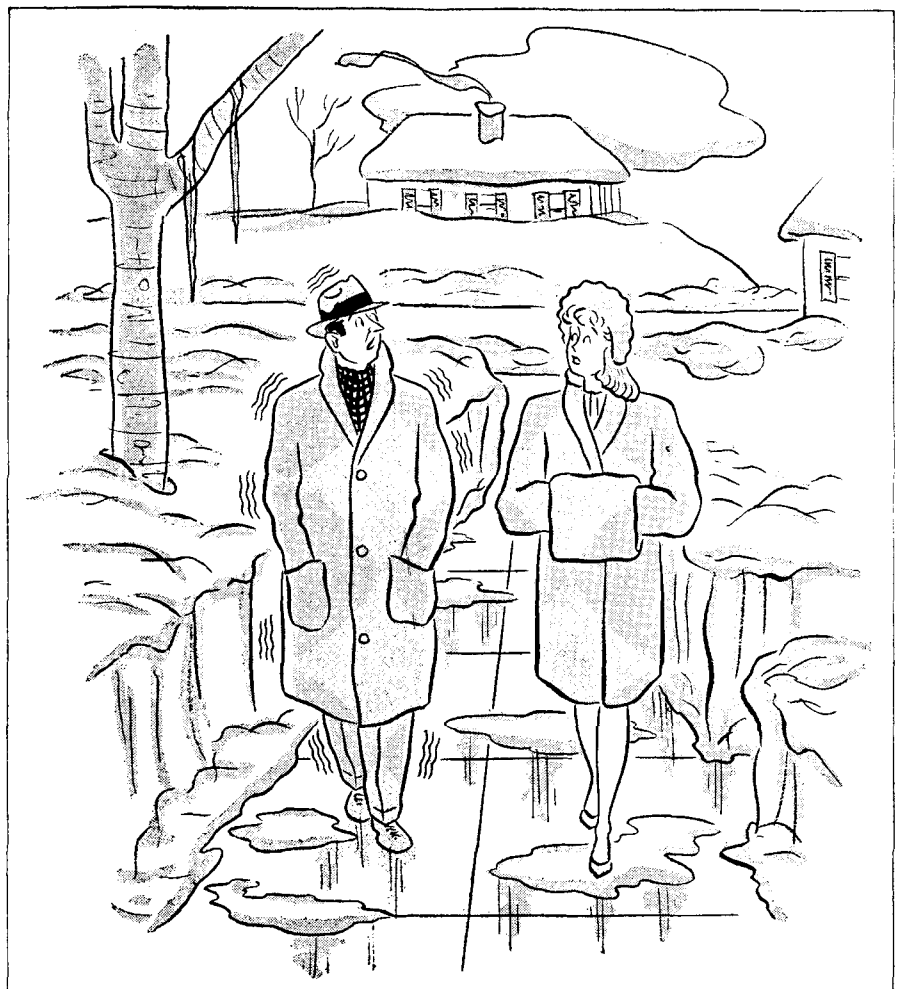
Marty stood pawing at his jaw while O. J. Peters efficiently administered the proper dose. Just watching the Deacon, Marty's throat ached.

Tommy Ricco came over and said against the back of his hand, "Every time it gets worse, Marty."

Marty nodded. He whispered, "And him living alone here."

Gradually the Deacon came out of it. Spent, sapped, he lay back on the cot, letting his breath out, taking it in, letting it out again with immense relief. Marty got a towel, wet it and wiped the Deacon's face, and Tommy Ricco, happy now because the worst was over, giggled a little and made gestures without finding anything adequate to say.

The Deacon's voice came weakly: "Have a drink, boys. The bottle's in the closet."



"Yes, it is a beautiful day, but let's go back inside where we can enjoy it"

BILL KING

They all looked at one another, none of them feeling that he wanted a drink just now. But Marty thought it would please the Deacon, so he got out the bottle. They drank to the Deacon. O. J. Peters turned smartly on his heel and said:

"I will have my mother-in-law come over with some broth and toast and sit here with you several hours."

"No, no, no," the Deacon bleated feebly.

"Yes, yes, yes," said O. J. Peters. "Us boys are all working tonight. I'd get Johnno Spain, but he has to drive to the Miami airport to meet a niece that won a plane ride by writing a limerick for some soap people."

"I'll be all right," the Deacon said. "That woman talks too much."

"You're telling me? But anyhow, she's capable and strong and I'll tell her to bring the portable radio."

"No. No."

"Look!" snapped O. J. Peters, aiming with his forefinger. "Either that or we go out right now and drag in a doctor."

The Deacon moistened his lips. "Well," he said, "all right. Only no radio, please. She brought the radio last time. It don't stop her from talking. She just talks louder."

Marty was half an hour late for supper and as he tramped through the living room his coat landed in one chair and his hat in another.

"Chops, too," Baby said, wistful rather than censorious. "They're probably all dried out."

"The Deacon," Marty said, sitting down at the table. "His stomach."

Nothing that happened outside the household, neither war nor murder nor riot nor tragedy ever touched Baby. "H'm," was all she said, because she was preoccupied with the chops being a little dry.

"It was worse this time," Marty went on. "He had to leave in the middle of his work." He leaned on his elbows, deeply concerned. He wagged his head. "I don't know. I don't like it, getting worse that way. We got to do something, me and the boys. We got to force him in a hospital or something."

Baby said mildly, "Eat your supper, dear, before it gets cold."

Marty ate rapidly for a minute. Then he said, "It's lucky we got O. J.'s mother-in-law Mrs. Cunningham. She's a good woman. When we're all busy, there's nobody to sit with him, so it's lucky we can get Mrs. Cunningham. Maybe if he could go away for a while, it would help. I heard about a place over in the middle of the state—Greentrees Sanatorium—where there's peace and quiet and special diets for people."

"Hon, you'll be late for work, if you don't eat."

Marty looked at the clock. "Holy smokes, is it that late?"

ABOUT ten that night the phone beside the cash register rang and it was O. J. Peters.

"The wife just called," O. J. said. "I thought you'd like to know the Deacon's in the hospital."

"The hospital!" Marty blurted. "How come? Did your mother-in-law talk him into it?"

"Not at all! He didn't have anything to say about it. He got another one of them attacks and passed out and she got a doctor and the doctor called the ambulance. It's his appendix and they're going to operate tonight. We won't know anything till morning."

When Marty got home at three in the morning he moved very carefully, so as not to wake Baby. He got the alarm clock out of the kitchen, set it for seven-thirty, and tiptoed into the bedroom. Baby stirred as he eased himself under the covers but she didn't wake up.

He thought about the Deacon's bare room and the Deacon's bare, lonely life, and he thought how lucky it was that they'd got Mrs. Cunningham to come and sit with him. Because if there'd been nobody there, the Deacon would probably be dead now. Before he and Baby got married Marty had never thought anything about living alone. He'd never been lonely, really.

Marty shivered a little and then held himself tense, so Baby wouldn't be disturbed. Cautiously he moved his hand and laid it on her shoulder. He felt a little better. It was like when he was a kid and his mother held his hand in the darkness when a thunderstorm put the lights out. He hoped the Deacon would be all right.

THE alarm woke him and he heaved awake, sat up and swung his feet out of bed, carrying most of the bedclothes with him. Baby raised herself to one elbow, blinking.

"Gosh," she said, "what time is it?"

"Seven-thirty."

"Seven-thirty? Well, goodness, dear, what are you doing up at seven-thirty?"

He was not fully awake and while he struggled with his clothes, getting things on wrong and taking them off again, he told her about the Deacon.

"Well," she said drowsily. "Well, I'll make you some breakfast."

"No time. You stay in bed. I want to be over to the hospital at eight."

She got out of bed and put her robe on. "But what sense is there in rushing over to the hospital? You can't do any good."

"I got to know, is all," he said, and blundered into the bathroom. Holding his head under a cold-water shower helped, and when he came out he yelled, "Good-morning, Baby. I'll be back soon as I can." He thought she was still in the bedroom but she wasn't. She was in the kitchen.

"I'm getting your breakfast," she called out.

He shouted, "When I get back," and the screen door slammed shut behind him. He was a big man thrusting hard up the boulevard, one shoe still unlaced and his coattails flapping.

"Look, mister," he said to the man at the hospital desk. "How is Mr. Schanzenbach? I mean on the level, how is he? Can I see him?"

"I'm afraid you can't," the man said. "He's had a hard time of it, apparently. If no complications set in, he has a fair chance. We'll know better by tomorrow morning. He has a fair chance, though."

Marty beamed, raised a large forefinger. "I bet anybody the Deacon pulls through," he said.

With his natural optimism, all he needed was a straw to grasp at, to buoy him up. And when he got home, he even told Baby that the Deacon's chances were very good indeed.

But next day, at about noon, when the crisis had passed and the Deacon was reported out of the woods, nobody was more surprised than Marty. For an instant he realized that he had been kidding himself all along, and he shivered and perspired with relief. Mrs. Cunningham cried on his shoulder and

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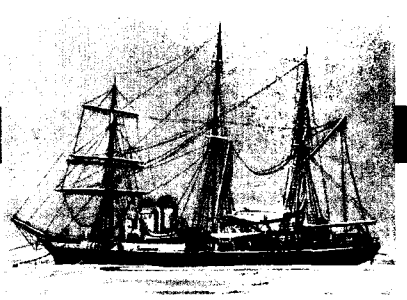

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Tommy Ricco giggled erratically and O. J. Peters, annoyed at the big lump in his throat, rasped, "Maybe it'll teach the old stubborn blockhead a lesson! He makes me sick and tired!"

Although they were all eager to see the Deacon, this was not permitted until two days later. It was touching, really, Marty thought, to see the Deacon smile. More, it was strange. Marty could not recall ever having seen the Deacon smile. But here he was now, still a sick man, and he was smiling.

"Why, Deacon!" Marty said.

The Deacon even went so far as to grin.

Marty looked around. "Hey," he said, "what's so funny?"

"There ain't nothing funny," the Deacon said. "I'm just glad it was only my appendix. For years I was afraid it was something else and I didn't have the nerve to find out for sure. I'll be out of here in two weeks. I got just enough dough for two weeks here and in two weeks I'll be back at the job."

"You bet you will!" Marty said.

But that was not what the doctor told him a couple of days later. "Oh, I think he'll be able to leave the hospital, all right," the doctor said. "But no work. He just won't be able to stand it. He'll need at least a month to recuperate. He'll need a decent diet, essential vitamins. I'll write him out a proper diet."

WALKING away, Marty thought of the Deacon's bare room, and he shook his head. And then, all at once, he thought of the Greentrees Sanatorium and his heart leaped.

When he banged into the house two hours later Baby, who was ironing, looked up, startled.

"Why, Hon, what's got into you?" she said.

He grasped her by the shoulders and stared down at her with a great shining light in his eyes. "Baby, how much you got in the bank?"

Her eyes shifted from his face, slid sidewise down across his chest and then she went on ironing. "Why, dear?"

"It's wonderful!" Marty exclaimed. "Look, this here Greentrees Sanatorium I been telling you about, over in the center of the state. Well, the Deacon's going to need rest, quiet and good food, like a diet, when he gets out of the hospital. I talked to O. J. Peters, Tommy Ricco and I talked to Johnno Spain and it's all okay with them. Twenty-five bucks apiece. Johnno had to borrow fifteen from his uncle, but he got it. And Tommy'll drive the Deacon up when it's time. Look, Baby, all I need is twenty-five bucks. You got twenty-five bucks, ain't you?"

She finished ironing the dress and carried it into the bedroom. Marty followed, dogging her footsteps, and watched her hang the dress in the closet.

"Okay, Baby?" he said. "Is it okay?"

"If he'd saved his money he'd have it," Baby said. "And for just such an emergency. That's why I saved it. For a rainy day. For a rainy day for us, dear."

"Now look, Baby. This is the Deacon. This is my friend I'm talking about."

Baby sighed. "I know, dear. I know very well. But I'm not going to let you just throw your money away." She turned and walked back to the ironing board, biting her lip on the way. In her eyes, hidden from Marty, was a scared, hunted look. "He—he must have other friends," she said over her shoulder. "And besides, charity begins at home."

"Charity!" Marty exclaimed, so morally outraged that his voice squeaked. "To your pal you don't give charity!"

Bending over the board, Baby ironed grimly. Her face was pale and her chin quivered and there was a wet, blinding film over her eyes. "Call it what you like," she said in a clogged voice. "I intend to take care of our home."

He said, "Okay, Baby; okay, then." He said it sadly, with no shade of indictment in his voice.

He went outside and sat down on the porch and felt so sorry for Baby that he was ready to bust out crying all over the place. Because when somebody you dearly loved failed you, showed you a small underside of character that made you sick in the throat, you didn't love her less. You couldn't. You could only feel immensely sorry for her. Sorry for the life she'd led, half-starved as a kid, with her mother dying when she was fifteen and her old man, a heel and a rum-pot, leaving her to shift for herself. And because you loved her you ached for her, with an ache so big that it hurt your bones. But even so, the stain, small but ugly, remained. You couldn't rub it out.

The tough part was meeting O. J. Peters and Tommy Ricco next day. Marty said, "I don't know what I was thinking of. There I go and get the bright idea about Greentrees Sanatorium, and what happens? I find I can't produce the twenty-five bucks." He stared unhappily at the toes of his shoes. "I feel rotten, fellas."

Tommy Ricco slapped him on the back. "Gee, Marty, don't feel that way about it. We understand."

"Of course," O. J. Peters said. "A guy that's been married only as long as you, he's got a load to carry. I can maybe lend you the dough. Sure I can. I can ask my mother-in-law to dig down in her sock."

Marty shook his head. "I couldn't let you do that, O. J. It wouldn't be fair. If I could pay you back, I'd take it in a minute. But I couldn't pay you back."

Tommy Ricco shoved him. "Come on, Marty, snap out of it. We know you. We know if you had it you'd lay it on the line. Look at him, O. J. You'd think he'd lost his best friend."

It wasn't his best friend that Marty'd lost, but the feeling he carried around with him was something like it. Only worse. It was as if he'd lost some precious part of himself. It wasn't that, of course; it was part of Baby and it was agonizing because it was made of nothing he could pin down and lay his hands on. His work behind the bar was as efficient as it had always been, but it lacked his old *élan* and the warming radiance of his broad grin and deep laughter. And he didn't kid around with Baby. It just wasn't in him any longer.

He stopped in to sit with the Deacon pretty regularly, but he timed his calls so that he wouldn't run into Tommy Ricco or O. J. Peters. They weren't going to tell the Deacon about the big surprise until the day before he was ready to leave the hospital. On a Tuesday night, the night before the Deacon was to leave, Marty closed the bar at two in the morning and drifted up the street, in no great hurry to get home.

AT THE bus station a bus was pulled up on the ramp, its big motor idling, the driver standing out front eating a sandwich. Marty read the names of the cities on the bus and fingered a fifty-cent piece in his pocket. Just before he had closed up, a free-handed drunk had tossed him the coin as a tip. He asked himself, dryly, how far could a guy go on fifty cents? And then suddenly his temples were pounding and his hand closed hard over the coin. How far? For fifty cents, how far? The blood raced through him with a wild singing.

He looked at the bus driver, but the bus driver was staring past him—squinting curiously. Marty turned his head. He saw the legless beggar shoving himself along on his low, wheeled platform.

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"Hello, mister," the beggar said. "You been sick? I ain't seen you around."

Marty blinked. He mumbled. "I—I been busy, I guess."

"Gee. I was pretty worried about you, mister. I'm glad you're okay."

Marty bent down, said, "You must be pretty tired, friend," and dropped the fifty-cent piece in the man's hand.

THE little night light was glowing in the living room when he got home, but instead of going inside he sat down on the porch step. The thing that had come over him at the bus station was already dissolving, losing whatever strange shape it had possessed. It was like trying to remember a dream. He couldn't say for sure whether he had actually meant to get on the bus or whether he had just toyed around with the idea. But enough of it remained to frighten him.

Because, really and truly, he didn't want to leave Baby. He loved her. But more than that, she needed him. He wasn't clear on just how or why she needed him, but he felt that she did.

"Hon," Baby said.

Marty started. He heaved up to his feet, saying, "Hello, Baby. I was just about to come in."

Only Baby was not inside. She had been sitting on the porch, close to the jasmine vine, all along.

"Oh," Marty mumbled, squirming a little. "Gee, I didn't know you were there." It was the first time she had ever waited up this late. "You'll take cold, won't you?" he said. "I mean, you know how it is, the night air here."

"Hon," Baby said, "I drew twenty-five out of the bank this afternoon. It's for you—for the Deacon."

He felt his jaw tighten. It was strange, but for a while he had forgotten all about the Deacon. The Deacon had ceased to be his problem, in fact. His problem was Baby. Himself. His life with Baby. You couldn't settle that with dough; with twenty-five bucks or a million, you couldn't settle it.

"Ah, forget about that, Baby," he said. "What did you want to go and draw them twenty-five bucks out for?"

Baby's voice was low and plaintive: "You must hate me, Marty. I've been so mean, like a dirty old miser. But I've hated myself, too. I've been miserable. I wanted to give you the money but I couldn't. I've pinched pennies so long, all my life, and distrusted people so long, all my life, that I didn't know how to change. I never had a real friend, I guess. And I thought all this talk of yours about your friends was just you being played for a sucker."

Marty lifted one ear, as though he were listening to music from far off.

"But they came by," Baby said, "and now I know. Now I know what great big-hearted people are like."

"Ha?" Marty said. "Came by? Who?"

"O. J. Peters. Tommy Ricco. Johnno Spain. This afternoon."

Marty's eyes grew round. "What'd they want?"

"Well, dear," Baby said, beginning to sniffle, "they were upset and worried about you. They said you were going around looking sad and depressed and avoiding them. Avoiding them, even. So they said you were probably upset and embarrassed because you couldn't raise the money to help the Deacon. They wanted to give me twenty-five dollars for you, but I shouldn't tell you they were behind it. I should say, well, I played a horse and won."

"Why, them bums!" Marty said, but there was a fullness in his heart.

Baby sobbed, "I felt so ashamed! Here I've been hoarding pennies, afraid to let down a little—afraid, always afraid, like I was before we got married. And here I have the best security in the world. I mean you, dear. You, I mean, Marty. You."

MARTY lifted her up out of the chair and wrapped his big heavy arms around her. He'd never heard her cry before, and he didn't try to stop her now. He thought maybe a cry would do her good, because a lot of things, little hurts and old scars, would wash away with it. Baby was okay. She was swell. She was like O. J. Peters and Tommy Ricco and Johnno Spain and the Deacon, without his old appendix now.

The Voice

Continued from page 19

being scared silly by Shakespeare witches," says Traubel.

In this way she saw all the shows, heard all the music and got smacked a bit next day by teachers who objected to her sleeping in class. Papa even had this difficulty analyzed; he hired a tutor the last week of every month to help Helen keep up. He had a standard joke that went with the business.

"Kindly stuff this little goose," he would say to the tutor.

Helen managed to get through Wyman School in this manner, singing Mendelssohn's Spring Song at Commencement in a voice so light and delicate that the neighbors shook their heads and wondered if little Helen was long for this vale. She was very tall, very thin and very blond. Since father had only formal enthusiasm for the public school, there was no objection when Helen put aside her books and joined the singing class of Madame Vetta-Karst, her first and only singing teacher.

For ten years Miss Traubel was in the choir of the Pilgrim Congregational Church. Also she was getting well known around St. Louis and it was no surprise in 1925 when Rudolph Ganz selected her as soloist for the St. Louis Symphony orchestra, and the group went on a tour that lasted six weeks and gave Traubel the notion that she might be getting somewhere, although it was not all a romp.

"That young lady," said an old man in Arkansas. "Sort of a high-low singer, ain't she? Myself, I like 'em steady high."

But Traubel's success was such that when Mr. Ganz appeared later in the summer at Lewisohn Stadium in New York with the New York Philharmonic, he brought her along as his soloist. As has been previously hinted, even then she had a great voice. John Royal of N.B.C. thought so and hired her for radio, with concerts on the side. After a year, it was mutually agreed to quit.

"I feel crowded in radio," says Traubel. "It's as if I'm penned up in a box."

Also she had standards of such perfection that even her best friends worried about her. She knew what she wanted to do with her voice and knew she wasn't doing it. From the first she refused to take short cuts. She was making enough money in radio to live comfortably; her concerts were successful if not spectacular; she seemed assured of a fairly successful career. She gave that up and went back again to years of study. The first break came in 1934 when Walter Damrosch came to St. Louis to conduct the Saengerfest. When told that the unknown (to him)

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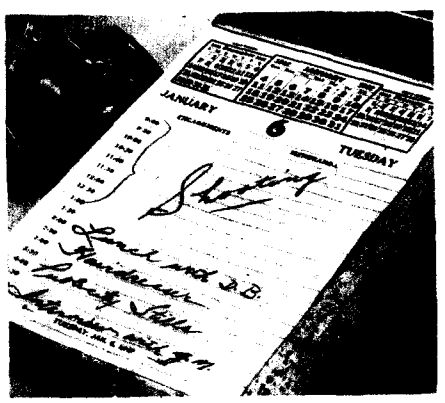

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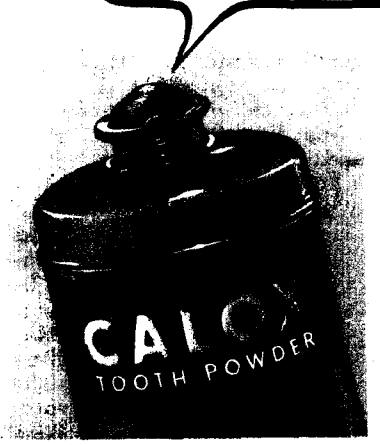

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Helen Traubel was to be his soloist, Damrosch hit the roof.

"You can make a fool of yourselves if you want to!" he cried, "but I'm not going to sacrifice the success of this for the sake of some silly local pride of yours."

When it reached the point where a showdown was threatened, they prevailed on him to hear Miss Traubel. It was a severe test for a singer, with Damrosch sour and irritated on the podium, but he became increasingly excited as the aria progressed and when it was over he pointed his baton at the several sections of the orchestra and bellowed at them with the greatest indignation:

"What do you mean by keeping this girl in St. Louis?"

They cowered in their seats, pretty much ashamed of themselves, and Damrosch rescued the pretty maiden from bondage by bringing her to New York when he conducted his own opera, The Man Without a Country, at the Metropolitan. That, however, was not till 1937, and in the meantime she stuck right in the old home town and studied. The role in the Damrosch opera was not exactly fitted to Traubel, and nobody in the Met management even looked at her.

"A touch coy, that part was, for a girl my size," says Traubel now. She is not offended in the slightest by remarks on her size. She is tall and heavy and very happy about it.

"You don't sing Wagner on a diet of turnip greens," she says flatly.

Strictly No Faking

Anyhow, when the Damrosch venture was over, she was back in St. Louis again, but this time only temporarily. She knew now that she had to do it if she was ever going to do it. About this time she married Mr. Bass, a first marriage to Louis F. Carpenter in St. Louis having been severed by divorce, and even though her financial state seemed to go from bad to worse, Miss Traubel knew that the turn of the corner was soon coming.

"It's like a good hitter," she says. "You can strike him out a few times but you can't strike him out forever."

That is not a manufactured phrase. Traubel knows baseball; she knows football; she knows the names of Hollywood bit-players; she is so down-to-the-earth that she could sing in the middle of an Iowa husking bee without turning a hair. When she is Madame Traubel of the stage and concert hall, she is a perfectionist of such quality that she would choke rather than sing a passage in a fake way to win cheap applause. But she is not averse to using the word "lousy" concerning music she doesn't like or singers she thinks are inferior. Critics have raved over the beauty of her diction and the perfection of her phrasing.

"What is phrasing," she says, "but just a way of singing something so it has sense?"

When the last campaign was begun, Miss Traubel secured the services of Boghetti, the teacher of Marian Anderson. The voice was all right; it had always been all right; but she wanted the art of projecting a song that Anderson possessed.

That was the turning point in the Traubel career. When she mastered that, she was ready. The Town Hall recital followed and she was made.

She was a success musically and critically, but even then the financial success was in the balance for months. But Jack Salter's campaign began to work and there was the Metropolitan triumph to clinch matters. The Met wanted Traubel but matters take a leisurely course in that hallowed temple. There have been great singers before; there will be great singers again. They needed Traubel for Sieglinde in Die Walkuere but they took her debut so casually that all she had were two rehearsals with the stage director in the women's lounge on the balcony. There were no rehearsals with the orchestra; no rehearsals with the rest of the cast. With the exception of the appearances in the Damrosch opera, Traubel had never been on a stage; had never sung Wagner in opera.

"She'll be all right," said the Met people easily. "That's all Flagstad got when she came. She hadn't sung Wagner in opera before either."

Traubel took it just as she had taken the opposition of Damrosch in St. Louis. If they weren't worried, neither was she. Bill Bass walked all over New York on the night of the debut, refusing to come near the opera house. Salter wrung his hands and muttered to himself. Traubel had it all figured out.

"I'll sing the music," she said. "If I trip over somebody and fall down, I'll go right on singing it."

It worked out fine; the audience was ecstatic; the management beamed. The only casualty was Mr. Bass. Miss Traubel had to tuck him in bed when she came back to the hotel and found him a wreck from his travels. He had literally walked himself stiff.

Of all the great singers, Traubel is probably possessed of the fewest affectations. In fact, she has none. She works four or five hours a day with Coenraad V. Bos, her accompanist. Bos, the Hollander who has worked with some of the greatest singers, left his coaching studio in New York to be with Miss Traubel on tour because he thinks she is the greatest singer he has ever heard.

"The greatest voice," says Bos, "and also here." He taps his cranium. "The head. . . . She knows *why* she does everything."

Miss Traubel is a tall, reddish blonde and beautiful. The most striking thing about her is her vitality. This is not shown by active bouncing but is a part of her. As she sits talking, she is a picture of health, vigor and good sense. Her devotion to music is almost religious. Even in the smallest towns, her programs are of the highest quality because she knows that Americans have good taste.

The Bass family has one set principle of life: fight clear of possessions. They have no home, own no property, buy no speculative stocks, have no motorcar. If they want a summer in the country, they rent a place. If they need a car, they hire one. Since Miss Traubel is always studying or singing, they have little time for playing and no desire for society.

"I'll bet my husband could tell you where every nut in this park is hidden" ROBERT DAY

As an illustration of how a great singer lives, we may tell you of a recent appearance in concert at Pittsfield, Mass., a pattern of what goes on most of the year for Miss Traubel. As usual the party came in a day early—Miss Traubel, Mr. Bos, Mr. Bass and Marie Pettit, the maid. Almost as soon as he could get his bag dumped in his room, Bos was out seeing the town.

"He'll be back by noon and he'll know everything about it," said Miss Traubel.

By noon Mr. Bos had fulfilled the prediction. He came back breathless, with information about the town's newspapers, the restaurants serving the best steaks, the size and acoustics of the auditorium where they were to appear, the best department store, and data on several of the city's juiciest scandals.

At this point the telephone rang and confusion reigned. Marie came in to say that somebody wanted to talk to Bos or Bass; she wasn't sure. Mr. Bass took up the receiver resignedly, apparently having gone through this before. He listened and then turned around.

"For you, Coenraad," he said sourly, and then added to his wife: "If I could play the piano, we'd save a lot of dough. We seem to be the same person, anyhow."

Mr. Bos took the call, which was something of extreme unimportance and then they settled down to practicing, a serious business with Miss Traubel. They knocked off work around six, went out to stoke up with some determination in a place discovered by Bos and then went to a movie.

The next night was the concert and there was no work that day. Along about five o'clock, Miss Traubel had another feast and then went over to the auditorium. Her work there was over around ten thirty, although she could have stayed all night if she had wanted to keep singing encores. Her platform presence is gracious, and naturally so. She wears slippers with low, soft heels to keep her from disaster on slippery stages and gives a little duck with her right knee as a curtsy in answer to applause. At the end, when it looked as if the audience was never going to give her up, she tossed a kiss into the auditorium. Coming from a large woman, the gesture at first seemed incongruous, but then it seemed exactly right. The audience roared a final wave of applause and friendship—and everybody knew that the concert was over.

Miss Traubel, in the wings, wrapped a hotel bath towel around her neck, got into her fur coat and started back for the hotel, calling over her shoulder to Mr. Bos: "What's the name of that place again, Coenraad—The Elms?"

Nice Place, Nice People

It was The Elms and by the time the Basses had changed into other clothes and arrived there, Mr. Bos was fully ensconced in a little dark booth along one wall. Before him was a plate of beans; behind that was a chocolate nut sundae; at each side was a glass of rye and ginger ale. Mr. Bos was taking alternate sips at all four.

Miss Traubel was beaming. The day's work was done; it had been a success; she was hungry. Her laughter, when she saw Mr. Bos, was heartfelt and hearty, the kind of merriment that *starts everybody laughing in the place.* They *did* laugh, not having the faintest idea who this strange woman might be, because the customers of this lusty place were obviously not concert-goers. They not only laughed but occasionally they'd throw a remark in the direction of the booth or stop on the way out to say a few words.

"Nice place you found for us, Coenraad," Miss Traubel was saying, sipping at a glass of sherry and delving into a club sandwich. "Nice people."

Mr. Bos could just gurgle, being occupied with his assortment of fodder.

At this juncture, a high-school girl, on her way home from the concert with her boy friend, passed the Traubel-Bass-Bos booth and then hurried on to the cashier near the front door.

"Do you know who that is back there?" she said breathlessly. "That's Helen Traubel, the great singer. Oh, she—she's wonderful. We heard her tonight. Oh, I don't think there's ever been anybody like that in Pittsfield before!"

The cashier batted the cash register, clanked the change and pushed it out on top of the cigar case.

"I don't know about that," she said, looking back toward the booth admiringly. "But she sure has a good time for herself."

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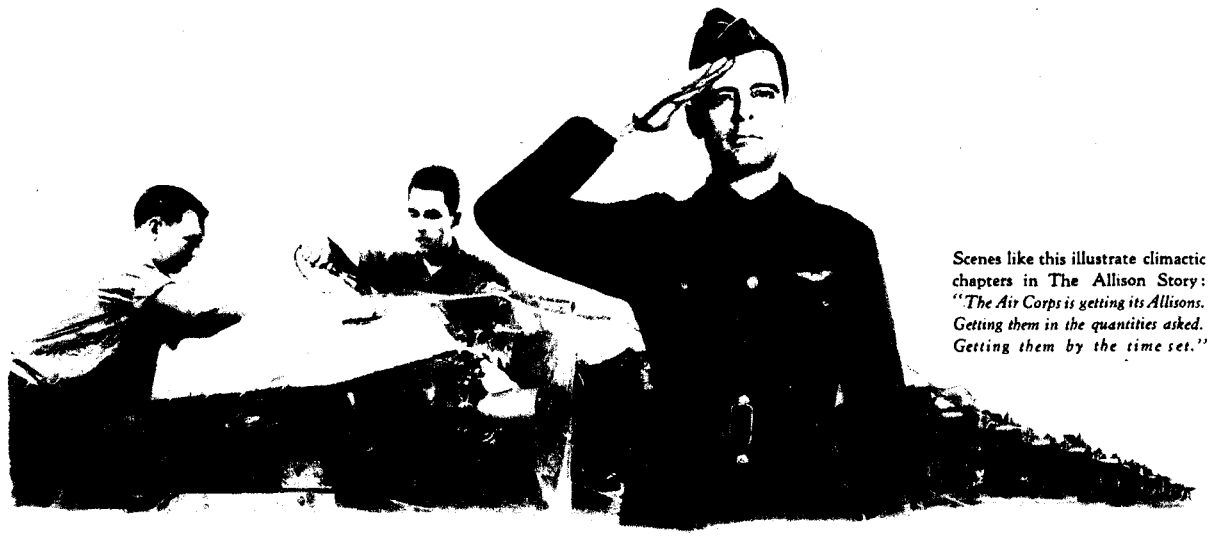

Scenes like this illustrate climactic chapters in The Allison Story: *"The Air Corps is getting its Allisons. Getting them in the quantities asked. Getting them by the time set."*

"MISSION COMPLETED —AWAITING ORDERS"*

We tell you this story of Allison simply because we think you ought to know what is actually taking place in wartime production in America in the busy, talk-shy places where the work is done. It mirrors what goes on all over the country behind the scenes. There is in it, you will find, reason for all freedom-loving people to take heart and courage, for what we can do, others can and likewise are doing.

WE had a cornfield, a pear orchard —and an abundance of "can do" American spirit.

We had an engine we knew was "tops," some ideas on how to make it better, and the ambitious intention to put it in mass production.

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No one had ever seen the kind of factory we needed — windowless, air conditioned, "blacked out" completely—where extremely precise work could go on uninterruptedly night and day.

No one had the super-standard, super-accurate machine tools called for, and there were only a couple of hundred trained men, where one day we would need thousands.

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Getting them in the quantities asked. Getting them by the time set.

Where the pear orchard stood, 1,000,000 square feet of modern factory space is in full production, busy night and day.

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From our test cells are streaming out Allisons far better than the original pattern—to a goal many times the one first set—engines delivering 235 *more* horsepower each than was initially specified, achieved without change in engine size and with reduced weight per horsepower!

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We are proud of this, of course, for ourselves and especially for American industry of which we are a part.

For you can count on it, America!—what Allison has done and is doing is being repeated in factory after factory in this unmatchable land and will be repeated manyfold in months to come.

The task ahead of us all in this nation is vast and crucial—but it will be gloriously done.

Big as it is or may be, the job's in hand—devoted, driving, get-it-done effort is taking its measure — all we need now is more of the same!

The following planes are all powered with the Allison liquid-cooled engine:
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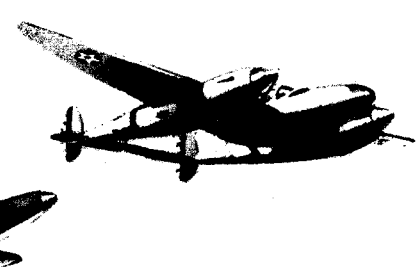
Bell Airacobra *U.S. and British designation*
Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U.S.) *The British call it "The Lightning"*
North American Apache (U.S.) *The British call it "The Mustang."*



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*Message from Indianapolis, December 17th, 1941

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"Now don't get excited, dear—just turn slowly around"

DAVID B. HUFFINE

This Man MacArthur

Continued from page 13

then Second Lieutenant MacArthur, continued: "I was mad by this time. Colonel or no colonel, I said, 'Well, sir, there are two things I'd do: The first would be to have all the sign painters in the community paint me a tremendous sign and float it out to the mouth of the harbor. The sign would read: BEWARE THE MOUTH TO THIS HARBOR: ENTIRE HARBOR IS MINED. The second thing I'd do would be to get down on my knees and pray. Then I'd go out and fight like hell.' "

General MacArthur laughed at the situation in which that examining board had put him. When he told me that story we were sitting in his ornately decorated office, formerly headquarters of the Philippine Army, then headquarters of the United States Armed Forces in the Far East, of which he had only recently been placed in command. Prior to this, for five years, his job had been the preparation of the Philippine Army for "What might come."

A few days after he told me this story this tall deep-voiced general, former United States Chief of Staff—now sixty-one but looking younger—was leading the desperate fight for the Philippines.

General MacArthur has behind him the tradition of his father, General Arthur MacArthur, the last military governor of the Philippines. He has the faith and confidence of the Filipino population. He has a deep, ingrained love of the Philippines as part of his homeland. It isn't as though he were fighting on foreign soil. It isn't as though he merely looked at the Philippines as a military outpost to defend. The Philippines are a part of this officer whose father served here, who served here himself when a junior officer as his father's aide.

What's more, after talking with General MacArthur as much as I have over the past two years, you would realize as I do his utmost reliance in the Filipino as a fighter; as a brave man; as an obedient soldier; as a fierce defender of his own homeland.

MacArthur has always enjoyed regaling his visitors with story after story of instances of the bravery and the instinctive intelligence of the Filipinos as fighters and trained soldiers.

Two Reasons for Defense

It was MacArthur's love for the Philippines and his belief that the 7,000-odd islands should be defended for as long as possible that brought him out here after he ended his tour of duty as Chief of Staff of the United States Army at Washington. His first reason was that the United States needed a strong outpost in the Far East. Second, MacArthur believed the United States would eventually agree to a full independence status for the Filipinos. When such a moment might come, he foresaw Japan, a strong and aggressive nation to the north, gradually moving in with threats and cajolery, placing the Filipino people under a type of serfdom the like of which they'd never conceived—even when they cried loudest under the pinpricks of American regulation.

MacArthur saw that if the United States should turn the Philippines loose and keep no hawsers tied to the United States fleet or the United States Army

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and Air Corps, the Japanese would have an open season on Filipino trade and Filipino livelihood, and finally just swallow up the islands regardless of any unorganized resistance that might be put up at the last minute. He saw the Far East falling under total Japanese aggression. Thus he sold the idea of a strong Filipino defense force to his friend President Manuel Quezon in 1935. Whatever Quezon ordered before the war was carried out by his political organizers and naturally by the people themselves.

Thus was born the Philippine Army. The Philippine Force was to reach a number between 300,000 and 400,000 trained fighting men over a ten-year period. Unfortunately the ten-year training period had just begun to function properly when war broke out. The plan was to train between 30,000 and 40,000 Filipino soldiers each year. (There had been some political tiffs between Quezon and MacArthur when Quezon thought MacArthur was not on President Roosevelt's favored list and held up appropriations. But that's all changed today.)

However, enough Filipino soldiers had been trained to form the nucleus of a fast, hard-hitting Filipino force. This is the outfit which took nearly all the advance action against the Japanese invading forces.

It was a Filipino division that met and defeated the first Japanese force when they were trying to get a toehold on the beach at northern Lingayen Gulf during the first week of war. The official Army statement reported that Filipino troops mopped up the Japanese. MacArthur told me a few hours after this report that "the Filipino Division behaved magnificently." And from what I learned from soldiers and civilians, later, during a trip up toward Lingayen before the second drive hit its stride, the success of this first Filipino mop-up on the Japanese gave the original boost to the morale of the Filipino troops and made possible their splendid fight.

Once the Filipinos—the well-trained Filipino scouts, the constabulary, the regular Filipino Army, and the young R.O.T.C. and newer volunteers—learned of this success; once they knew from their own people that the Japanese soldier was not as good a fighter, man for man, tank for tank, or plane for plane, there was no more apprehension.

Some Things to Be Remembered

Until MacArthur left his Manila headquarters within the old walled city to go with the forward echelon of the United States Armed Forces in the Far East, I had full opportunity to watch him work at close quarters. I attended his press conferences. I talked with him off the record in his orientally decorated office. I watched his military cards being played. I went out from Manila into the provinces where his troops and planes were deployed and striking at the Japanese. Naturally there is much I cannot say.

However, I can say this: With the material at his command, MacArthur accomplished miracles. Despite the loss of Manila, and regardless of what follows it, here are some things to be remembered:

First, MacArthur was not surprised at the Japanese attack nor by the outcome of the Judas mission of Saburu Kurusu to Washington. Frankly, MacArthur didn't expect the Japanese to strike at the United States as early nor in the manner in which they did at Hawaii, but he expected the attack. He had planned for the attack. He used every piece of material at his disposal

"I joined the Women's Motor Corps as you suggested, dear. Next week I learn how to put it back together!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

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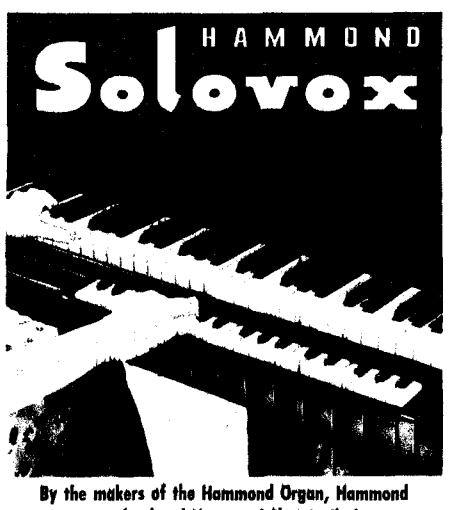

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carefully for the greatest effectiveness.

Second, MacArthur didn't permit himself and his Filipino-American forces to be sucked in nor drawn out and weakened by the Japanese landings and forays designed to pull him out and cut off his forces.

Third, by maintaining his forces in readiness, by keeping strong Filipino and American patrols out in front in every sector, MacArthur kept the Japanese in complete wonderment as to the exact number of men and planes at his disposal. Despite widespread espionage and fifth-column activity during the first two weeks of war, MacArthur, through prearranged communication systems and vigorous counterespionage, was able to keep information leaks down to a minimum.

Over at Army and Air headquarters no one wrote anything of vital importance down on paper. He just remembered it. No one talked on the phone about anything important. It was done in person. MacArthur's G-2 (Army Intelligence) had every one of any odd background pegged the minute he landed in the Philippines. They and the constabulary had the names and numbers of most of the pro-Japanese leaders among the Filipino groups.

When war broke out, there was a four-day spy clean-up that showed the minute planning. MacArthur left nothing to imagination or to the moment. He is an able combination of a man who looks and plans ahead and yet a man who understands the exact workings of detail and the value of this detail to the proper unfoldment of the whole program.

Four, MacArthur always visualized the defense of the Philippines as but a part—an important part, mind you—of the entire Far East war whenever it might come.

Voices in the Wilderness

In visualizing the Philippines as but a part, a vital part of the great Far Eastern war arena, and this as still but a part of the entire World War battleground, MacArthur has held over the years that the Philippines had to be defended. For this he was laughed at by men whose names are supposed to ring the gong of military and naval aristocracy.

MacArthur never claimed for a moment to be an aristocrat. He is a fighter. He cares little for theory. He is a practical soldier. He had asked time and again for a speed-up of supplies for air, ground and artillery forces. Some of these things he had received. But until the past six months many quarters looked upon the Philippines as a degenerate stepchild ready to be cut off ex-Uncle Sam's coattail at the earliest possible moment, 1946 being too far away for many.

A few voices cried in the wilderness. They were men like former High Commissioner Paul V. McNutt, General MacArthur, Admiral Yarnell, Admiral Thomas C. Hart and Admiral Arthur J. Hepburn, author of the famous Hepburn Report which several years ago urged fuller defenses for the Pacific islands against just such a contingency as we have now come to face.

When the Japs landed, the troops, the general staff and the population dug their toes and heels into the jungles of the rice paddies; they took positions in trees; new guerrilla fighters went into the enemy camps with hand grenades and sticks of dynamite; thousands of young Filipinos volunteered for service—and were accepted. The President of the United States had said that he was counting on "every Filipino—man, woman and child—to do his duty."

Believe me, they did it!

They took a pasting. The Japanese bombed the declared open city of Manila. The Japanese strafed bamboo villages, killing noncombatants. There were many stories of atrocities. The Japanese tried to give the Filipino a shot of this big brother business. Yet none of these things frightened or enticed the average Filipino into welcoming the Japanese. Nor at any time did the Filipino soldier quit and give up to the Japanese.

"Yes, we complained about a leak in the radiator this morning, but it's all right now!" FRED BALK

No matter what happens in the Philippines, MacArthur has the population in his pocket. They trust him.

He told me he did not try to give them the typical propaganda approach. I discussed this with him at some length not long before he left for his new position with the first echelon. He had just announced that it was being considered that Manila might be declared an open city. There had been unsuccessful reports from several fronts for about two days. That was on December 24th—the day before Christmas. Manila was getting bombed at least twice each day and once during the nights. The population of Manila was jittery.

"Why tell them this discouraging news and then say that you are considering declaring Manila an open city?" I asked. "Doesn't that create a feeling of helplessness?"

This tall, expressionless general—the only modern American Army officer ever to hold the post of a full four-star general twice in one career—this usually affable, now slow-spoken officer, took a long draw at his cigar.

"This is what I want to do," he said. "I want to be perfectly honest with these people. I want them to know nearly everything I know. I'm confident they can take it and come back for more. They realize I'll fight to the last. They realize I'll not take a run-out powder on them. If I give them the bad news along with the good, when it comes, then they'll know I've never tried to trick them." He paused in thought a moment.

"I don't believe in feeding the population of any country false information. If you build false confidence and you are not successful, you lose their trust forever. If you give him the truth, the average civilian can take a lot more than these propaganda artists tell you is possible. And then when you tell the public you are holding or you are doing better it gives them something to hang on to."

He said a lot more, but this will give you an idea of the man who, knowing that President Manuel Quezon of the Philippine Commonwealth had already left Manila and that United States High Commissioner Sayre was leaving that afternoon, was still willing to go on telling the population of the Philippines that things didn't look so good.

If the news of Quezon's and Sayre's leaving had got out that afternoon, along with the statement of the consideration of Manila as an open city, I don't know what would have happened. But MacArthur trusted the press. He trusted us as individuals and as a group. His trust, I'm happy to say, was properly placed. The public spirit hit bottom and then gradually rose a few days after Christmas due to its own grim determination to fight to the very end.

They Did Their Best

Americans and Filipinos have taken a terrific toll of Japanese lives despite their numerical inferiority. When I say the Japs had numerical superiority I don't just mean three or four to one.

MacArthur made good use of every bit of geological advantage this island of Luzon offered for his defense and his counterattacks. This is no military secret. Anyone with a geography book can see where the plain from Lingayen Gulf sweeps down toward Manila. On the southern Manila front, the "MacArthur line"—not to be confused with any of the mechanized European-type lines—had only the natural terrain of mountains and rivers, all of which he utilized to the utmost.

If I've mentioned Filipino troops more than Americans in this, it's because the Filipinos had to do the first heavy outside fighting. On the ground, the Americans manned artillery and tanks. The American infantry units gave the Japanese an awful handling. But obviously I can't tell you the percentages of American and Filipino troops.

Newton D. Baker, former United States Secretary of War, called General MacArthur "the greatest front-line general of the first World War." And he's with the first echelon of World War II as this is being written.

His reputation precedes him. His qualities as a fighter are known and proved here. The people of the Philippines have placed their full trust in General MacArthur and in the pledge of eventual victory they've received from President Franklin D. Roosevelt in Washington, D. C.

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Galloping Gold Mine

Continued from page 16

him. Horsemen are pretty leery about that initial get. There's no way of telling how it'll turn out. But, shucks, I've been taking longer chances than the $700 we gambled on Alsab. Still, I must admit, I told Mr. Sabath not to go over $1,200 in the bidding. I shudder to think how I'd feel today if somebody had bid $1,300."

There isn't a horseman in America who doubts that Alsab will go on to be just as great a three-year-old as he was a two-year-old. To a man, they agree that he's the greatest bit of racing flesh since Man o' War.

Willie Knapp, the old jockey who rode Upset when the latter handed Man o' War his lone defeat back in 1919, was talking about this: "A lot of people have asked me to compare Alsab and Man o' War. I can't. Nobody can. The only thing we know is that Alsab has run faster as a two-year-old than Big Red ever did. I know, too, that he's done it despite a far harder racing schedule. Alsab has campaigned the hard way. He's galloped on all kinds of tracks—fast, good, slow and sloppy. He's had half a dozen different jockeys. He's beaten his way through big, unwieldy fields on sheer heart and courage. He's won from behind and galloped in front. It's all been the same to Alsab."

Willie paused to light a cigar. "As a matter of fact," he added, "they are two entirely different types of horses. Man o' War was the nervous, jittery type. Alsab is as gentle as a lamb. He's never been known to kick up a fuss at the starting gate. They run differently, too. Man o' War ran with his head held high like a charger storming into battle. Alsab drifts along with his head low to the ground like a greyhound. But they do have one thing in common—a deep love of running."

Alsab has an amazing temperament. "I've never seen a friendlier horse," says Sarge Swenke. "Nothing seems to bother him. The stable swipes last summer used to fuss more about the flies than he did. He's a great shipper, too. He travels with the ease of a seasoned rail-rider. He never frets or fumes."

He is a horse of the world. Alsab bosses Stubby, his black and white stall pony and constant companion. He bosses the help and gets what he wants without horse hysterics. He's level-headed about his fame—a stoic about visitors in general. Yet the arrival of his favorite friends—Mrs. Swenke, his trainer's wife, and Yokum, his Negro stable attendant since his racing days began—causes him to break down mildly. He paws his stall floor and does a bit of "nuzzling" and then seems to remember that he is Alsab the colt wonder.

"Perhaps it's because we've never pampered him," is Sarge's explanation of this. "We've worked him harder than the average two-year-old, but he's thrived on it. I don't see any reason why he shouldn't be just as good in 1942 as he was last season. And don't let anybody tell you he's been burned out."

No Pampering for Alsab

Compared to the treatment given Whirlaway by Plain Ben Jones, you'd think Alsab was a common plater. The long-tailed stormy petrel of the track who galloped to the triple crown last spring is pampered like a baby. Strong Dan Barnett, his groom, sees to it that the Derby king gets his balanced daily ration of dry cereals, greens and roughage, gives him his rubdowns, sees that his leg bandages are smooth and comfortable, shields him from visitors and sudden noises, and measures out the prescribed tonics.

Alsab, on the other hand, has a very plain and ordinary diet. No fancy mixtures for the son of Good Goods. He gets twelve quarts of oats and two racks of hay daily, plus carrots, apples, and oranges for vitamins. His one superluxury is orange juice, which he delights in licking off the Sarge's fingers. He greets all visitors with the same friendly nudging nose.

Both Swenke and Al Sabath are calm, solid citizens who have known what losers are and who have not forgotten that you never can tell what lies around the bend of the stretch. Sabath is a substantial corporation counsel, and a veteran race-track official in Chicago. He loves horses and he has always kept a small stable of seven or eight platers of the kind bettors generally lose on in the last race. But he has never known the thrill of standing in the ring at Church-

"Thought I'd just mess around—so many great discoveries are made by some lucky accident" D. ALAIN

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ill Downs as they place the wreath of roses around his horse's head.

The turf mob doesn't think there are going to be any disappointments, even though they know the sad fate of other great two-year-olds like El Chico, Pompey and High Strung, who never came close to equaling the glory of their yearling days. They remember, too, tragedies of the track that halted the careers of colts with such contrasting heritage as Sky Larking and Goldie F. Sky Larking won the Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga in 1937, looked like a sure Derby bet. But one afternoon that fall, he stepped into a hole coming down the long straightaway at Belmont, broke a leg and had to be destroyed. Goldie F., at the other end of the social scale, was another bargain-counter wonder and a claiming-race star. The little filly was bought for $75 in 1935 and went on to win eight straight races in Florida the next winter, picking up thousands of dollars in purses. But two weeks after being shipped north to Jamaica, she was dead of pneumonia.

Yet, despite past history, the rush to the Alsab bandwagon has been unanimous. A lot can happen in the winter months while the colt is filling out and reaching his full stature. Already since Belmont, he has picked up eighty pounds and he will scale at around 925 pounds by spring. His conformation and bone structure are perfect. The powerful shoulders—the first thing that sold Swenke on him after he'd seen him—are those of a horse that will be a stayer. The leanness that caused many of the Saratoga bidders to shy away is disappearing as he grows, and today he's really a picture-book horse.

The Incredible Happens

But it's the record book that's really sold the sports world on Alsab. You can't throw that away. Let's go back a bit and look at what he's done since those January mornings at Hialeah in Miami, when even Swenke wasn't sure that he hadn't come up with another lemon. After he had been broken in at Lexington the previous fall, he developed spongy ankles—a malady that has ruined many a racing career. At one time, Swenke said to himself, "He's never going to get to the races." But he never gave up on Alsab completely—even after he finished a dead last, fifteen lengths behind the next-to-last horse in a fourteen-horse field. He worked on the colt carefully and didn't press him in this initial race because he had faith in the animal, and knew that a muddy track might not be favorable to a green youngster. The Sarge remembered that Good Goods had not favored mud.

Then came the morning when the mist hung low over the Tropical Park track, and the clockers on the rail refused to believe their watches. Alsab had run a quarter of a mile in twenty-two seconds. That incredible workout told Swenke that maybe there was something in that hunch he had had.

Sarge was too old a hand to get excited. He'd seen too many horses flash a burst of speed only to fade out when some other racer came up to look them in the eye. And it was not until the Joliet Stakes at the end of May in Chicago, that he was completely sold on Alsab.

"I knew after that race that I'd come up with a dream horse, a real phenomenon," Swenke chuckles reminiscently. "He was knocked around, pushed back and given a flying hip or two, but he kept coming on, biding his time as he waited for an opening. Then he saw one, and, like a football halfback finding a slit of daylight in an enemy line, he wedged his way through, broke for the open and won going away by five lengths. I knew then that he was not only a fast horse, and a smart one, but that he had the heart to go with the brains and the speed."

Even though he had won four races before that at Tropical, Keeneland, Churchill Downs and Lincoln Fields, Alsab hadn't really caught the public eye. In his next start, at Suffolk Downs, he laid off the pace too long, and though he closed like the Twentieth Century making up time, he was beaten half a length by a thing called Eternal Bull. From there on, it has been one parade of triumphs.

It was not until his match race with Requested at Alfred Vanderbilt's Belmont Park that the man in the street awoke to the romance of Alsab's rise.

It was a chance remark by Swenke in a Chicago radio interview that sent Alsab riding eastward to Belmont and the race that gained him lasting stature. "It was really a slip of the tongue," Swenke confesses, "when I said that my baby could beat any horse in the East." Alfred Vanderbilt heard about it and decided to put on the match race between Alsab and Requested, a good colt who had won some fast races but who, like Alsab, had not been thought enough of as a foal to be nominated for the richer two-year-old stakes such as the Saratoga Hopeful and the Belmont Futurity.

Thus the two colts, both from the other side of the tracks as far as stake nominations go, were sent to the post in that special six-and-a-half-furlong race on a sunny September afternoon at America's Newmarket.

A record week-day crowd jammed the lovely lawns of Belmont that day. Despite Alsab's string of victories outside of New York, the bettors made Requested a 3-5 favorite in the mutuel machines. Swenke's charge had plenty of support, though, going off at close to even money.

Jockey Johnny Westrope got Requested away on top, with Alsab hot on his flying heels. Coming into the turn, Alsab made his bid, and with Jockey Robert Lee Vedder spanking him soundly, went around Requested like a cooper around a barrel. He won by three lengths in the fancy time of 1:16, only a fifth of a second off Snark's world record time for that distance. The electric teletimer had clocked him in 1:09:4-5 at the six-furlong mark, and veteran timers recalled that Man o' War's best time for that route as a two-year-old had been 1:11:1-5!

Still, the "Sysonby Set"—the old-timers of the game—resented the coupling of Alsab's name with that of Man o' War. It was an infamous outrage in their opinion. But even they had to swallow their resentment on Getaway Day at Belmont when Alsab went to the post in the famous Champagne Stakes. The track was slow after a night of rain for this first mile bid of the Sabath sensation.

Jockey Vedder had been set down during the week for a minor rules infraction on another horse, and again Swenke had to call on a jockey strange to Alsab. This time he engaged Carroll Bierman, who rode Gallahadion to his amazing upset triumph in the 1940 Kentucky Derby.

Bierman committed a cardinal riding sin by allowing Alsab to get pocketed on the turn for home as he tried to go by on the inside. A lesser steed would surely have been beaten by this error. But neither Alsab nor Bierman seemed a bit ruffled. Bierman eased his mount back from trouble at the expense of several racing lengths and took the long way home on the outside.

Seven long lengths was the margin at the finish, but it was not until the official time went up on the red board that the great crowd realized that history had been written before their eyes. Alsab's time of 1:35:2-5 was the fastest mile by three fifths of a second ever run by a two-year-old on the American continent.

The real food for thought for the Sysonby Set came in the fact that it was two fifths of a second faster than Man o' War's best Belmont mile. That was in 1921 when Big Red went the distance in the Withers in 1:35:4-5. He had to go all out on the fast track to do it, too, with only 118 pounds up compared to Alsab's 122.

History in the Making

Oldsters never lose their illusions as to the excellence of the past. It's a school which insists that Tommy Harmon can't carry Red Grange's helmet, Joe Louis can't lace up Dempsey's gloves, or Joe DiMaggio carry Ty Cobb's bat. Yet in the case of Alsab, they have been liberal in their desire to include him among the equine heroes of yesterday. Trainers like George Odom and Ben Jones; jockeys like Bierman, Eddie Arcaro and Alfie Robertson, the 1941 wonder rider who piloted six horses to triumph in one afternoon at Belmont Park, all join in singing the colt's praises.

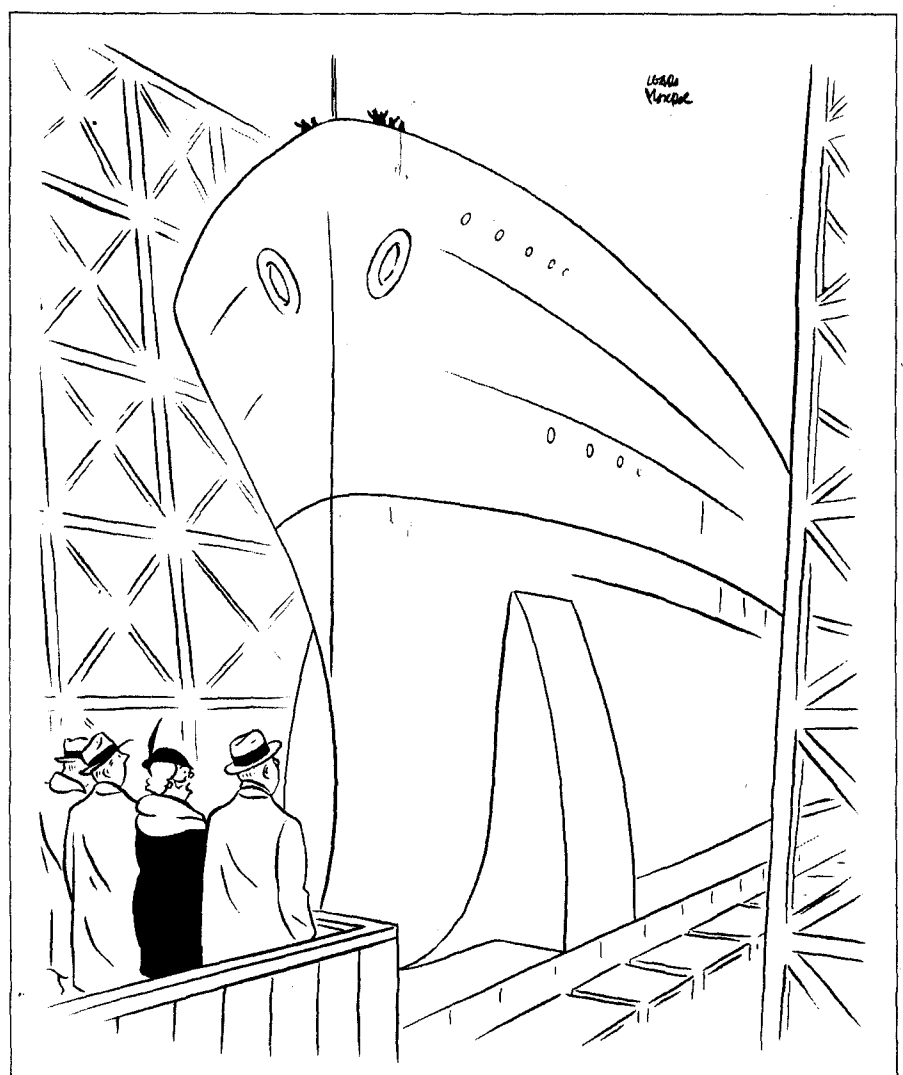
Even Louis Feustel, who trained Man o' War from the time they led him out of that same Saratoga auction after he had been knocked down to Samuel Riddle for $5,000 until he went to his last post, is beginning to wonder if his idol's peer hasn't come along. "I'm probably prejudiced," he says, "but I don't think you can say that he's Big Red's equal yet. Don't forget that Big Red's greatest triumphs came when he won twelve straight as a three-year-old. We'll have to wait a bit on Alsab before we write his final ranking into the big book. But I will say this: that I've never before seen a colt with Alsab's possibilities."

Alsab was nominated for the Kentucky Derby earlier than any horse in history. He is the shortest-priced winter-book favorite on record. The Run for the Roses is Sarge Swenke's real goal. That's the one he wants most of all. Of course, it's the dream, too, of every trainer the country over. Winning it would be only poetic justice for Swenke, who's known all the heartbreak of the "leaky-roof circuit"—this fellow who won the Distinguished Service Cross for wiping out a German machine-gun nest at St. Mihiel. Born in the shadow of Baltimore's Pimlico track, a fisticuffer of note during Camp Meade days of World War I, he built up a fine stable of his own only to lose it in the late depression. With a helping hand from the genial Sabath, he has come bouncing back, and now it seems as though fortune has touched him with a golden wand.

If he never wins another race, Sabath will remain eternally grateful to Humming Bob Smith for a trip he made to Washington years ago. Smith, who trained Cavalcade, Mrs. Dodge Sloan's good winner, also had charge of Good Goods, Alsab's sire. The latter was a sickly colt, suffering from rickets. He would have been destroyed, but for Smith.

Humming Bob demanded one last reprieve and went to see Dr. Cary Grayson, Woodrow Wilson's personal physician, in the nation's capital. He persuaded Grayson to take him through the ward in the Children's Hospital where they treated sufferers from rickets. After that, he ordered certain medicines and fed them to Good Goods. The horse recuperated and went on to become a fine racer in his own right, and later to sire Alsab.

Suppose there were no Alsab today! One of turfdom's most dramatic stories would never have been written and there'd be no galloping gold mine paying off rich dividends!



"Why do they make them so big—the water covers up most of it anyhow"

WADE MONROE

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Masquerade in Miami

Continued from page 23

way. Now s'pose we discuss what you've got in mind, and what we can do about it."

"All right. We know that Alan flew from Havana to Miami on December twelfth. Maybe we can double-check that by going over the records at the airport, and perhaps even seeing his customs declaration. He must have signed that himself . . . and that would prove he actually got here."

"You sure are thorough, Gail. You know he left Havana on that plane; now you want to be sure he got heah. You reckon maybe he jumped out on the way over?"

She laughed with genuine amusement. "I must be slightly nuts."

"You're mighty sweet; that's what you are. It's a pity you got to waste it all on a mining engineer instead of a nice, steady young man like me. But since you did, why I reckon we got to produce him out of the haystack."

She said, "The only trouble with you, Vance, is that you're much too nice."

"Yeah, I know. I was destined to be the best friend of a lot of nice girls. Nobody seems to take me real serious. But go ahead."

"I will. And promise not to laugh. I have a crazy feeling that I might find out something here in Miami. The same intuition which sent me on this wild-goose chase."

"You might find out what sort of thing?"

"SUPPOSE Alan was taken ill on the ship, and got off at Havana for that reason. If he could possibly arrange it, he'd have come back to the States for medical attention instead of staying in a foreign country. So we can inquire at all the hospitals. If we don't get any information there, we can go to the hotels. He must have checked in somewhere, and if he did not stay in Miami, there's a chance that he might have made his reservations through a hotel porter. We can also find out if he booked on any ship or plane leaving here . . ."

"Or," finished Crawford practically, "he might have left by train or bus, and in neither of those cases would there be any record of it."

"I know . . ." She stared thoughtfully at the tablecloth, then looked up suddenly. "Even though you think I'm crazy . . . you'll help me, won't you?"

"You got no call wastin' breath like that."

"I know. . . . Maybe that's why I came to Miami in the first place: because you're the one man I need most."

"You quit flingin' compliments at me. Just tell me what time tomorrow morning I'm to pick you up."

"Nine o'clock?"

"I'll be sittin' right down in the lobby," he smiled, "from eight-thirty. And now, s'pose we forget all these troubles an' talk about ourselves for a little while."

"All right." She knew that he was trying to snap her out of a depression. "Tell me about electric toasters and your newest style percolator. And try explaining why you keep on not reducing."

He sighed prodigiously. "There you go—pokin' fun at a fat man. Look, honey, were you ever exposed to years of Southern cookin'?"

And so they did change the subject, and after he paid the check he took her for a ride in his convertible. He drove her across the causeway to Miami Beach and then northward along Collins Avenue, pointing out the various points of interest, designating the more pretentious estates . . .

"And yonder," he said once, "is where Lew Hartley lives. It's a right pretty place."

They rolled past Lew Hartley's estate and continued along the shore. The moon was bright, the night crystal-clear. Vance Crawford was a gentle person, and soothing, and he worked adroitly so that her nerves ceased jangling and most of her worries were temporarily dispelled. He drove to Fort Lauderdale and then back. They stopped at a roadside stand and ate hot dogs, and by that time she was really enjoying herself. At her hotel in Miami, she told him good night.

She said, "You're the best, Vance."

"I sure am," he grinned. "And I'm pretty, too."

She went to her room. Much to her amazement she slept soundly and the sunshine was streaming across Biscayne Bay when she awoke.

She ordered coffee and rolls and fruit juice, and then dressed and went downstairs. Vance hoisted his ponderous figure out of a club chair and came forward to greet her. "The chariot awaits without," he announced. "So let's get rollin'."

THEY rolled. All that day and the next and the next. They proved facts which they already knew, and then found themselves at a dead end. Yes, Alan had arrived in Miami. He personally had signed his customs declaration. So far as they could discover, he had not checked into any hotel or hospital. There was no record of his having left Miami by plane or steamship. And so when they drove back to Gail's hotel on the night of the seventeenth, she announced that she was through.

"There's nowhere else to look, Vance . . . you don't have to tell me. I'll go back to New York tomorrow—and wait."

"Wait fo' what, honey?"

"I'm bound to hear from him sooner or later."

"I reckon so." His fingers closed on her arm. "I sure am sorry, Gail. But maybe you were all wrong in the first place. Maybe there *was* a little change in plans . . . well, yes, I know there positively was. You haven't got the faintest idea what his bosses might have told him."

"THAT'S the point, Vance. I don't even know who his bosses are. I only know that they gave him twenty thousand dollars when they knew perfectly well he'd have taken the job for less than half that amount. It doesn't add up right and it never will."

"Men always have the advantage—if we didn't owe $7.85 we wouldn't have to pay any attention to them!"

WILLIAM SPAAR

"You've done your best, Gail. Nothin' mo' you *can* do. Now, tell me: Have I been a good boy?"

"You'll never know what you've meant . . ."

"I'm askin' a favor, honey."

"What is it?"

"I want one evenin' of fun with you. I want to take you places an' show you things. We're havin' a great big season an' you haven't seen any of it. I want to take you around so when you do go back to New York you won't be thinkin' of Miami as just a lot of hospitals and hotel registers and things like that. So what do you say?"

She said yes, and promised to have a good time. After all, she had done everything possible, and Vance deserved a break. He wanted to take her places: very well, she'd go, and she'd darn well see to it that he enjoyed himself. It was the least she could do . . . the only way she knew of saying thanks.

As a matter of fact, once they started, she found herself having a good time without making a conscious effort. Vance was bright and gay; he knew everybody everywhere. She was introduced to scores of people, and was flattered by the pride which Vance seemed to take in her.

She saw Miami in all its gaiety and glitter and madness. They went to night clubs, they dropped in at the Biscayne Fronton to see some jai alai, they went to more night clubs. And they wound up shortly after midnight at the gaudy, tinseled spot which at that moment was perhaps most in favor with the winter crowd.

The place had everything: dance music which was hot and swingy, and music which was soft and sweet. It had a rumba orchestra which dispensed Cuban rhythms when the other band was resting. It had a floor show with a few names and a line of comely girls. It had good food and excellent drinks. It had a gambling room. There was an organized madness, a carefully calculated atmosphere of hilarity.

But it fitted in well with Gail's mood and with Vance Crawford's good nature. She was a good dancer and he, despite his size, danced amazingly well. But shortly after one o'clock they decided they'd had enough of dancing. They had drinks and then he suggested that they drift into the gambling room and watch the play.

THE gambling room was large and ornate. About it there was the odd, subdued atmosphere which is usually found in such places: the click of ivory balls in the roulette wheels; the clatter of dice at the chuck-a-luck game, the strident voices of the croupiers at the crap tables.

One dice table at the far end of the room was jammed. Every available inch of space about it was taken, and the crowd of onlookers gave mute testimony to the fact that there was some heavy play going on. Vance said, "This ought to be interesting. . . ."

They approached the table. Gail could see the faces of the croupiers and the backs of most of the players. Vance was saying, "Sometimes they have a real big play . . ." and then he realized that she had stopped walking. He turned toward her, smiling . . . and the smile left his lips.

Gail was staring at the crowd which was clustered about the dice table. She was gazing at the back of a tall man who was standing motionless in the midst of that throng. Her face was pallid, her eyes wide. Vance said, "What is it, honey?"

She moistened her lips and pointed toward the tall man. "There," she said. "That man . . ."

"What about him?"

She shook her head as though disbelieving the evidence of her senses.

"That," she said, "is Alan!"

Vance whistled. He started to say something, then changed his mind as he caught the strained, bewildered look on the girl's face.

Gail started forward. She felt sensations of relief, surprise—and more than a hint of resentment. Of all the wild possibilities she had considered, this was the most remote: Alan Douglas in Miami, obviously enjoying himself, concentrating on a dice game. . . .

Gail Foster shouldered her way through the crowd. She touched the tall man on the arm. She said, "Alan! What in the world . . ."

The man whom she had called Alan, turned slowly from the dice table. He turned so that he faced her.

She experienced an instant of shock. The man who had been Alan was Alan

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no longer. Alan's eyes looked straight into hers, but it was not Alan Douglas' face.

The face into which she gazed was an evil face. A scar over the left eye imparted an oddly sinister appearance. The nose was large and hooked. There was a black mustache. She had the uncomfortable, almost terrifying, sensation of a nightmare. And then the man spoke. His voice was gruff, harsh, rude.

He said, "What do you want?"

The color flooded back to her cheeks. She dropped back a step. She said, "I'm sorry . . . I thought . . ."

Other people were looking at them. She saw that this man was holding a stack of red and green chips. He said, "Don't touch me when I'm gambling."

The rudeness was inexcusable. It was like a slap in the face. Vance Crawford moved forward, his face flushed. He took Gail by the arm and drew her away. She said, faintly, "Who is that?"

He saw that she was upset. "That's Lew Hartley," he explained. "He's coarse as mud. Everybody dislikes him."

"That's understandable . . ." She said that only because she felt that she had to say something. The whole thing was unreal. Vance said, "Let's go back and have another rumba . . ." but she wasn't listening.

She was staring at the back of the tall man who once again was absorbed in his gambling. Instinct was battling against cold logic. She saw Hartley raise his right hand and rub it against his cheek. She saw him nod at something which was happening. She saw him light a cigarette, using one hand—not two—to shield his match.

Those gestures belonged to Alan Douglas. Little, inconsequential mannerisms . . . but they were his. The longer she looked, the more certain she became. She turned to Vance Crawford: "You're sure that's Lew Hartley?"

"Of course I'm sure, honey. Everybody down here knows him. Why do you ask?"

Her voice was tight. She said, "That isn't Lew Hartley. That's Alan."

Vance laughed. "You're crazy, Gail . . . plumb crazy."

She started toward the other room and Vance followed. At their table again, she stared at her companion.

"Listen, Vance," she said, "and call me crazy again if you want. But I'm not crazy. That man you call Lew Hartley is Alan Douglas. And I'm going to stay right here in Miami until I prove it."

BISCAYNE FRONTON was crowded. Out on the tremendous three-walled cancha some of the greatest jai-alai players in the world were performing brilliantly in what is probably the fastest and most dangerous game played by humans.

This particular elimination contest was unusually exciting. Two recently imported Cuban players: the thin, bespectacled Epifano, and his doubles partner, Macala, had started from nothing and were now within a point of winning the contest and of paying off heavily on the mutuel machines.

The rally which eventuated was sensational, and it ended abruptly when the young and shrewd Macala made a dead kill in the lower left corner of the 168-foot playing arena. There was a burst of cheering, accompanied by the groans of those who had lost their bets. Gail Foster, sitting with Vance Crawford, pointed to a man who was seated in the first row. She said, "Look—Alan lost."

The man she called Alan, and whom Vance Crawford still insisted was named Lew Hartley, tossed a sheaf of mutuel tickets to the floor. Vance said, "He bet heavy on that one."

"Alan can't afford . . ."

Vance turned to the girl at his side. He said, "I don't know much about Alan's finances, honey; but Lew Hartley, who just pitched those losing tickets away, can afford a thousand times that much."

GAIL refused to argue. She gazed down at the group in the box just behind the protection screen. They had come in during the playing of the third of seven games: the tall, hawklike man whom Vance called Lew Hartley: the vividly beautiful copper-haired girl, and a rather inconspicuous young man.

Since that first startling glimpse of the man called Hartley, Gail had managed to see him many times—always at a distance. On each occasion he had been accompanied by Sunny Ralston and also by the young man whom Vance identified as Lew Hartley's personal bodyguard.

Gail had made no further attempt to speak to the tall man who she believed was Alan. She had placed herself always so that she could study his unconsidered gestures. Each day she became more certain and more bewildered.

She looked away from the trio in the box and turned to the big man at her side. She said, "You're not enjoying the jai alai, Vance."

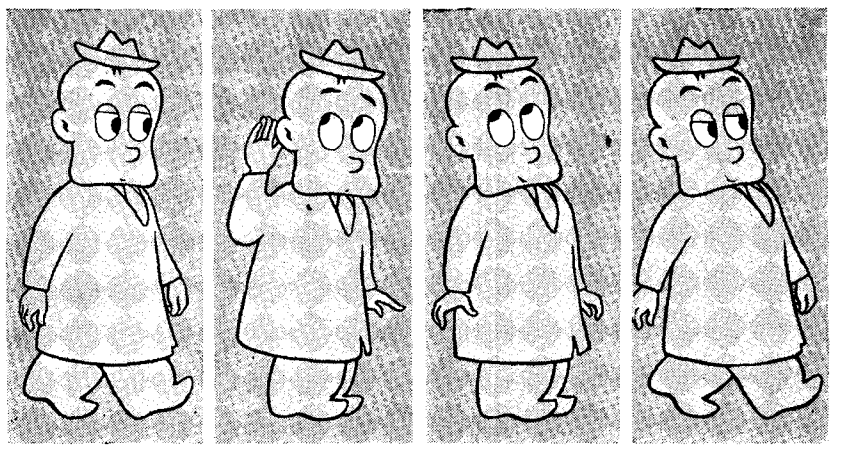
A smile creased his lips and he shook his head. "That isn't hardly the right word, honey. If it was anybody but you, I'd say I was plumb exasperated."

"Because . . . ?"

"Yes. Because. For three days we've been traipsin' all over Miami, you and me. We've been to horse races, dog tracks, jai alai, gambling houses and night clubs. And you're just as crazy now as you were at the beginning."

She covered her hand with his. "You've been wonderfully patient, Vance. But I'm not crazy."

"Seems to me you are. You see,



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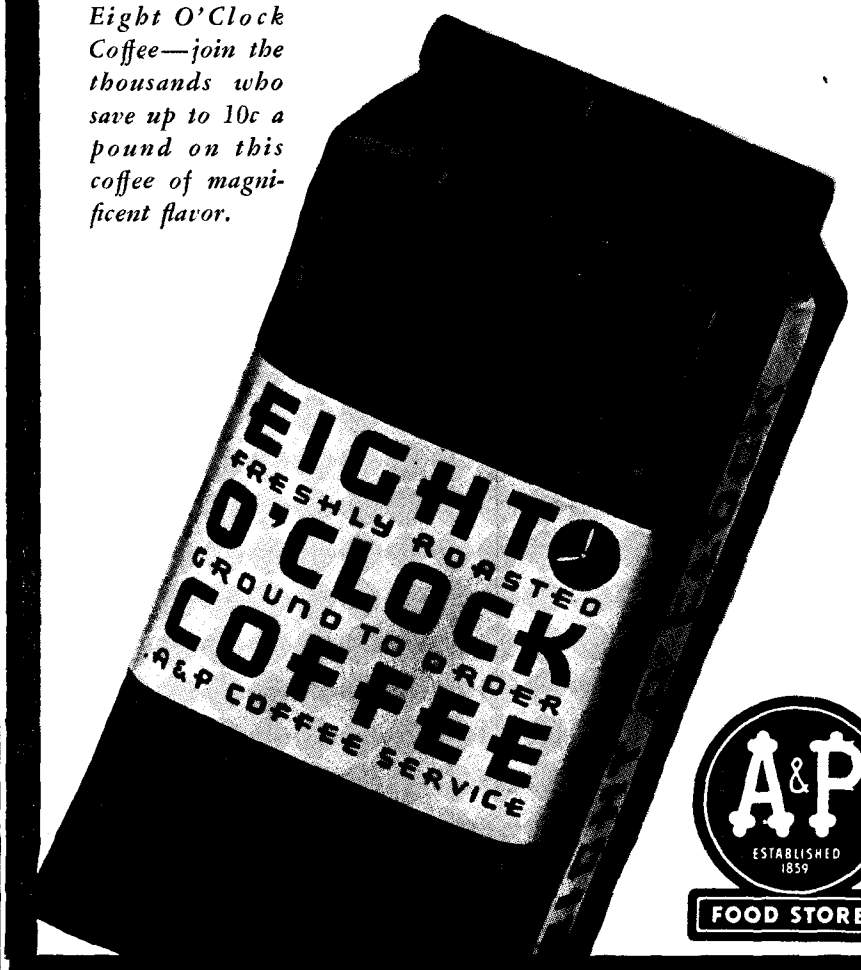

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honey, I'm admitting that what Alan did to you was a little on the peculiar side, but you'll never make me agree that Lew Hartley isn't Lew Hartley."

A shadow appeared briefly in her clear gray eyes.

"You haven't much faith in feminine intuition, have you?"

"No, ma'am, I sure haven't. Not any more. Look, Gail—ever since the other night when you saw Lew in that gambling house, I've been doin' a heap of investigatin'. Lew's house was opened on the sixth of January, like it is every year. He got to Miami the next day. Ev'ybody that knows him says it's Lew . . ."

Gail said, "I've been trailing him for three days and nights, Vance. I've seen him when he didn't know he was being watched." She laughed, but there wasn't much mirth in it. "I know he looks like Lew Hartley. I know he lives in Hartley's house. I know he does all the things Hartley is supposed to do . . . but, Vance, you've got to believe I'm not demented when I still insist that it isn't Lew Hartley at all. It's Alan."

He sighed. "I don't know how I keep on bein' so fond of you, Gail."

She pressed her point, as though she were trying to convince herself. "When you know somebody as intimately as I know Alan . . . well, you see things. Little gestures, little mannerisms. I've seen those day after day. I couldn't be wrong."

"You ain't bein' right reasonable either, Gail. Mind you, I'm not kickin'. Anything that keeps you in Miami is fine with me. But I don't like to see you getting all hot and bothered over any idea as absurd as this one." He lighted a cigarette and gazed at her reflectively through the thin haze of fragrant smoke. "I reckon heaps of folks would be surprised at the suggestion that Lew isn't Lew. Sunny Ralston, for instance."

Gail looked away for a moment, and her voice was a shade deeper when she spoke again. "What is her relationship to Hartley?"

Vance Crawford shrugged. "That's pretty obvious, isn't it? I don't reckon I got to start teaching you the facts of life. Sunny's been comin' heah with Lew for three seasons. Keeps house for him, you might say. Now, if you can give me one good reason why they should make Alan look like Lew Hartley and send him down heah to have fun . . . if you'll tell me where Lew Hartley is . . . if you'll make me believe it's possible that Lew's girl friend is playing house with Alan but still thinks it's Lew . . . honest, Gail—I get peeved at myself for even arguin' about it."

She said, "I don't blame you."

"But you're still sure . . ."

"Yes. And no . . ." She looked down at the box again. Sunny Ralston had turned slightly so that Gail could see her profile. The girl had something—no question about that. She was talking to Hartley, and she was laughing.

THE players came on the court to practice for the last game. They started throwing easily: catching the pelota in their cestas and hurling it against the front wall. Easy, graceful, incredibly deft.

Spectators were drifting in from the betting booths. An obsequious attendant approached Hartley and said something. Gail saw the boy back away suddenly as though he'd been slapped. That seemed to fit in with Lew Hartley's reputation.

Then she saw Sunny Ralston shrug into her ermine wrap. She saw the tall man adjust it about soft, bare shoulders. She saw the bodyguard get up and stand motionless, looking at nothing.

They were leaving. The tall man took Sunny's arm. People stared.

Gail caught a clear view of the face of the man with Sunny Ralston. It was a grim, unpleasant, frightening face.

Gail's uncertainty returned. This wasn't Alan. It couldn't be Alan.

Then the man raised his eyes, as though he had felt hers upon him. Across the heads of restless spectators the eyes of Alan Douglas looked straight into the eyes of his fiancée. And it was at that instant that Gail Foster reached a definite, irrevocable decision. She turned to her companion and said quietly, "I'm staying in town, Vance—until I find out for sure."

"I'm not unhappy about that, honey."

She said, "That job you said you could get for me . . . ?"

"I can get it all right. It won't pay much."

"That doesn't matter. I have some money saved. The thing about this job is that it'll give me an entree . . . perhaps even to one of Miss Ralston's parties at Mr. Hartley's place."

"Uh-huh. It'll do that. But you sure are stickin' your neck way out, Gail." He glanced at his watch. "'Tain't as early as it was. S'pose we start travelin'. Tomorrow mornin' we'll go see Lee and Niki about the job . . ."

LEE THORPE was an ex-newspaperman. He was 33 years of age; tall, angular, pleasant, perpetually worried—and ridiculously in love with his wife. And Niki Thorpe was everything that her husband wasn't. She was short and stout and always about to embark on a rigid diet. She bubbled over with good humor. She was six years her husband's junior . . . and adored him. They owned a cozy little cottage, two Boston terriers of opposite sexes, a garden full of flowers, a somewhat asthmatic car which they were always intending to trade in on a new one, a modest mortgage and a magazine called Surf & Sunshine.

Surf & Sunshine was a hardy perennial. From April first to January first each year it lay dormant. From the beginning to the end of the Miami season it sprang into blossom and brought headaches and income to the unpredictable Thorpes.

It was a class publication, issued weekly on the finest grade of paper. Its art work, which was supervised by Niki, was excellent; its format attractive. It had a small but important circulation among the winter colony whose comings and goings and carryings-on it chronicled at great length. It printed lots of names and lots of pictures, and specialized in glowing accounts of the social activities of wealthy winter residents. It made a fairly successful effort to be smart. It existed by virtue of its advertising.

There are few shopping centers in the world smarter than those of Miami Beach and Miami during the height of the winter season. New York firms whose names connote wealth and class maintain branches on the beach. Certain other shops which flourish there and in the city itself are exclusive and expensive in their own right. Scattered about the area are multitudes of luxurious hotels, restaurants and clubs. Almost without exception these shops and recreation spots reach the attention of the affluent and idle vacationists through the columns of Surf & Sunshine.

Vance Crawford conducted Gail into the tiny office which was shared by the irrepressible Niki and her thin and worried husband. Vance said, "Howdy. This is the Gail Foster I was telling you about."

Gail liked them both instantly. Niki shook hands and said, "It doesn't pay much . . ." and Gail said, "I'll take it," and Niki waved toward a battered oak desk in a tiny cubicle and stated, "It's yours, Miss Foster . . . if you can stand working for two people who aren't quite normal."

Vance said, "She'll fit from that angle. And at first I'll show her around . . . not because she's any fun, but I'm an eagle scout and I need another merit badge."

Niki said, "Vance knows the ropes. We dish out publicity to those who have enough money to patronize those who have enough money to advertise in Surf & Sunshine. So when do you start?"

Gail said, "I've already started. And if you happen to get caught in a jam, don't forget I'm an expert stenographer."

Vance said goodby and drove back to his office in Miami, leaving Gail with her new employers. Niki was called to the telephone and Lee Thorpe perched his lanky figure on Gail's desk.

"The job's a cinch," he told her, "if you keep your eyes and ears open. Don't forget that there's hardly a man, woman or child who doesn't crave publicity. You've got two strikes on 'em to start with. Sometimes they play cute—as though they didn't want it. Just back away from that kind, and you'll usually discover that they run you ragged to say they've changed their minds.

"Everything I've told you goes double down here in Miami. The swank places and hot spots are all glad to cooperate. They live on publicity. You won't have any trouble finding out that Mr. or Mrs. Big gave a party: the managers will get all the dope for you and beg you to print it. But remember this: We're not a newspaper. We print nothing but pleasant inanities." Lee Thorpe filled out an identification card. "This press pass will get you in anywhere. It is also a sort of guarantee that you won't have to pay checks in restaurants or admission to the tracks or the jai-alai games. Can you afford to rent a car?"

"Yes."

"Good. You'll need it. If what you're looking for is a nice winter vacation, this will give it to you."

"I'D LIKE to do a good job, too, you know. As I see it, you're a sort of social register—"

"But phony."

"I understand. If it's a big, expensive party—you print it."

"Right."

"Even if it's given by somebody like . . . well, say, this fellow Hartley."

"Hartley? Sure—'specially him. He and his girl friend are both spenders."

"Sunny Ralston?"

Lee looked up in surprise.

"You get around. How'd you know about her?"

"Vance pointed her out. She's easy to remember."

"Yeah! Sunny is a good example. She costs Hartley plenty, but she looks like she's worth it."

Gail picked her words carefully: "There's no question about their relationship, is there: Hers and Hartley's?"

"Good Lord, no. That checks 'em out of a lot of the nicer private homes, but they're welcome everywhere else—including the columns of Surf & Sunshine." Lee rose as Niki walked back

CHINA GOLD

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Contains NO opiates—NO narcotics

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into the room. He said to his wife, "We were just talking about Lew Hartley and that blond bombshell of his."

Niki laughed. "You've got to meet her, Gail. Sunny's an experience."

Gail said, "She must be. But how about Hartley?"

Niki made a grimace of distaste. "He's the most unpleasant man I ever met."

"I'd like to meet him, just the same."

"You'll have a chance. But look . . ." Niki's voice grew momentarily serious. "Remember he's a natural-born louse. Don't let him make you mad."

Gail Foster smiled. "I'll be on guard," she said, "as a matter of fact, I have a hunch that Mr. Hartley and I will get along very well together."

SAM GIBSON was small, slender and colored. He moved about the white-and-chromium kitchen of the Hartley house with a dignity befitting his post as valet to Mr. Hartley.

At the moment he was engaged in arranging Mr. Hartley's breakfast tray. He watched the culinary activities of the exceedingly ample cook with critical eye.

"You better be mighty particulous 'bout them aigs," he advised sternly. "Mistuh Hartley, he don't crave them hahd, nor neither soft."

Ethel said, "They's gwine be all right."

"An' the toast—he likes it with jes' a li'l butter, an' no burn. The bacon has got to be crisp or—"

"Or," broke in Annie Dill, the highly attractive dusky damsel whose official position was that of housemaid—"or Mistuh Hartley will mos' likely exterminate you."

Mr. Gibson bestowed upon Miss Dill a glance in which affection was mixed with disapproval. "'Tain't right fo' you to make talk like that, Annie," he chided. "Mistuh Hartley—he's a real nice gemmun."

"Yeah. An' I reckon you'd say that lions is real nice kittens." Miss Dill did not desire to quarrel with the dapper little valet, but she had the courage of her convictions. "Me, I ain't never worked fo' nobody was as mean an' ornery as Mistuh Hartley."

Sam shook his head. "'Tain't so, Annie. When I an' Mistuh Hartley is alone, he's real nice. He gimme two neckties an' a shirt yestiddy, an' he always inquires how Ise gittin' along. Trouble with you-all folks which don't git to see him private . . . you don't know the innermost man."

"Nor neither I don't yearn to, Brother Gibson. All I crave 'tween me an' the boss is plenty space. Ise tellin' you, he's mean as two dollars' worth of red pepper."

Sam finished arranging the tray and bore it proudly to the door. "If you-all was as deficient as me," he flung back over his shoulder, "you wouldn't have no trouble."

He walked up the back stairs and tiptoed down the hall past the door of Sunny Ralston's room. As he did so, the door opened and a very elegant young colored girl wearing the habiliments of a lady's maid, stepped into the hallway. She said, "Mawnin', Mistuh Gibson."

"Mawnin', Miss Geech."

Marvella Geech inspected the breakfast tray. "Ain't you never gwine learn to fix them things pretty? Ain't you got no artistic depreciation?"

"I ain't got nothin', Miss Geech," stated Sam, "except a profound distaste fo' uppity people like you. So gimme room an' leave me travel."

He shoved past Sunny's personal maid and tapped lightly on the door of Mr. Hartley's room. A voice called for him to enter and he walked inside. "Heah's yo' breakfas', Mistuh Hartley. Ev'ything just like you crave it."

He placed the tray on Alan's lap and stood back somewhat fearfully.

Halfway through the simple, tasty meal, Alan asked a question. "Anybody downstairs yet?"

"Yassuh. Mistah Williams, he come down long ago."

"What's he doing?"

"Jes' sittin', Mistuh Hartley. Jes' settin' an' lookin'."

"At what?"

"Nothin', suh. Mistuh Williams, he's always lookin' but never *at* nothin'."

"And Miss Ralston?"

"She jes' sent Marvella down to fetch her breakfas'."

Alan finished the last of his coffee and turned the tray back to Sam. The dapper little colored man asked, "What raiment you wearin' this mawnin', Mistuh Hartley?"

"Bathing suit and beach robe . . ." Alan lighted a cigarette. "And that'll be all for now, Sam."

"Yassuh," beamed Mr. Gibson as he started for the door. Alone in the hallway he nodded approval. "Reckon nobody 'ceptin' me don't know how to handle Mistuh Hartley. He bites ev'ybody else's head off, but with me he's gentle as a lamb."

In the solitude of Lew Hartley's bedroom, Alan Douglas relaxed against the pillows and gazed through the window at a sun-drenched beach and a sapphire sea. He stretched lazily and sighed.

Here was luxury such as he had never before experienced. Temporarily, he was master of this beautiful estate. Despite the odd role he was playing, despite the fact that he was called upon to be a thoroughly unpleasant person in public . . . he was enjoying himself hugely.

IN ALL this ointment, there was only one fly. In a life more placid and calm and delightful than anything he'd ever known, there was only one worry. But that worry was growing with each passing day, and the thought of it banished the smile from his lips.

Gail Foster! He'd seen her again last night at the jai-alai games. Every day he saw her: at the races, the dog tracks, at night clubs and in restaurants.

Somehow, some way, she had come to suspect something.

He was satisfied that neither Sunny Ralston nor Chuck Williams was aware of her. But the unhappy fact remained that here was the person who knew him best, and who obviously had set herself the task of breaking through his disguise.

The necessity for fooling Gail made him unhappy and uncomfortable. He hadn't the faintest idea how she'd happened to come to Miami in the first place, or what she was doing here now. He didn't know the identity of the affable and rather stout young gentleman in whose company he invariably saw her. He didn't know anything except that Gail suspected that he was not Lew Hartley . . . and that seemed to check a difficult and delicate job right up to him.

He realized now the soundness of Wayne Hamilton's original pronouncement that no scheme was infallible, that the most carefully laid plans were subject to disruption by things which could not possibly be foreseen. He understood now why Hamilton had insisted that the most important element in this fantastic deal was his integrity. But it was tough . . . playing this role in front of Gail, being denied the privilege of setting her mind at rest.

He hoped she'd become discouraged soon . . . and leave Miami. He hoped she would be convinced that he actually was Lew Hartley. But he was afraid that this was merely wishful thinking.

(To be continued next week)

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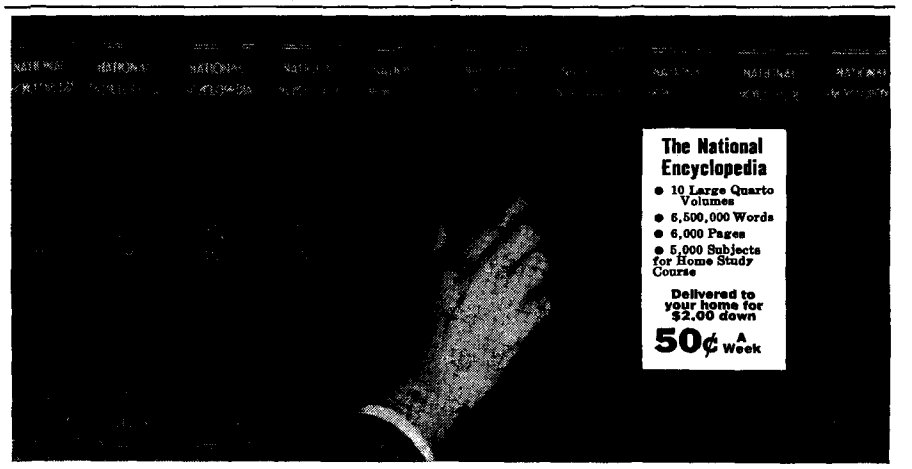

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3 ways at same time!

Break Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

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*Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.

BROMO-SELTZER

Any Week

Continued from page 4

conduct in the life of the newly wedded." Farther along Professor Bryan records the death of the mother of Mrs. Viviene Smith: "Elks Deputy, Mrs. Viviene Smith, has just returned from Santiago de Cuba where she was called to see the ultimate palpitations of her mother, Mrs. Eugene Pauline Henriquez. . . ."

IN SPITE of our oft-repeated determination to keep this magazine above suspicion, we find ourselves in trouble again. It's not serious—yet. Moreover, we hasten to inform the F.B.I., the Army Intelligence, the Navy Intelligence and all the other agencies who might hurl us into the cooler that Colin Allen's cartoon on page 81, issue of December 13th, is not our way of communicating with the enemy. Nevertheless, we have a number of letters demanding, in the name of the patriotic people of the United States, what the "codeword" over the bar means. A lady has notified us that she has already reported us to the President "just in case," and a gentleman informs us that he has decoded that word and is about to lose no time turning us over to the police. If you notice, the word is WYBMADIITY. As loudly as possible we announce that WYBMADIITY does not tip the Japs off to our latest Pacific plan of offense. Nor is it a sign whereby Nazi submarines may raid an Atlantic convoy. It means "Will You Buy Me A Drink If I Tell You?" All we intended, and Mr. Allen, too, was a little clean fun and are we to blame if our aim was bad?

OUR TROUBLE is that we're too vigilant in too many places. We've been trying to keep an eye or two on the political scene as well as the war. Maybe we'll have to make up our minds and concentrate. For example, while we were looking elsewhere, the United States Senate slipped into the latest defense tax bill a provision for an executive assistant to each senator, ninety-six new jobs at $4,500 a year. Mr. John B. Kennedy of Reno, Nevada, who hastens to say that "I am not that radio and newsreel guy and can make something out of it if anybody says I am," declares that he is glad to hear that "the boys in the Senate haven't gone so patriotic that they've forgotten to cut themselves in on some of the defense dough. This tells us, and it is comforting to know, that American politics is still American and that the old pork barrel is still rolling round. I am now about to look into the frog situation for you. Maybe you noticed, away back on the want-ad page, that we sent 2,000 frogs (Lend Lease) to England for scientific research. When they opened the boxes in England, 1,500 frogs were dead. Maybe we should have sent the executive assistants and kept the frogs. Anyway, I'm looking into it for you." . . . W. D.

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 20

of job in the Air Force. At Fort Snelling, even those who were turned down by the recently installed and permanent Aviation Cadet Selection Board hiked a mile and a half from that office to sign up with the post's Recruiting Officer Capt. C. F. Falk. All of them, the captain reports, have an idea that if they can't become pilots through cadet training, they may go up from the ranks.

Meanwhile, the Air Force itself is going places. Last month a total of 1,400 sergeants were promoted to higher grades, opening the way for promotions below them. . . . Seven new bombardment air bases are being built in different parts of the country. . . . Three weeks ago a new glider training school for officers opened at Twentynine Palms (that's right), California. . . . A whole new system of individual refueling and service depots is being organized to expedite movement of air forces in any direction across or about the country. . . . And Federal and State Highway Department authorities are co-operating with the Army in installing "flight strips" alongside public highways for auxiliary and emergency landing areas.

IDAHO

GOWEN FIELD, Boise. Official names of Air Corps outfits stationed here are on the nonpublicity list, a situation which worried the sports-minded boys until they thought of giving the athletic teams names instead of unit numbers. Now it's no insult to call Gowen Field guys Goats, Pansies, Bums and Toads.

TEXAS

RANDOLPH FIELD, San Antonio. Getting past gate guards has lately been pretty tough for all except field personnel and civilians who have been given the password, but the system isn't foolproof. Not guaranteed to work again is the way one San Antonian eased into this field. Recently returned from South America, the challenged civilian whipped out a Venezuelan driver's license—an imposing eight-page booklet containing photograph, fingerprints and a choice variety of official stamps and seals—and stuck it under the guard's nose. "Here," said he in a voice of authority. Well, the guard couldn't read Spanish. The document looked official. The guy got in.

CAMP WALLACE, Hitchcock. The newly posted order that neither beer nor beer cans may be taken from the P-X has broken up a nice business conducted by capitalistic soldiers who bought beer in quantity during the day, iced it in water-tight steel lockers in their barracks, and dispensed it, at a pair of cans for two bits, after the exchange shut down at 7 P. M. Sherman was right.

45TH DIV.

CAMP BARKELEY, Abilene. Current history is recalling vivid memories to Topkick Donovan C. Jurgens of the 157th Infantry's Antitank Company, who spent three years, beginning in 1934, at Fort Mills, one of three garrisons at Manila. Those, he says, were the days. Soldiers were off duty from 11:30 A. M. on. There was no K.P. duty—Gooks (natives) did the work for seventy-five cents a month. American cigarettes were a nickel a pack. Nobody wore G.I.'s; they drew the cloth from the quartermaster and had their clothes—even fatigues—tailored. And they spent their afternoons swimming, fishing, reading, sleeping and drinking beer at their own "spiff bars." Must be sort of different now.

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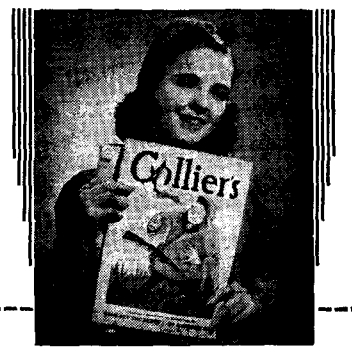

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ARKANSAS

35TH DIV.

CAMP ROBINSON, Little Rock. Sex reared its head over Rifle Range No. 9 the other day in the shape of a woman's pair of flaming red panties, with which, instead of the customary red flag, the boys were signaling misses. An officer phoned the rifle pit and was informed that the panties were the property of Pvts. Charles Harris and Roscoe Nelson, Co. F, 138th Inf., who had bought them in Hot Springs for a gag. "Get rid of 'em," the brass hat ordered. "The rest of the men on the range are practically getting cross-eyed."

CALIFORNIA

MATHER FIELD. When an officer drove into the field the other day without getting a salute from the sentry he turned around and asked the man how come. "Sir," explained he, "the tenth General Order instructs me to salute all officers and all colors and standards not cased. You, sir, had the windows in your car rolled up, so I supposed you were cased."

PROBABLY no one will admit it, but the scares in California about Japanese air raids very likely resulted from movement of our own Air Combat Force planes. On December 6th the War Department press branch ran up a two-page release giving as many details as possible on "the last interceptor exercise of the year, that of the Army's Fourth Air Force," which were scheduled to take place in California from December 11th to 16th and to involve three bombardment groups, squadrons from four pursuit groups and formations of training planes. Plans called for 22,000 volunteer civilian observers at 1,300 posts and eight filter and two information centers staffed by 3,000 volunteer women and workers.

When war broke out the day after this announcement, nothing further was said about the exercise by Army authorities, yet it's almost a certainty that shifts in location of the various flying forces had been ordered in advance and probably were under way at the time the alarms and blackouts startled Californians. It's always possible that the Japanese might by some method have put airplanes over the coast but it seems extremely unlikely that they'd be there, in the forces reported, merely for reconnaissance. If the Jap information service functioned so well in Hawaii it would probably function just as well in California, and a flight without military action is questionable. What do you think?

GENERAL

ONE of the more confusing aspects of the Army's new war footing is the clothing situation, typified by the experience of the boys in the 8th Corps Area. First came an order to all personnel that uniforms must be worn at all times. Immediately, the guys at Fort Sill, Fort Sam Houston and at other posts bundled up civilian clothes and shipped them home. Swank night spots near Army camps blossomed with uniforms and used dinner jackets could be had for a fraction of a month's pay. Then Area Headquarters issued a post-Christmas order okaying civvies during off-duty hours, and post commanders were empowered to issue uniform regulations for members of their commands. By now the much-wrinkled civvies are on their way back to the camps.

At Randolph Field, show place of the Air Corps, the familiar slate-gray cadet uniforms are making a final seven to twelve week stand before being replaced by olive drab. All other airfields have already made the switch. The new outfits include blouses—which were dropped from the cadet wardrobe three years ago—but in the meantime the Randolph boys are having to make out with shirts and pants only, even at formal dinner parties.

THIS column, now a year old, has dished out a lot of the type of information which is now in the hush class, so don't be surprised if we make increasing use of the phrase "a certain private" instead of designating him by name and unit. At the same time, whether you're in the home or in the service, you can act as a voluntary censor. What has some Army brass hats fretting is the tendency of both enlisted men and officers to talk shop when off duty and away from camp. All sorts of incidental information, banned from the press, is common gossip in towns near service installations, and news—whether it comprises military secrets or morale-destroying rumors—spreads fast.

LET us emulate the clam.

G. W.

"Oh, sorry. My move?" JOHN RUGE

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH — Managing Editor

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WE CAN TAKE THE FACTS

WE LIKED the spirit in which President Roosevelt appointed the Owen J. Roberts committee to investigate the Pearl Harbor punch in the nose, and his instructions to get the facts and tell them, no matter who might be hurt.

Winston Churchill from the beginning of his ministry in Great Britain has insisted on telling the British people the worst as well as the best, as soon as he could prudently break the news. We may be mistaken, but we think this has been the big factor in keeping British morale so high.

The Hitler policy of telling big lies on the theory that most people will believe them is beginning to bear its inevitable fruit. All went well so long as the Fuehrer had actual victories and conquests on which to build imposing superstructures of exaggeration and falsehood. The basic facts of the war began running against him, though, a couple of months after he invaded Russia last June.

Now, unable to keep the basic facts from his people, Hitler must resort either to lies which even his people know to be fantastic or to pleading with them to hold everything while the wizard mixes another pot of war medicine guaranteed to work.

A few more German reverses, and German confidence in the Nazi government will certainly not rise. When a people loses confidence in its government, that government can stay in power only by force and terror, and must divert that much energy from the fighting fronts.

Just let us have the facts of our war with Germany, Japan and Italy, as fast as they can be safely released, and no matter whether they are cheerful or otherwise. We can take the facts. As long as we remain convinced that our government is telling us the truth, it is hard to see how our enemies can dent our morale any more than they have dented that of the British.

War Bonds Preferred

THE Treasury is reported dissatisfied with the name "defense bonds" for the government paper it hopes to sell in billion lots for the partial financing of the war.

We don't like that name, either, and don't know anybody who does. So, as President Roosevelt recently suggested, why not call them what they are, namely: War Bonds and War Stamps? Why any camouflage?

These bonds are designed to help us pay for the war, to help us war against the threatened inflation, to help us war against the expected postwar slump. What right name for them is there except War Bonds and War Stamps?

Having made this suggestion, we proceed to urge our customers to buy as much of this paper as they can. We endorse wholeheartedly the Treasury's intensive campaign to sell bonds through post offices, banks, stores, house-to-house canvassers, and so on and so forth.

But there's still another point. Secretary Morgenthau, before the drive began, to get these bonds into the hands of the people, said that "we do not want people to overbuy, nor will we force them or shame them into buying the bonds."

You might save this editorial and flash it in the face of anybody who gets overzealous and tries to stuff these bonds down your throat. This should be a nation-wide voluntary money-raising effort. Bullying and bulldozing sales methods will only build up hatreds and resentments which will live to plague us after the war.

The Gag is Off

IT'S a pleasure to applaud the Supreme Court's most important Wagner Labor Relations Act decision. We mean the decision ruling out the former National Labor Relations Board's notion that the Wagner Act forbade any employer to express a simple personal opinion to any employee on the merits or otherwise of any labor organization.

This construction was not written into the act by Senator Wagner. It was knitted into it by the partisanship of the old National Labor Relations Board—and it was a dangerous denial of the right of free speech to employers, while it left labor organizers free to say anything about anybody.

In a 7-0 decision (Justices Roberts and Jackson not participating), the high court has now ruled that employers may say what they please about labor unions, so long as their remarks in themselves, or in combination with acts of theirs, do not constitute coercion of workers.

That is the obvious common sense of the matter —and this decision gives us reason to hope that Congress and the courts between them will yet cut all the injustices out of the fundamentally desirable Wagner Act.

What Was Wrong with Creel?

WE NOTE occasional snippy, snooty advices from Washington that the government's publicity and propaganda job in this war is "not going to be done in the George Creel manner" of the previous war.

Just for the record, Creel did a superb job from start to finish of the opinion-guiding assignment given him by Woodrow Wilson. He got the results that were needed. If 50 press agents with 50 typewriters and 500 secretaries can do as well this time as Creel did last time, we'll be surprised. Having read a lot of the present-day output, we're still waiting around to be surprised.

Certainly George Creel is a friend of Collier's, and a valued occasional contributor thereto. We don't apologize for standing up for him in this instance; and he doesn't need our support. We simply don't like to see an able man disparaged by a group which has yet to turn out any work equal to his.

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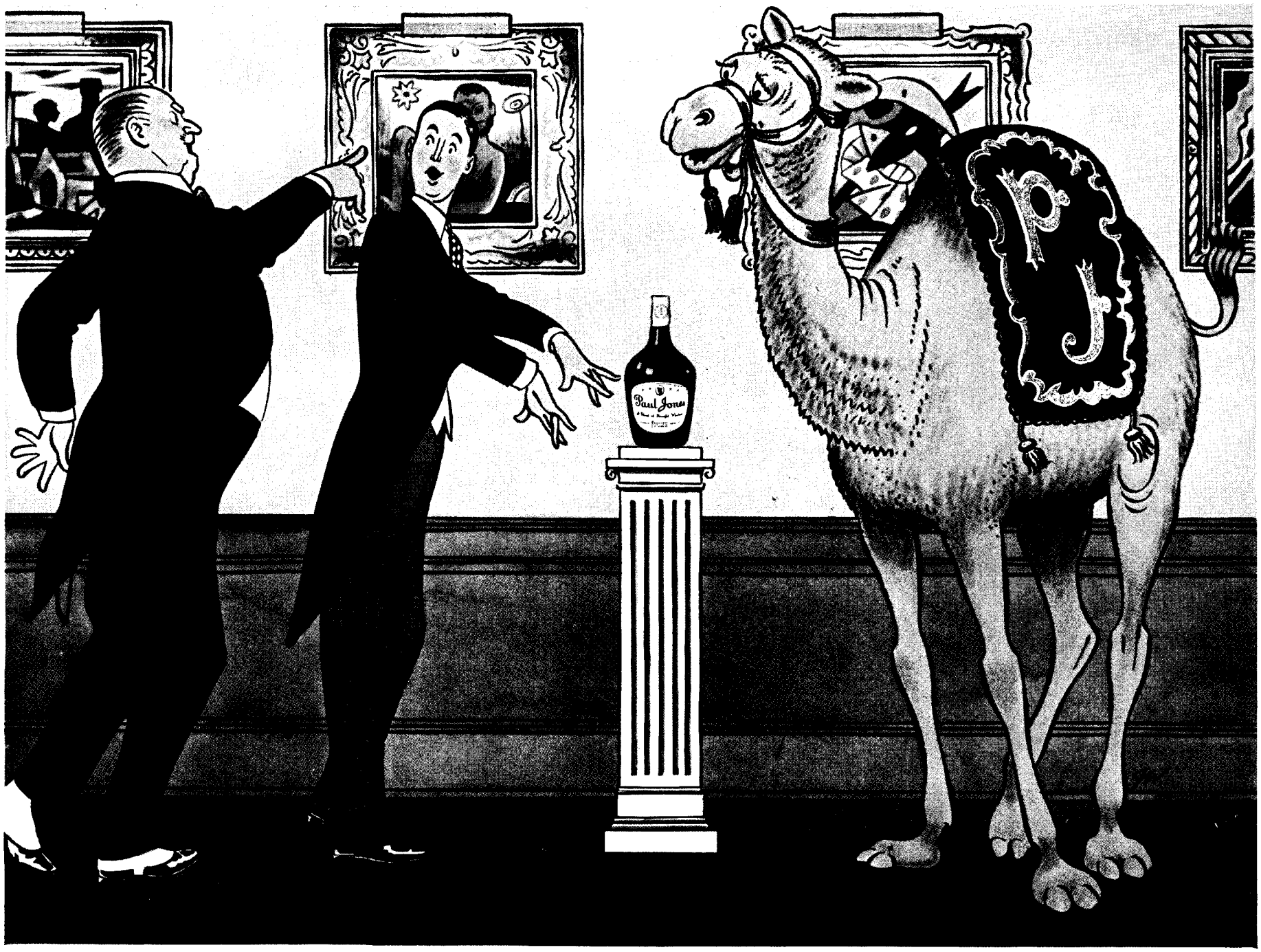

"Clark, you're fired!"

DIRECTOR: Camels, hah, Clark? Bottles, hah? Clark, you're fired! And—

CAMEL: Pardon, O Chief Among Directors. The fault is not Clark's but my own. I—

DIRECTOR: *Yours!* Well see here, you animated book-end, this is a museum, not a menagerie. Out of here, you one-way reservoir. Outside, camel!

CAMEL: But Sir! I've brought you a masterpiece! A whiskey worthy of display *anywhere!* A most *magnificent* Work of Art!

DIRECTOR: *Art? Art,* you Mohammedan Mule? What do *you* know about Art?

CAMEL: Your Pardon, O Most Gracious Among Men. Of other works of Art, I know nothing. But of this magnificent Paul Jones whiskey . . . ah, Sahib, the composition! The colour! The blending! And that quality in whiskey of which I am the living symbol—the superlative *dryness!* The—

DIRECTOR: Dryness, camel? Did you say *dryness?* A *dry* whiskey?

CAMEL: Most assuredly, O Wearer of Spats. It is the *dryness* of this jewel among fine whiskies which permits its *full* flavor to come through! To reach your palate clear and undistorted. And, Master, it is this peerless flavor of Paul Jones, coupled with its most modest price, which has made men come to know it as a truly *great* buy! A—

DIRECTOR: Enough, camel! Clark, come back here. You're hired again. And put this *dry* Paul Jones on a pedestal in the new North Wing where people can see it!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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Actual color photograph—James R. Callis, Jr. shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"TOBACCO like this, that's milder and better-tastin', is bound to be expensive," says James R. Callis, Jr., tobacco warehouseman of Willow Springs, N. C. "But it's the leaf Luckies want, and sure as shootin'—they pay the price to get it.

"I've watched Luckies pay the price at auctions all over the tobacco country—that's why Luckies are *my* cigarette!"

Smokers . . . choose your cigarette for the tobacco that's in it. And remember, you can enjoy milder, better-tasting leaf—the kind that costs more money at the auctions—in Luckies.

To independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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